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WEEK ENDING JULY 24, 1926

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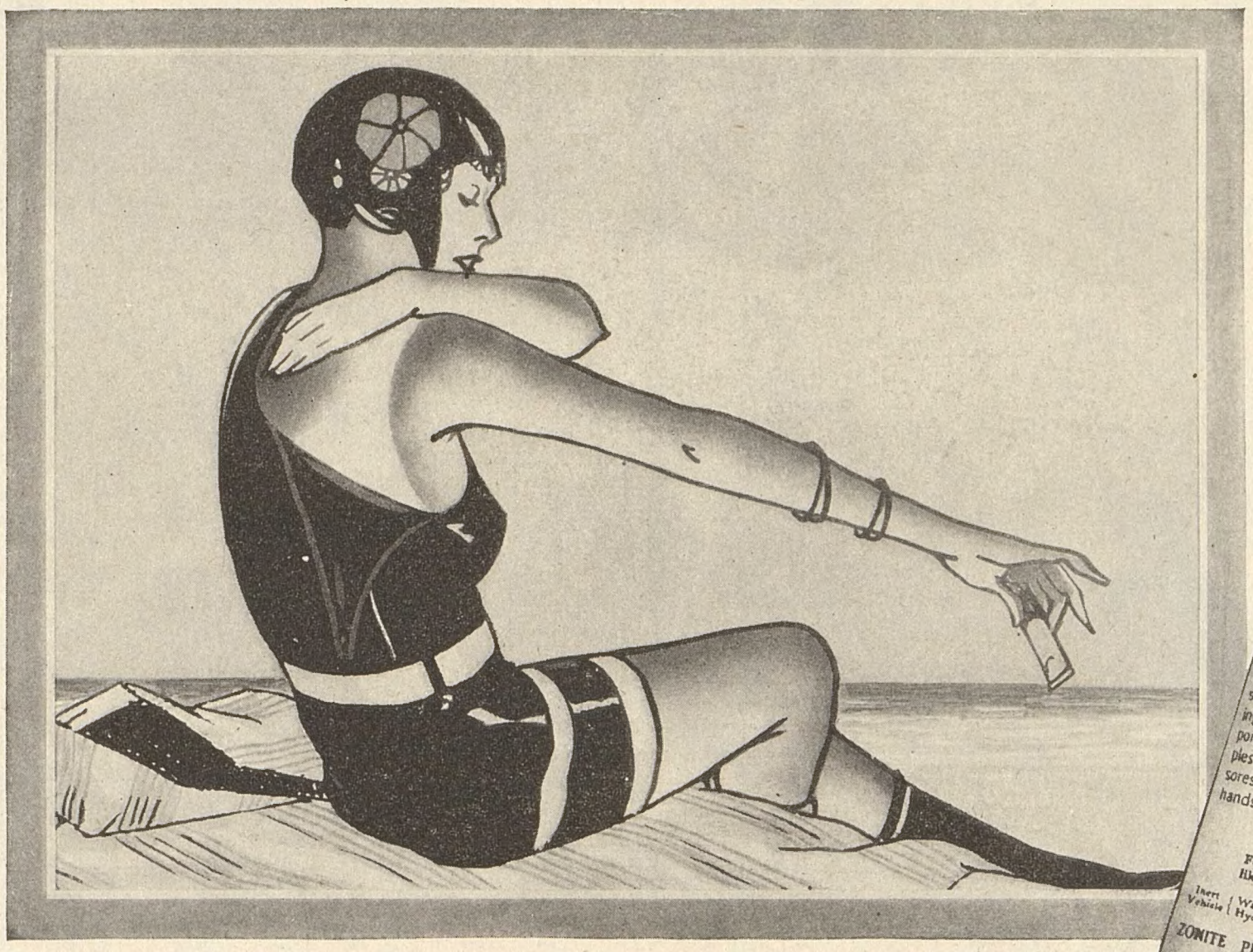

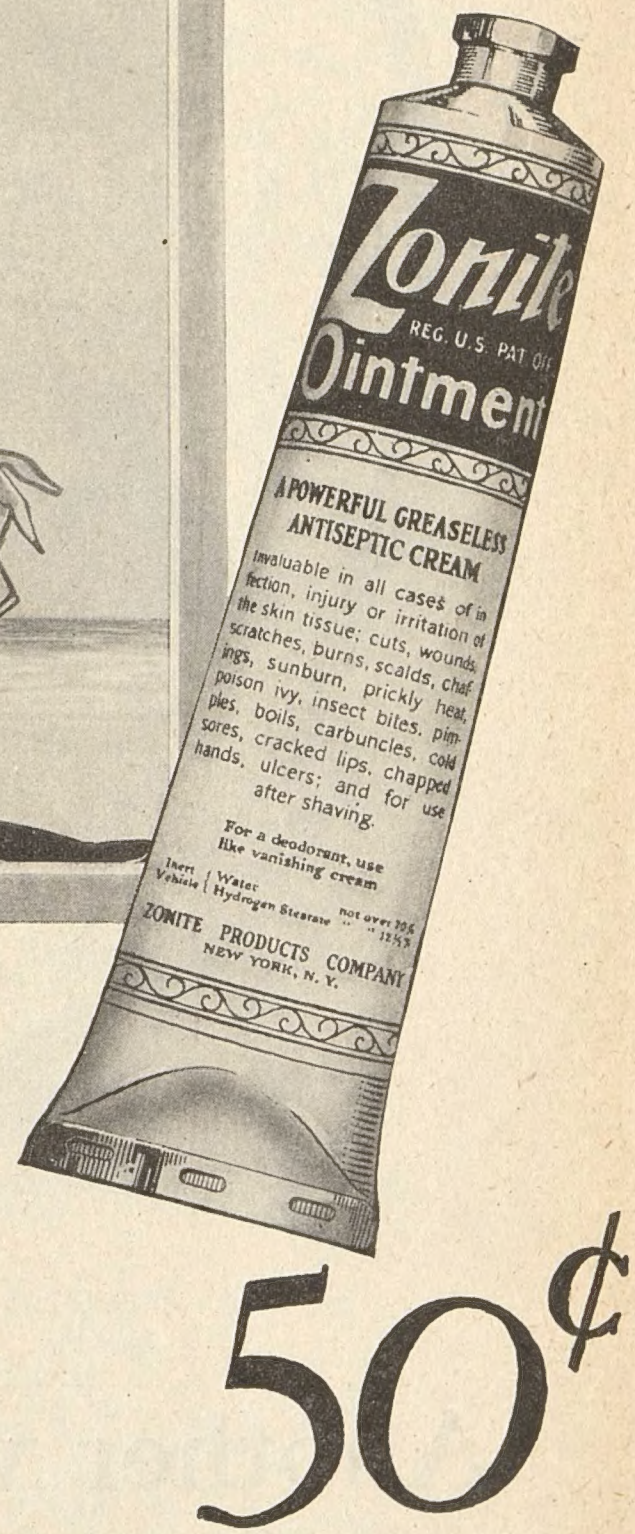

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Liberty

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VOL. 3
No. 12

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

EXPERIENCE

And it came to pass that when Methuselah was sixty-five years old and had been begatting for twenty years he appeared before Enoch and said:

"Dad, the kids won't pay any attention to me. I told them to look before they leapt into matrimony and here three of 'em eloped last night."

And Enoch, his father, being old and full of wisdom, replied, saying: "Uh huh! Well, when you get old you won't expect any sense from your kids. I never see much in you."

And, when he was 187 years old, Methuselah begat Lamech, and when Lamech was going on fifteen, Methuselah strove to advise him, saying:

"Lam, I'm nigh onto two hundred years old and I've seen a lot. Listen to the voice of experience and stay away from them gals."

Thereupon Lamech gave Methuselah the ha-ha and wed with five of the gals; the result being Noah and many others.

And it came to pass that when Lamech was 220 years of age he called Noah aside and said:

"Listen to the voice of experience and don't marry until you can afford to keep a wife."

And Noah waxed merry and gave Lamech the horse laugh and proceeded on his way with the flappers. And Lamech tore his beard and went to Methuselah, saying:

"Pop, that young buck Noah has the marriage bug and he isn't earning his keep."

"Uh huh!" said Methuselah. "Seems like I've heard such complaints before."

"But this is different!" wailed Lamech. "He won't listen to reason."

And Methuselah sighed and said:

"Oh, all right! I'll talk to him. Not that it will do any good."

And Methuselah spake unto Noah, saying:

"Boy, I'm 942 years and some months old and have had a lot of experience. Better wait until you can keep a wife before you get married."

And Noah opened a jar of raspberries for Methuselah and the result was Shem, Ham, and Japheth.

And in the days that followed Noah came rushing to his grandfather, crying aloud:

"The flood is coming! The waters will cover the world."

And Methuselah filled his pipe and grunted.

And Noah shook him, crying aloud:

"Gramp, you must help me spread the alarm and save the people. They won't believe me."

"They wouldn't," said Methuselah. "And they won't believe me. They've got to learn for themselves. Let 'em drown."

And, having reached the fullness of wisdom and discovered the futility of advice, Methuselah laid him down and died at the age of 969 years, thereby avoiding the wet spell.

LEARNING TO TAKE A HINT

The United States elected Woodrow Wilson overwhelmingly on the theory that he kept us out of war. We plunged into the muddle of European intrigue, not because we wanted to, but because it was forced upon us. Somewhat more than a 7,000,000 majority of our people elected Harding. Another 7,000,000 majority elected Coolidge. The overwhelming majorities reflected popular sentiment against the United States having any part or parcel in a League of Nations.

The only three World Court United States Senators thus far presenting themselves as candidates for re-election were overwhelmingly rejected by the voters. In each vote the World Court issue played a big part. After all these years it commences to dawn upon our intelligence that the people of America are not in favor of mixing in Europe's problems. A few more such hints may penetrate even the consciousness of Congress.

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Cover by Leslie Thrasher

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

Starting Jim Jeffries' Story

IT takes a man who's lived with prize-ring champions, sparred with them and got deep into their confidence, to write about one of the biggest of them. Such a man is ROBERT EDGREN—friend of James J. Jeffries—who comes forward with a series that makes you climb right through the ropes with Jeff, take blows with him, and win with him. No life was richer in thrills than that of this shy young boilermaker, with a man-killing punch, who became world's champion. Don't miss THE BIG FELLOW.

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The Beloved Ghost

A Woman Goes Hunting for Love and Discovers Her Husband

A Short Story by
RITA WEIMAN

Pictures by
PRUETT CARTER

"I FEEL you watching me," she said. "It's got on my nerves. I can't stand it any more!"

THE house lay in ruins. Its charred sides caved over debris like battered black wings spreading to conceal the unknown—a dark mound from whose center circled occasional wisps of smoke, ghost fingers of destruction upraised to point the paradox of earthly possessions.

Gazing down upon the wreckage, an expression utterly inscrutable in her eyes, stood a woman. Behind her massed the inhabitants of the village tucked into a corner of the Maine coast. With the inarticulate, tight-lipped emotion of the New Englander, they tried to make her feel their sympathy.

The house, which seemed grown from the cliff on which it had poised, had always been looked upon with awe. At least three miles from the village, and at a point that jutted into the Atlantic, it had defied, aloof and alone, the onslaught of angry waters, the roar of elements.

There were no neighbors to tell of the fire. It had all transpired during a night of terrific storm.

Only a week before, Anderton had arrived with his bags, quite alone, and taken possession. It was out of season, but to that the villagers were accustomed. Anderton always arrived early or late—May or November—and always alone.

A queer man, the little group would have told you. Somewhere about thirty-eight. Solitary as his house on the cliffs, shy as a girl—with a pleasant, absent smile should a passer-by happen upon him strolling along the road to and from the village. So it had been, they would have added, "for nigh on eight years." Though he came and went,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE BELOVED GHOST
Continued from Page Seven]

fished, hunted, silently apart, they liked him.

Not that they failed to speculate about him. And about Mrs. Anderton, who spent her summers at Bar Harbor. They knew that the slightly stooped though youthful figure in its slouchy old tweeds commanded the Anderton fortune. Yet he had always looked the hobo.

Now they wondered, standing at a respectful distance from his beautiful wife—so suddenly widowed—how she had received the shocking news of his death. Her white face, her hands rigidly clasped, told them nothing.

She had been telegraphed—she had come. That was all. As she turned away, the shudder that shook her body might have been suffering. It might have been horror. Or both.

"Don't touch that thing while I'm here," she said huskily to the man who stood, rake in hand to grope through the blackened, twisted mass. "I couldn't bear to see it."

She moved, head bent, toward the chugging little machine that stood, a mud-cased cartoon of a car, at the side of the road. It had been sent to meet her at the station of the neighboring town, had plowed through eight miles of mud that sucked at its wheels like quicksand.

"An' she sittin' there not sayin' a word," the driver later told his cronies. "Never even asked me a question."

Without side or backward glance at the grim funeral pyre of the man whose name had been hers for ten years, she got into the car. All the way to the station, peering through the gloom, she sat with no sign of emotion in the white face. Not a tear had been shed. She was rigid as a statue—cold as its immobile surface.

Through a chill fine mist that dripped like rain, she descended to the platform.

Not a soul was in sight. Over this deserted spot hung the damp curtain of late afternoon. She stood waiting for the welcome approach of the express that would carry her back to civilization. When it came, the glaring lights, ruthless onrush, vibration, noise, energy, and bulk were like a shriek of life through death.

The stop tonight had been arranged by the Anderton lawyers to pick her up, after she had insisted upon going on her grim errand alone.

The porter took her one small bag and led the way to a drawing-room. When the door had shut, she went close to the long, narrow mirror, gazing at the whiteness of her face, measuring the firm control of her limbs, the pressure of her lips.

But the eyes she stared into were no longer inscrutable. They burned, a sudden burst of fire through smoke. She put a hand over them. With the gesture came swift relaxation, sudden collapse. As if armor had been shed, a mask dragged from before tortured features. She sank down on the couch.

"Freedom," her quivering lips formed—her eyes struggling toward the blankness of rushing night. "Freedom—you promised it to me, Mun. But this way—to give it to me this way! How—how frightful of you!"

THROUGH the dense woods just across the Canadian border, that same day, tramped a man. He wore grimy corduroy trousers, a blue flannel shirt under an old leather hunting coat whose color was completely gone, and a battered hat on the back of his head. A small knapsack was strapped over his shoulders. His boots were caked with mud. A beard that showed no sign of contact with a razor covered the lower portion of his face and straggled up to meet his rusty brown hair.

An ordinary tramp, anyone who happened along would have observed. But there was no one to observe. He was as apart from human contact as if he had been alone with the voice of God. These woods had become his friends.

The silent, listening trees; the gentle swish of his solitary footfall; the throb of eternity—they had always spelled for him release; escape from the grind and drive of his own wealth, the walls of hypocrisy closing it in, the business of pleasure, all the forces that keep a man from looking into his soul.

But most of all had their haven taken him each year completely out of the life of the woman he loved.

This he had done that they might not end by hating each other. The fact that he had failed—utterly, hopelessly—stalked nakedly before him. She had demanded her freedom—with that nervous, imperious impatience which of late years marked every word, every gesture, when he was near her.

Well, he had granted it. Not exactly as she had planned, perhaps. Somehow, he could not picture himself and Madge, whose love had been a sacred thing, dragging it through the mire of newspaper notoriety, of filthy whispers, the muck of unholy speculation as to what other man or woman had smashed in the walls of their temple.

So he had simultaneously burned his house and his bridges. Yet, in the mind of the man who frustrated the divorce court in exactly the way a criminal might escape a court of higher order, was no thought of heroics or sensationalism. A more subtle impetus sent him into oblivion.

While two continents accepted the fact of his annihilation by fire, Munroe Anderton trudged across the border to a new experiment in living. He had no certainty of success. He knew only that in the belt around his waist was enough cash to carry him along for a year. And in his soul brooded deep curiosity as to what that year might bring forth.

For the present his was the unique position of a husband enabled to watch his wife enjoy, without a trace of self-consciousness, the thing she had craved—complete freedom.

Likewise, he found himself released from the responsibility of handling the Anderton fortune; wealth not of his own creating, an encumbrance forced upon him, since his material wants were few.

Years of nerves rasped by constant friction were behind him—efforts to protect a woman to whom his protection had become irksome.

Before him lay the right to make his own way, to measure under another identity the actual potentialities of one Munroe Anderton.

The whimsical suggestion of a smile lightened the shadows round the man's dark-set eyes. He stepped into a sweep of sunlight. Before him stretched meadows, shimmering under frost. Beyond them lay the retreating line of a far horizon. Freedom—it was, after all, a glamorous word!

II

THE Cafe Noir squats like a waiting old street vendor at the juncture of Boulevard Raspail and one of those slyly branching side streets that zigzag casually and carelessly through Paris.

At a small round table, under the awning outside the cafe, sat a man with contemplative eyes behind thick, black-rimmed glasses. A sensitive mouth was concealed by pointed brown beard and mustaches, both gray-sprinkled.

He wore the wide-brimmed black hat that seems to be a tradition of the Quarter. It was none too new. A thin layer of dust mellowed its tone. His suit of a mottled tan still had to make its initial bow to the tailor's iron, and one had difficulty deciding whether the mottled quality was in the weave or more recently acquired.

Yet, strangely enough, the man himself had an air of absolute cleanliness. More by instinct than observation, one felt somehow that he tubbed every day. And in that alone the environment of the Cafe Noir identified him as an American.

"Paupoisson" was how they knew him. Which may have been his own amused contraction of the French equivalent for "poor fish." The Latin Quarter asks no questions. It might, however, quite fittingly have applied to him the poor-fish label. No comrades—no *bon ami—no bien-aimee!* No man, no woman, to hear his troubles or to share his moments of relaxation.

They knew him also as a writer. It was some ten months since his sharp little quasi-cynical articles concerning Americans at home and abroad had begun smiling slyly from the pages of sophisticated American publications. But, aside from the fact that payment was made to Paupoisson at a Paris address, the editors themselves had no further information as to his identity.

To Munroe Anderton it was a curious unfolding, this discovery of himself through obliteration. Paupoisson's pen brought to light thoughts he had never before taken time to examine. Solitude became a most prolific companion; seclusion a most stimulating source of supply.

In his own New York home he had sought both, and found nothing but loneliness.

PAUPOISSON raised his glass and glanced at the pair—a monocled Frenchman and a woman. Her eyes were lighted by a strange, seeking fire.

Madge's many parties filled the place. Or he had waited up for her until the chime of six and the trickle of daylight; fretting, chafing, worrying, fearful lest harm had come to her. An adoring, watchdog devotion that held him prisoner to his love.

"My idea of life doesn't happen to be yours," she had told him, in their last interview, her glistening shoulders tense where the gown fell away from them, her small white face drawn under the crisp, short hair that looked like a copper cap. "Why pretend we don't know it? I want the things you've tired of—the things you've never really wanted. And when I take them, as I've a right to, you sit up waiting for me as if I couldn't be trusted. You won't come with me——"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE BELOVED GHOST Continued from Page Nine]

"I can't go that pace——"

"But you're all over the place spying on me."

"Madge!"

"In my own home—and even when I'm away from you—I feel you watching me. It's got on my nerves. I can't stand it any more!"

"But it's merely for your protection. Those lounge lizards and leeches you fly around with——"

"MUN!" she had flamed. "They're my sort, whatever you think of them."

"I think they're pathetic, Madge. They work so hard to have a good time."

"That's what you always do—stand aside and laugh at my friends, as if they weren't good enough for you."

"They're not good enough for *you*, my dear—but you refuse to see it. You seem to have forgotten that there ever was any warmth in your own fireside."

"There isn't any now. We're miles and miles away from each other. We haven't a thing in common. It's as if we'd never been married. Let's be honest. You don't want to hold me against my will, do you?"

"You mean that I'm in your way."

There had been no query in the words—merely a statement of fact.

Her faltering eyes, the nerve-racked, strangled voice, had answered him before the words came:

"Let me go, Mun! That's what I mean."

He summoned those words vividly as he sat before the Cafe Noir, turning his noon *aperitif* between thoughtful fingers. Her eyes wavered in the small glass with each twirling twist.

Not that Paupoisson was given to sentimentalizing; but merely that tonight he was to face Munroe Anderton's wife in the crowded dining-room of the Ritz!

It was an odd sensation, the sudden smash of tempting fate by going out to meet it.

In destroying his house he had so carefully secured his own demise. The fact that no actual trace of him had been found in the mound of ashes merely established the certainty that, to escape the flames, he had plunged from his window into a raging sea, which carried him beyond the reach of man.

And now, after three years, a queer quirk of fancy made him deliberately set about undoing all this by risk of recognition. Folly, of course. But Paupoisson had taken upon his shoulders the cloak of the experimentalist. And that is naturally the cloak of folly.

Before him on the table lay the Paris edition of an American newspaper announcing that Mrs. Munroe Anderton was registered at the Ritz, her first visit in several years. Mrs. Anderton would entertain at dinner, prior to the hotel's Sunday evening dinner dance. Her guests would include: There followed an elaborate list of names, familiar and unfamiliar.

Paupoisson read the announcement, his brows touching in the curiously speculative frown he had made his, and proceeded to prepare a party of his own. A rather intimate one, since his guests had to be chosen from those residents of the Quarter who possessed evening clothes.

From his place under the awning, he selected them among the straggling, eager men and women, each a personality, who frequented the Cafe Noir: Nobleski, a Russian prince, who variously supported himself during his Paris sojourn by driving taxis, waiting in cheap restaurants, street-cleaning, and acting as baker's assistant.

Nobleski's beloved, a pale, frail little thing, who had endured his moods and miseries in Russia and now shared them in France.

Nic, a French artist, whose gift for cartoon would inevitably land him in New York.

An odd crew, Paupoisson considered, as he paid for the *aperitif* and sauntered among the tables collecting them, to their astonishment—like himself, experimentalists in the jest of life.

Standing before the mirror in the bedroom of his little flat as he dressed, that night, he saw no trace of what he had been. Its faintly dust-coated surface gave back an impression of face and figure distinctly Gallic—pointed beard, somber eyes, pompadoured hair.

Following the French fashion, his suit gripped the waist, lay in folds around the girth, and valiantly increased the breadth of shoulder. The coat-tails were long and pointed—as fitted a "poor fish," he told himself.

In this mood he entered the hotel and gave his name to the major-domo, who held a carefully notated list of reservations. His amusedly interrogative eyes went the length of the velvet-smooth dining-salon with its lovely lighting, chime of silver and glass, its rise and fall in the sea of voices.

His party was shown to a table in a corner at the extreme end—which gave him a long promenade to observe the others along the way.

The parade into whose line Anderton had once been forced. It passed, a steady stream of color, before Paupoisson. Spreading tails; plumage. Jewels. Self-consciously posed heads reared high. Careful step. Glittering eye. No expression at all!

He took the seat that gave him a view of the whole gleaming assemblage. They were early—a number of the tables still unoccupied—and Madge Anderton was evidently among the late arrivals.

Nobleski's beloved cuddled down into her chair and attacked the tempting hors d'oeuvre exactly like a hungry kitten. The Russian watched her, his gaze half amused, half sorrowful, wholly engulfing.

"Ah, Paupoisson," he observed, "you should know the joy of a *bien-aimee* to keep the days from loneliness."

"And what of the nights?" Her big black satin eyes sent him a hurt look over the *anchois* poised on her fork.

Paupoisson smiled upon them. "I know the joy of aloneness, children."

Nobleski sadly shook his head.

"She must have been hideous—or irresistible," he hazarded.

"Who?" put Paupoisson.

"The woman for whom you go into solitude."

Paupoisson gave a smile.

"No—neither," he said after a moment. "She merely taught me that destiny can be made a servant, not a master."

HE raised his champagne glass. While the Russian's puzzled eyes tried to fathom his, he sent their contemplative glance across the brim toward a party grouped in the doorway. They separated into pairs and came toward him:

A monocled Frenchman first, with a woman whose caplike copper hair ended in a glistening point on the forehead. Dark eyes lighted by a strange, seeking fire. Blue shadows beneath them unaided by cosmetic. Skin white but not luminous, with somewhat the look of a plaster cast. Tired lips whose actual outline was concealed by deftly applied rouge. Determined to yield not a hint of what was behind it, that face. Fascinating because it told the observer nothing.

She advanced along the aisle, more conspicuous than the other women because of the gown that fell like a purple-and-gold vestment straight from her shoulders. It made her look like a Greek priestess. Severe, yet tempting the human touch that might be sacrilege.

Changed! That was the instant impression of the man watching her. But intangibly. Certainly no older. Surely no less lovely. With an acquired calm. No—deeper even than calm. Turbulent waters under a surface of ice.

He wished she might come nearer, take a seat facing his. She did the latter, but at a table so distant that he could see only head and shoulders set like an immobile bust on a strip of rich brocade.

From a room at the far end a grinning negro group, known as the American Band, brought Broadway to the portals of the Place Vendome. Closer at hand, native musicians struggled with the intricacies of popular syncopation.

AS the first crashing chord of jazz fell, the Frenchman next to Madge Anderton bent tenderly over her. With a light shrug, she smiled and rose.

Paupoisson glanced down at Nobleski's beloved. She was punishing a wing of *poulet aux champignons* with the absorbed look of a *religieuse* at her devotions. He waited sympathetically until only the skeleton was left.

"How would you like to try a dance?" he suggested.

She was up without pause, black satin eyes shimmering. He bowed to the other men, led his companion down the aisle.

The dancers were moving shoulder to shoulder when they could move at all. Paupoisson was thus saved the embarrassment of exhibiting how little he knew of the latest steps. Nobleski's beloved knew nothing at all. But her feather feet, with feminine instinct, followed his.

He saw Madge Anderton and her partner circling at the outer edge, close to the couches and chairs that lined the walls. Her lids drooped in a way they had whenever she was giving herself to the moment's enjoyment. Cautiously he wedged along the floor. He was dancing now directly behind her, the diminutive black figure lifted lightly within his arm.

Cymbals clanged. The saxophone wailed like the long cry of a spiritual. The darkies moved rhythmically back and forth. The dancers swayed as if hypnotized. With a final crash on its up-note, the melody abruptly halted.

Madge Anderton's lids lifted. But whether she noticed him, Paupoisson could not gauge. She took her escort's arm and casually passed him on the way back to her table—so close that he could have touched her. A flash of cold amusement held Paupoisson silently watchful.

He made no further attempt to dance. He could see that Nobleski was jealous—that possessive fire which consumes the foreigner's passion for a mistress and never touches his love for a wife. What a harlequinade the whole jig was, anyway! He called for his check and quickly made his way out just in advance of Madge Anderton's party.

At the hotel entrance, Madge stood near him once more, wrapped in ermine, the center of a chattering group.

"When do you announce it, dear?" he overheard one of her guests ask excitedly.

"Oh, I don't know," she answered vaguely. "Pierre wants to be married without any announcement."

She shook off the other woman's grasp, moved to one side. And in that second, not three feet away, her eyes encountered Paupoisson's. He held them with direct, almost dangerous concentration. But they drifted away indifferently, without a sign of recognition.

A taxicab drove up. Paupoisson helped Nobleski's beloved into it, followed the other two men, and slammed the door. To the woman in the doorway he gave no further glance.

The effect of his experiment was negative. Munroe Anderton was dead —even as a memory.

She was marrying again. Well, that possibility had frequently entered into his calculations. And why not?

Yet Paupoisson, though keenly alive, made no attempt to analyze his own emotions. The rest of the night he sat up writing. He began an amusedly sardonic article on the frailty of human relationships. He wrote rapidly, intensely, without pausing even for thought. The grin of Satyr. The laugh of Lob. His pen rushed into a drunken orgy of words. It ended with a knife stuck between the ribs of sentimentality.

He gathered the papers together, folded them without rereading, plunged them into his pocket. Then he picked up his hat, went down the two flights of stairs, and rounded the corner toward the Cafe Noir.

An hour later the wife of the concierge, going to his rooms to put them in order, discovered that, for the first time, his bed had not been slept in. She gave a wide and comfortable smile. The solitary monsieur had at last enjoyed a night of recreation.

III

PARIS wakes much as a frisky puppy rouses from its cushions. Yawns and stretches. Yelps. A shake, a hurried chase of its tail, and all its body is suddenly shaken into vitality.

Those there may be who, having come home in the dawn, resent this rude awakening. To Paupoisson, breakfasting at the Cafe Noir, it was a relief.

The mood that covered page after page with bitterly mirthful attack had left him weak.

He sat there, concentrating on the passing show of the Quarter. This normal, noisy hubbub would restore the objective angle he seemed somehow to have lost.

From its midst a taxi swung round the corner of Boulevard Raspail and jerked to a stop at the curb. He paid no attention to the woman who stepped out, until her shadow, as she paused, fell across his table.

"I beg your pardon—but this is Monsieur Paupoisson?"

In Madge Anderton's eyes, as he glanced up, was nothing but a tentative inquiry. She stood, slightly bending over, as any other woman might have halted to bid him good morning. A small boyish hat was pulled down to her brows. The lines of her blue suit, her white silk blouse with its flat wide collar, were likewise not uncommon to the Quarter. There was nothing to distinguish her from other Americans who more or less belonged there.

Paupoisson got to his feet and bowed. Astonishment—a strange, indefinable confusion of reactions—caused a momentary silence on his part.

"Let me go, Mun! That's what I mean." He summoned the words as he sat before the Cafe Noir.

"I hope you'll pardon me," she pursued. "I've just been to your rooms, and your housekeeper told me where to look for you."

"But I do not enjoy the luxury of a housekeeper," was all he could find to say.

"A very amusing old person, then, who seemed to know quite a lot about you. I gave her ten francs, and she gave me to understand that I was the first lady visitor who had ever crossed your threshold. May I sit down for a moment?"

"Certainly." He pushed his chair round to her and motioned the waiter to bring another. "And you'll have coffee?"

She nodded, pulling off a pair of mannish kid gloves. Her ringless fingers clasped against the table. Slim, expressive fingers, they had always been. His glance rested on them. Then her face. The tired lips were slightly parted. The eyes under the shadow of the narrow hat brim had merely a faint frown of concentration.

"Of course you must think it weird," she

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE BELOVED GHOST
Continued from Page Eleven]

began, "my coming to you this way—an utter stranger. But you're not a stranger to me, Monsieur Paupoisson. I've been reading you for the past year and a half. I haven't missed a thing you've ever written. You can't imagine how many hours of boredom your little essays carry me through—they make me laugh often when I want to cry." She gave him an apologetic smile. "That's why I've forced myself on you. The man who could do that was worth meeting."

"But how did you happen to locate me?" he put, his voice controlled to the level of calm interest.

"A FRENCHMAN who knows the Quarter pointed you out last night at the Ritz. Paupoisson, whom all Americans read, but no one seems really to know. You are—of us, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"Yet you look so absolutely Latin."

"The Quarter has been my home so many years," he lied with careful deliberation, "that its habits have become mine. I should be, as you might say, a fish out of water in the life of the United States. I should no longer feel at home anywhere but here. You, now, madame—" He paused, a polite interrogation: "It is madame?"

She inclined her head.

"Well, then, you, madame—even were you to live abroad, it would still be in the American way, would it not?"

"I often wonder," she said slowly. "You see, several years ago my way of living was the most vital thing in life. Rather amusing, too—it will interest you, I think, as a student of human nature.

"I used to keep going every minute. It gave me stimulus—like electricity or champagne. My husband couldn't travel my pace. But he had a silly custom of waiting up for me—like a St. Bernard on the doormat. We had absolutely opposite interests. Yet there he was with that possessive watchfulness.

"I felt, if I couldn't shake it off, I'd go mad. And then, when it was gone—out of my life—"

She halted an instant.

"I came home night after night from some party to that great, beautiful, silent house—and wanted the thing I had hated. Wanted it so that I was positively afraid to go back to all that emptiness! The feeling that no one cared about my comings and goings—that I could do exactly as I pleased without injury or concern from a soul on earth—that's been horrible. So I closed up the house—tight."

"Have you been away long?"

"I've traveled round the world."

"Good! Then you will undoubtedly return in a vastly different mood."

"I don't think I shall ever return to that house, Monsieur Paupoisson."

"But why? It would be most interesting to test one's reaction after a long absence—when emotions and memories connected with it are more or less dim."

"You're a keen analyst, aren't you?" She studied him, her dark eyes narrowed.

"I am an experimentalist more than anything else, madame."

"Then"—she pushed aside the cup before her and bent a bit toward him—"then perhaps you will give me the benefit of what you've learned. I had a real purpose in meeting you. I've felt in your writings—oh, what does it matter!—I have no one disinterested to whom I can turn. So I come to you——"

"That is quite enough," he said, as the low, hurried voice hesitated. "I am glad to be of service."

Her gaze traveled toward the clattering traffic as if to steady itself. He let his follow. A poignant sense of her distress reached him like a tangible signal.

For the moment, the amazing quality of the situation did not occur to him. He saw only the rigid mask of the night before dropped from her features; the eyes, clouded in question, return to his.

"Monsieur Paupoisson"—she spoke slowly, as if searching for the right words—"do you believe that love is a chain, or a thread?"

"Both." His answer was immediate. "A chain because it can so easily become a thread."

"Yet, once it is broken definitely, must the imagination always be bound?" she pressed on. "Dare one risk new ties?"

"Do you mean that you are free to marry again, yet feel that you cannot divorce yourself from memory?"

"Yes——"

"But have you considered that, should you assume these new ties, the memory might take itself off?"

"If I could be sure of it——"

"There is nothing less sure, dear lady, than human relations. Yet, at least, you are living now only with a ghost."

She gave a slight shudder.

"Precisely," he answered it. "We are all acquainted with ghosts. They have a way of popping up at most inopportune moments. That is, perhaps, their hold upon us."

"Then what do you advise?"

He paused, attempting to impersonalize his viewpoint. She was a fine instrument, vibrating to lost chords.

Munroe Anderton had promised her freedom. Apparently he still owed it to her.

His fingers toyed with mustache and beard. The lines of his face expressed the uncertainty of a man whose problem was absorbedly personal.

She appeared, for the moment, neither to study nor to watch him. Her gaze sifted over the tables and beyond them into the cloudy corners of the Cafe Noir. It drifted back in the same waiting way.

"Well?"—a slight tremor of the lips as she prompted, "Well, Monsieur Paupoisson?"

"You put upon me a great responsibility, madame," he said after a moment. "To ask me to decide your future."

"I want the power to live again—the way I used to. I want joy again—the throb of being alive!"

"Then shed your ghost, madame," came from him. "That which is dead has no right to hold the living."

"Thank you."

Her head was bowed as she rose and stood drawing on her gloves.

HE watched her hands. For an instant he did not rise. Over! An experiment unsought had knocked at Paupoisson's door—the greatest life would present. And he had let it pass without the sardonic glee of stripping it to its bare bones. Come and gone like a shadow on the wall!

Her fingers were fumbling with the catch of her glove. She clasped it finally. Then swiftly both hands went down on the table. Leaning on them, she bent across it.

"Mun," he heard her say—the barest whisper—"take me back, won't you?"

And, after a space unmeasured, he heard himself answering: "Sit down, please, Madge. Tell me how you knew me."

He saw her draw in the chair and seat herself on the edge, her fingers tightly interlaced as if the grasp of hand on hand gave courage.

"Last night, even before I had a good look at you, I knew. And long ago, when I recognized little phrases, peculiarly yours, in the writings of Paupoisson. The day I stood beside the ruins of your house in Maine, I knew you had taken yourself away because I wanted you to. But I was sure then that you had not gone actually."

"WHAT difference?" he heard his voice again—not Paupoisson's voice, somehow. "You could have taken their word for it."

"But don't you see? I wanted to feel that one day I should find you. I've even tried to discover something about Paupoisson through the magazines. They had no information to give me." She reached over, touched her fingers to his, drew them back as quickly. "I haven't been able to shed my ghost, Mun."

He gave a slow, sure shake of the head.

"It won't do, my dear," he told her quietly. "Mun Anderton is as dead as if fire had destroyed him. My life is further removed from yours than his ever was. It's here, you see—in this quarter of Paris at which your very correct French maid would turn up her nose. I love the mellowed carelessness, the dusty quiet, the wandering about unquestioned. My life forms without plan."

Her lips twisted, faunlike.

"Yet I was the one who asked for freedom," they told him. "Odd, isn't it? And still more odd that now—without pride or principle—I ask you to take that freedom from me and give me your own."

He was silent.

"Only if you want me, Mun," she added, looking away. "If you've had no ghost to shed in these three years, then I haven't the right to ask it."

He gave a smile that touched his mouth with odd, speculative hopefulness.

"I wonder," he suggested, "whether boredom alone has sent you here. Or would Madge Anderton of New York, Paris, and London pool her future with that of a wandering minstrel? Does she ask her husband to go back to the life that is hers? Or would she share the vagabond life of a lover?"

"Why do you suppose I've faced you today, pretending that I didn't recognize you—even asking you to give me to another man—" she put softly. "Because I had to know whether I meant anything to you any more. You haven't told me a thing, except that you're an experimentalist—merely the masculine name for feminine curiosity. It would be a fascinating experiment—living with Paupoisson."

He leaned with sudden eagerness across the table. It brought their eyes close.

"You actually mean you care enough to risk it?"

"My dear," her lips murmured, "you don't seem to understand. Being with you is the only thing I care a jot about."

He sat staring at her a moment. Then his hand disappeared in his coat pocket and brought out a sheaf of fiercely scrawled pages. He tore them into minute particles.

"There"—he made a grimace—"goes probably the best, the most comprehensive article I shall ever write. A satirical epic inspired by your failure to know me last night."

"I watched you writing it," came with a slow smile, "through an open window. I followed your cab to find out where you lived."

He got up—went round the table—put a hand under her arm and lifted her to her feet.

"No," he vouchsafed; "I'm not an experimentalist at all, my darling. Sentimentalist is the word—hopeless. And the best of freedom is bondage. Will you come home with me now?"

The outside world doesn't know what to make of it. Madge Anderton and this man of mystery! Inexplicable! He must have hypnotized her. But the Quarter rejoices. Paupoisson has found a *bien-aimee* at last.

THE END

Outguessing DEATH

Thrilling Stories of Adventures Over Land and Sea by a World-Famous Flyer

An Article by

Walter Hinton

FIRST AIR PILOT TO CROSS THE ATLANTIC

Picture by GLEN MITCHELL

AS the pilot was poised for a leap after him, he saw a black fin cut the surface.

ANYTHING can happen to aviators—from piling up on an ice-capped mountain peak to battling hungry sharks in tropical waters.

Recently a man asked whether the business of flying ever could be regulated by rules and statutes. I doubt it. Not that flying men are lawless. No one realizes better than they the need for discipline. But they have learned discipline through constant contact with two of the oldest statutes in the universe—the law of gravity and the law of self-preservation.

Ten feet off the ground these two laws supersede all others and there is little hope of their repeal.

A measure now before Congress provides laws for the aviator. He is to be licensed and his machine must be certified as airworthy, safe, and reasonably dependable. So far, every aviator will approve the measure; it is still firmly planted on the ground. But when it goes up in the air, so to speak, and undertakes to compel flyers to fly at certain specified heights, to turn to the right in traffic, to land only when and where the law designates, under penalty of losing their licenses or their ma-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[OUTGUESSING DEATH
Continued from Page Thirteen]

chines—then the measure is bucking into difficulties.

So many things happen to a man at the controls of a flying airplane that he has to take the law into his own hands. When he meets an emergency, he usually has only one quick guess at what to do. If he guesses wrong the first time, he rarely has a second chance. That's the way the natural laws are enforced — often with capital punishment.

Gravity, for example. A pilot flying in the Middle West approached a small town just as he saw his gages registering only a few pints of gasoline in the fuel tanks. He had to land there or fall helplessly in the near-by mountains later on.

Seeing no landing-field and the only available space apparently a nice big lawn in the heart of town, he circled about and came down—in front of the county courthouse. A deputy sheriff promptly came out and placed him under arrest for ignoring a sign that read: "Keep off the grass"!

I OFTEN marvel at the luck that has kept me far out over the water when the time came for me to make a forced and forceful landing. During the war some of us were assigned by the Navy Department to patrol the waters off Halifax, protect shipping, and watch for submarines. We were thirty miles offshore one afternoon when a windmill fan-pump blade flew off into the propeller. That four-bladed air screw, about nine feet in diameter, broke into pieces which flew in all directions.

They cut holes in the wings, snapped off wire braces, ripped open the under side of the flying-boat hull, and severed one of the double-control wires as if it had been cut with a knife. We were a mile in the air with a shattered wreck. But I had no traffic signals to watch. In a second I had made my one guess. I nosed the machine down into the steepest glide I dared, flattening out just before reaching the surface. We came to a stop in a rolling sea and the plane commenced sinking as rapidly as an eighteen-inch hole would admit water.

When we were expecting the next big wave to roll over and sink us, we saw the old torpedo boat De Long rushing toward us. She had been cruising on the horizon between us and the afternoon sun and, while we could not see her, the crew had seen us. After we had been taken aboard, they explained that it looked to them like an explosion, as pieces had fallen from all sides of our craft as we came down. Had we not been over water, we should have sprinkled metal and wood on the heads of the populace.

An airplane is a delicately balanced piece of mechanism. The engine is set in so that its weight is evenly distributed and keeps the center of gravity where the wings can balance the craft. Otherwise it could not be controlled. Yet at Pensacola, Florida, I saw a pilot stunting at slightly more than half a mile up when, as he attempted to loop, his machine went into a snap stall. It jerked off the bolts that held the motor in place and it fell out. The pilot was almost as helpless as if he were riding a table-top, but by skillful work he managed to make a perfect landing.

Invariably the pilot can be depended upon to do his best to save his machine and even the people on the ground. You may find irresponsible birds in any kind of business, only in aviation they are more like ducks. They try to fly and do not know how.

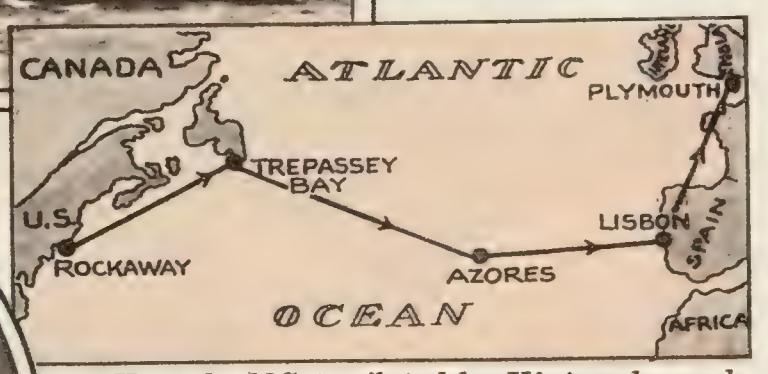
There are innumerable instances where some of the best men who ever handled a "joy stick" have sacrificed their lives while trying to avoid hitting a crowd. I have a friend who is now a hopeless cripple. He spent weeks in the hospital before he was able to explain that his engine stopped and, while gliding down, he saw he would probably land on a boardwalk. So he deliberately made a sharp turn.

NC-4 at Punta Delgada, before hop-off on trip to Lisbon, semi-final lap of the trans-Atlantic flight.

Wide World photo

Keystone photo

Lieutenant Commander Albert C. Read, in command of the flight.



How the NC-4, piloted by Hinton, hopped across the Atlantic

This threw him into a spin from which it is difficult to recover close to earth, and he struck nose first. That sort of sacrifice usually passes unrecorded because dead men tell no tales.

Engine trouble is not responsible for the majority of accidents in a game so dependent upon the reliability of the internal-combustion motor. I believe that our airplane engines today are about as reliable as motor-car power plants. Weather conditions cause most of the flying failures.

Rain is not so dangerous, but hail will nibble the propeller blades and throw the screw off track, thus forcing a landing, unless it is made of forged duralumin. Intense cold, often found in altitudes where it is expected least, may freeze the engines.

At Trepassey Bay, Newfoundland, just before we jumped off on the navy's trans-Atlantic flight, in May, 1919, we took our oil aboard the mother ship and heated it by means of live steam as hot as we could make it. Yet within a few minutes after we had hopped off and had gained sufficient altitude to warrant straightening out to the Azores, our oil pressure was down to ten pounds, the absolute minimum with which it was possible to keep the four powerful Liberty engines running.

The aviator is as much alone in the air as if he were the only human being on a desert island. This applies to over-water flying as well as that over land. Everybody remembers how in 1919 our plane, the NC-4, got through to the Azores and on to Europe, and how the others, NC-1 and NC-3, were forced down at sea. Though naval destroyers were stationed at regular intervals along the course, it was impossible for them to keep track of the planes. We had learned the futility of surface protection before leaving Newfoundland.

On the first leg of the flight, between Rockaway, Long Island, and Newfoundland, the center tractor motor on the NC-4 broke a connecting rod. We could not keep the giant seaplane in the air with the three remaining motors, so came down on a rough sea. As we taxied over the water, all save Commander Read were terribly sick and we would have welcomed a ship to tow us in for repairs.

WE knew the destroyer patrol was looking for us. They knew about where we had alighted by checking up on our flight. When we had passed over one destroyer and failed to reach the other, it was obvious that we were down. In fact, we could see the vessels cruising about, looking for us; but they could not sight our plane. At night we sent up flares, but they did not see our signals. We were on the surface eighteen hours before making port at Chatham, Massachusetts.

But our bad luck apparently ceased from then on and the misfortunes of the others commenced. Over the Atlantic the three planes became separated in thick weather. The NC-1 lost her bearings and landed in a storm-tossed sea fifty miles west of the Azores group, to be picked up some time later by a steamer which took the crew aboard.

The NC-3, after flying for five hours through rain squalls and fog, alighted 205 miles south of Fayal, Azores, in a twelve-foot sea that wrecked the hull, struts, and control sections. After twenty-two hours of buffeting, the fabric on the wings was torn away and the crew took turns walking out on the beams or wing spars to balance the craft. For forty hours more the NC-3 drifted stern first over mountainous waves that often rose thirty feet high, the men eating salty sandwiches and chocolate and drinking the oily water from the radiators. All the while a number of destroyers were scouring the surface for them; but they were not found. After drifting with the wind more than sixty-four hours, they sighted the Azores and taxied into a sheltered harbor.

The same thing occurred on the more recent Hawaiian flight attempt. After Commander John Rodgers and his men had been forced down by loss of fuel, every resource of the Navy Department was employed to find the missing PN-9; but she was not heard from until she had made port under her own power, which was part drifting and part sailing with the wind.

Bad weather and mechanical trouble are twin agents of destruction, yet it is remarkable how often a pilot can save his life by keeping a stiff upper lip and fighting it out to a finish. I remember Lieutenant Anthony Fehr, a naval aviator, who was up spotting for the fleet one afternoon off the coast of Cuba. His ignition gave out and he started back to the naval station at Guantanamo Bay. Three miles away from safety he flopped, a helpless wreck, in the open sea. He swam in shark-infested waters seven hours before reaching shore.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTEEN]

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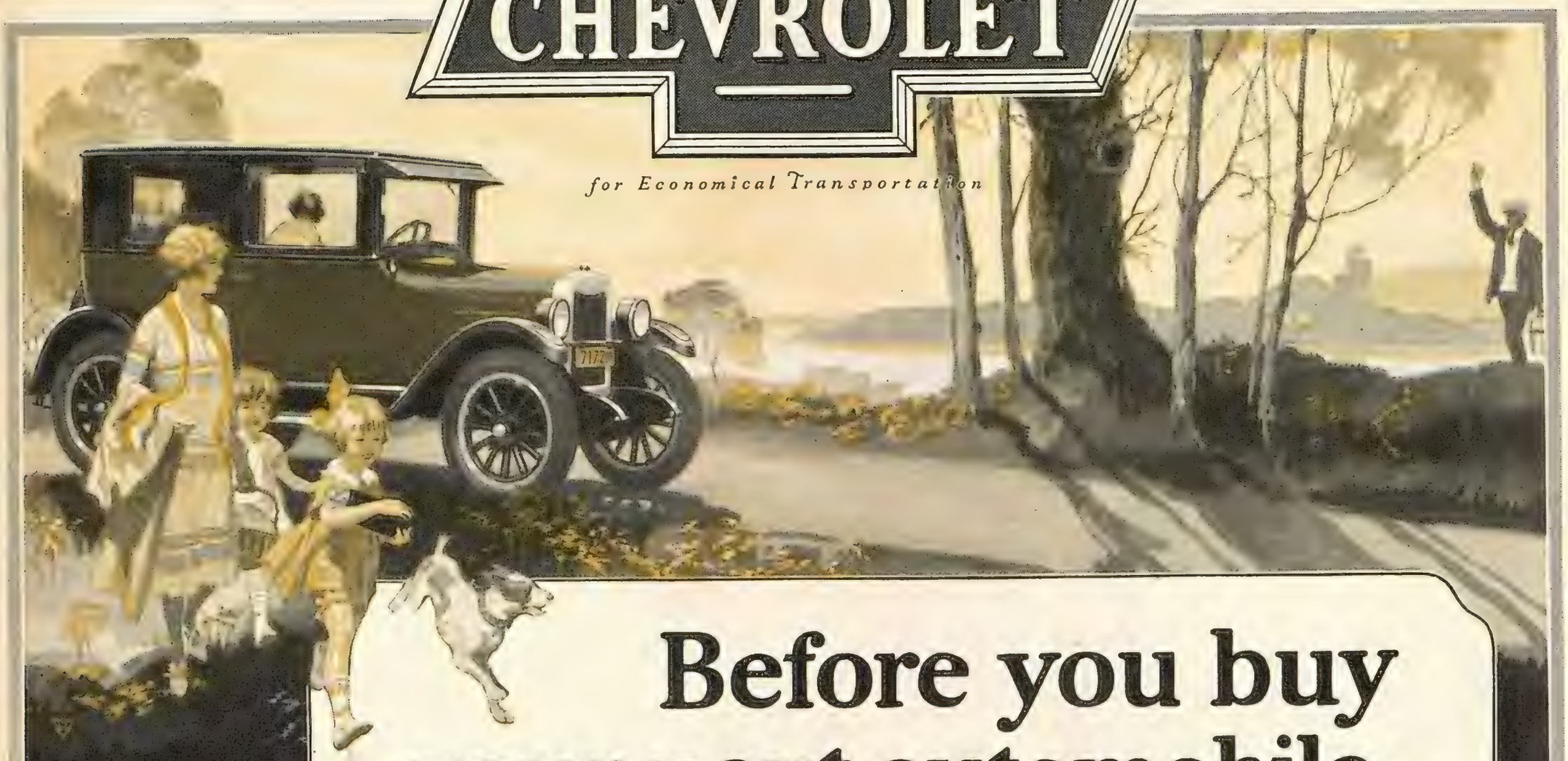

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QUALITY AT LOW COST

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FOURTEEN]

His was a relatively peaceful experience, however, compared with that of a brother pilot, Ross Hardendorf, whose engine stalled ten thousand feet up and far off the west coast of the island republic. His seaplane struck the water sidewise and broke a wing, so there was no chance of getting away again. He immediately took off his undershirt and fixed it on a brace as a distress signal and had turned back to make himself comfortable in a cockpit full of water when a school of sharks appeared—tiger sharks, the most vicious of the breed.

THEY charged him in droves, singly, and in pairs, often coming so close that he could bang a piece of wing strut against their repulsive heads.

All that night he remained standing up and wide awake. When the sun beat down on him next day, he was half crazed with thirst. But the indomitable spirit that can keep one going, no matter how bad a situation may be, led Hardendorf to devise a means of procuring water. Wrenching off leads and pipes from the engine connections, he fashioned a makeshift evaporator and secured a precious pint of fairly pure water. Shortly before sunset another seaplane appeared, circled about, and dropped alongside the wreck. Once aboard Hardendorf collapsed.

Will sharks eat a human being? Yes. At least, they will eat aviators. A party of Germans attempted a flight with two planes from Havana to Buenos Aires. Off Brazil there is a wide channel that separates Maraca Island from the mainland. The water is literally alive with sharks and the native fishermen catch hundreds in traps.

The German planes had reached the channel, when they were struck by a tropical squall—positively the worst form of weather disturbance anywhere. It doesn't last long, but during the few minutes that the wind rolls forward like a great invisible wave it is irresistible.

It struck one of the planes full on, turned it around and around. In the heavy rain the pilot could not see the horizon and therefore had no way of telling whether he was flying right side up or not, so his machine finally fell into a spin. It crashed and broke off the pontoon floats that served in place of a boat hull and tipped the body nose first into the water. A mechanic in the front cockpit was so badly hurt he could not help himself, but slipped out.

P. & A.

Start of Hinton's New York to Rio flight.

© U. & U.

Lieutenant Walter Hinton (above) is one of the world's greatest aviators. He was the first to fly across the Atlantic Ocean, first to wing from North to South America. He led the Rice expedition into the wilds of Brazil and has been the hero of many other notable exploits.

P. & A.

Wreck of Hinton's first plane off Cuba, on flight to Rio de Janeiro, Brazil.

As the pilot was poised for a leap after him he saw a black fin cut the surface, then the white belly of a shark turning over on its side, as they do when grabbing their prey, and the injured man disappeared in the swirling water, leaving a deep red stain.

I HAD my narrowest escape with an airplane through a similar accident, which will also show what a pilot is up against in bad weather.

Five of us set out from New York in August, 1922, to fly a seaplane to Rio de Janeiro, Brazil. This was to be the first flight linking the two continents by way of the air. I had left the navy several months before.

In the party were George T. Bye, reporting the flight for the New York *World,* Thomas Baltzell, a Pathe News cameraman, John Wilshusen, mechanician, and Martins, a Brazilian. After a series of minor adventures we left Nassau, in the Bahamas, hoping to make Port-au-Prince, Haiti, late in the afternoon. But headwinds so retarded our progress that the fuel became low and we put into Tanamo Bay, Cuba, for gasoline.

The weather was clear when we set out at a quarter to six that afternoon and we planned to reach Port-au-Prince late in the evening.

Shortly after sunset the moon came up and the stars gleamed as brilliantly as arc lights. But it did not last long. In another hour we ran into a deep murk—smoke-like mist that crept in from all sides. There was no navigating except by means of the compass.

Off Cape Maici, the extreme eastern point of Cuba, I decided that we stood a slim chance of finding Port-au-Prince, and that if we should find it, we should probably crash, because the harbor is hemmed in by mountains. So I nosed about and headed for Guantanamo Bay, forty-five miles to the westward.

I was familiar with those waters, having worked in and out of the naval station at Guantanamo for years, and now felt perfectly at home as I peered through the inky blackness for a lighthouse that I had often seen. The others, meanwhile, were taking things easy, now and then turning a flashlight on the instrument board to see if everything was registering properly. Have you ever known it to

[CONTINUED ON PAGE NINETEEN]

Sedan $895—De Luxe Sedan $1075
f. o. b. Detroit

A Good Name

—*priceless* • • and therefore jealously upheld

It is a fact well known that the name DODGE BROTHERS is more valuable than the vast and expanding works in which Dodge Brothers product is built.

Dodge Brothers, Inc., have simply kept the faith, and implicit public confidence has been their reward. Year after year the car has continued to mature into a better and better product.

Costly chrome vanadium steel was the basic metal employed in the beginning, and it is the basic metal employed today—in larger measure than in any other motor car built.

The first automobile to leave Dodge Brothers Works —a Touring Car—was equipped with an all steel body. And during the past few years, Dodge Brothers have perfected this superior construction for ALL their motor cars.

Beauty has been added to dependability, comfort and silence to beauty. Endless refinements have been made. Prices have been reduced.

But always in every instance the quality of every detail has been maintained or improved.

The consistent goodness of the car has attracted a steadily expanding market. Wider markets have permitted a better and better product at lower and lower cost. Dodge Brothers progress has been conservative and logical.

The result is a GOOD NAME, worthy of the public trust it inspires, and too priceless ever to jeopardize.

DODGE BROTHERS, INC. DETROIT
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TORONTO, ONTARIO

DODGE BROTHERS
MOTOR CARS

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTEEN]

fail that, on a long motor trip at night, your dash lights are sure to play out? Well, ours were out, so we were using up the flashlight, a fact which we were soon to regret.

Straining my eyes to sight the lighthouse brought results finally. A bright light appeared dead ahead. This I identified as the windward point light at Guantanamo, and a few minutes later brought the machine down on a level with it, coasting along, as I thought, a hundred feet or more above the surface to jockey for a smooth landing. Then we hit something.

What a surprise! We struck and bounded up again, to settle back into a series of jolts that nearly shook the breath out of our lungs. Waves, high, tossing waves, and we had struck them headlong, first jumping from one crest to another and now wallowing in the trough of a running sea. Water under such circumstances has the yielding qualities of a rock. The entire bottom of the hull had been stove in like an eggshell.

I now saw that what I had mistaken for a lighthouse had been a light on the deck of a ship moving a few miles off; and when I thought we were flying many feet above the surface as judged by our supposed level with the light, we really had been skimming just above the waves, level with a ship's deck. In the crash we had scooped up water before coming to a dead stop and now the bow and upper wing were the only parts of the machine out of water. The bow was held up by a bulkhead which had not been broken in and the wing was tilted up on one side.

The water rushing in through the bottom had swept Bye out of his seat straight back into the tail, and we had to fish him out and help him to get forward again. I looked around and could still see the red and green running lights of the ship. She was moving toward us.

"Where are the signal pistols and cartridges?" someone asked.

"They're not here; must have gone out through the bottom."

Practically everything had gone out that way. Only the flashlight remained to give us the help we needed, but it shed a sickly beam because the battery had been exhausted earlier in the evening.

Baltzell meanwhile had climbed on the top wing and was shouting at the top of his voice as the vessel continued toward us; but of course he could not be heard. We cheered frantically as we saw the ship's great searchlight cut through the mist and bear directly on us. I stood on the bow and waved my arms. Baltzell did likewise from his perch on top of the wing.

"Why doesn't she stop?"

THE joint exclamation ended in a complete hush. All five of us had seen the things simultaneously. Sharks! The searchlight showed us to be surrounded by sharks. We counted ten at one time. They were riding hard on us, Indian fashion, encircling the wreck and drawing in as closely as they dared—waiting.

While we shuddered at this new menace we were horrified to see the big ship douse the light and move on.

We did not say much. None of us cussed the ship and her crew. Everybody unleashed his life preserver, which had been lashed to the side of the hull and was thereby prevented from going overboard. When I inflated mine, it would not hold air. But what difference would it make? What would a life preserver mean to a shark?

"How long will she float, Walter?" came from one of the boys.

"If the waves do not crash in the fore bulkhead, I'll give her half an hour, perhaps more," I replied, and silently cursed my stupidity for the mistake I had made. A simple error in judgment had brought me into this. I had guessed wrong.

We were now in water up to our waists.

As the ship disappeared from sight we fell to pumping the gasoline out of the tanks in the upper wing. We hoped the empty tanks would help support the wing if we had to cut it loose and use it as a raft; though I doubt if it would have supported all of us. We could not sit on it and ride the waves; and we could not bear the thought of trying to cling to it with our bodies in the water—that water which was being stirred up by the slimy creatures almost within arm's reach of us.

We must have pumped out about seventy-five gallons of gasoline and were about to begin ripping the fabric off the wing so it would not fill with water, when a sickening, unsteady motion caused us to hold our breath and stop everything. The craft was on the verge of sinking. It had reached the point where the slightest move might send it slowly under. We clung to the braces in silence.

Each wave seemed to strike us with more force. As it would slip back, leaving us in comparative peace, we could hear the swish, swish, splash, as the hungry brutes near by poked their heads out of water. Even in the darkness we could feel their presence.

IT must have been about a half hour after the ship had deserted us, when we heard Baltzell shout, and looking up saw the gigantic hull of the vessel close upon us once more. This time two searchlights were turned on, covering the water in a wide arc.

"God, they can't go away and leave us again! They can't go away again!"

Slowly the searchlight beams came nearer, ever so slowly it seemed, until for the second time we were in the blinding glare. It remained on us; and then we knew that we were seen. The seconds seemed like hours until two boats appeared and moved in close, while members of the crew leaned over the rail, firing at the sharks with heavy service pistols. We carefully climbed into the boats and then worked a hawser about the wreck so it could be towed into Guantanamo.

We were soon aboard the cruiser Denver, which was out on survey duty. We had come down about seventeen miles offshore and just by chance it was the locality known as the dumping grounds for the naval station. All the garbage was collected from the ships and towed out there before being cast overboard. That accounted for so many sharks. They used it as a feeding ground. Yet they were ever hungry, it seemed.

Hinton (indicated by arrow) acclaimed in Rio at end of North to South America flight.

That night the crew caught several by baiting their hooks with chunks of meat. They dragged the big brutes on deck and clubbed them to death.

Of course, everybody attempted to explain why they had turned back in the first place. The officer on deck had seen the flames from our exhaust as we came down, but thought it was a shooting star. A sailor who had been in the aviation service knew the sound of airplane motors and kept insisting that he had heard them. In the rays of the searchlight our tilted wing looked like the sail of a boat. The officers concluded that we were part of a fishing fleet and that we had been holding a sort of fiesta with fireworks. Seeing no distress signals in the mist and poor visibility, they had gone on.

Finally, one of them recalled that the wireless news sent out to the vessels of the fleet every morning had that day reported our next hop between Nassau and Port-au-Prince.

We had been on the Denver only a few minutes when one of the men reported that our seaplane had sunk at the end of the towline. We had been rescued none too soon.

When we arrived in Guantanamo, the plane, battered from her long ride under water, was found to be a complete wreck, and we faced the problem of procuring another outfit for the rest of the flight. It was to be Rio de Janeiro or bust, even if we had to bust more than once.

The navy was not content with rescuing us from the sharks that infested its sunken garbage dump off Guantanamo. While we were resting at the station, we received word from the officials in Washington that we could have anything we desired to help us on the New York-Rio de Janeiro flight. I wired that we should need a new seaplane. A few days later we landed at Pensacola, Florida, to begin over again from there.

WE flew on across the Caribbean without interruption, though we took many chances. Aviators have to take chances on the long flights. We had spent the night in San Domingo City in the island country of the same name. Next morning the sea outside was too rough to permit taking off. The harbor was impossible because of its smallness. With our load it was necessary to give the machine all the power possible and run on the surface about a half mile before stepping off into the air.

A narrow river ran into the harbor, and it was blocked by a low, arched bridge. I decided to make the run on the river and fly through the arch.

First we measured it. The opening was just sixteen feet wider than our wings, which had a span of ninety-six feet, and it was five and one-half feet higher than the plane. This we must approach at the rate of nearly a mile and a half a minute. It demanded sure marksmanship, else we should hit the solid masonry with the force of a projectile.

Getting under way upriver, I drew a careful bead across the bow, aimed straight at the exact center of the arch, and gave her the gun, praying that no cross wind or treacherous air current would bump us and cause the machine to swerve. We flew through that arch like demons, while the natives on shore indicated by their antics that they thought us plumb crazy.

Running such a hazard was warranted only by the fact that we could not afford further delay. We had left New York in August. It was now winter. Weeks had been spent replacing the equipment lost off Guantanamo. But we were now off to a successful finish.

In next week's LIBERTY Walter Hinton, the first air pilot to cross the Atlantic, and author of the foregoing account of his New York-Rio de Janeiro flight, will tell about his thrilling airplane journeys over the icy wastes of the Polar Sea and uninhabited tropical jungles.

New HOTEL SHERMAN

Sensational Rate Reductions!

$2.50 $2.95 $3.50 $3.95 all with Bath!

NEW HOTEL SHERMAN
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BECAUSE of its re-financing at low interest rates, **the NEW HOTEL SHERMAN is able to make decided reduction in its rates** and still maintain its high order of service and accommodation. The public gets the advantage of this tremendous saving. Guests may now have the same modern, comfortable rooms at a charge lower than ever before.

The famous "House on the Roof"

REASONABLE RESTAURANT PRICES

OTHER charges in the NEW HOTEL SHERMAN are equally reasonable. The "all you can eat for $1.00" luncheon in the *College Inn* and the $1.25 table d'hote dinner in the *Old Town Coffee Room* and the Coffee Shop are nationally famous. Club breakfasts are served at 45, 65 and 75 cents in the *Celtic Restaurant* with its alert service and club-like atmosphere.

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A floor exclusively for women
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Our booklet "What America's most famous authors say about Hotel Sherman" awaits your request.

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"TURK starts kickin' 'im. But Wyckoff gets a-holt of his leg and pulls himself up."

The Fiery Furnace

The Story of a Young Inventor Inspired by the Love of Two Women

By JOHN MONK SAUNDERS

Pictures by WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

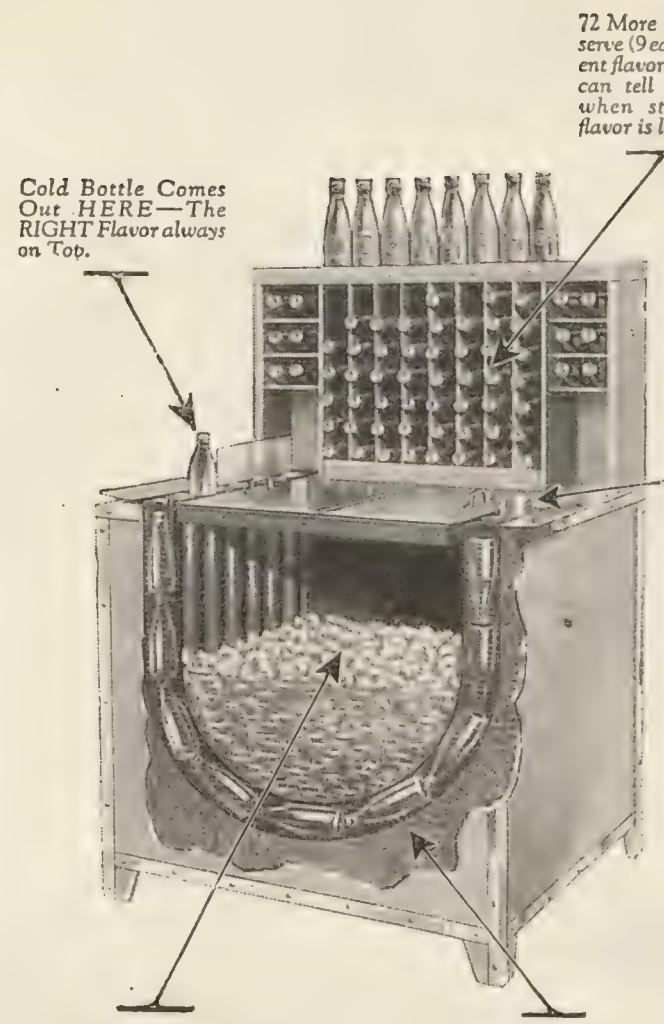
LEE WYCKOFF was in his second year at Lehigh when they brought his father home. An ingot mold filled with hot metal had toppled off a flat car—the old man wasn't quick enough.

He died from his burns during the night, with Lee and his mother and his sister standing silent and stricken beside his bed in the little cottage on the hill overlooking the steel mills.

Afterward Lee had gone out under the stars and gazed stonily down upon the battery of tall stacks and the sheet-iron roofs along the river. An orange glow from blast furnaces made a false sunset in the night sky.

It was another calamity in the history of the Wyckoff family. They were steel-makers, the Wyckoffs; they melted it and cast it and rolled it. But somehow it always turned on them in the end. It crushed them or burned them. They had carried home Lee's grandfather, too, after they pulled him out from under a load of scrap.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-THREE]



Sell 7 Cold Drinks Where You Now Serve One

With Fewer Clerks and 50% Less Ice

144 Bottles Always Sorted by Flavors—
Warm Ones Turn Ice-Cold as They Pass Through This Cooler

Earns $10 to $30 a Day Clear!

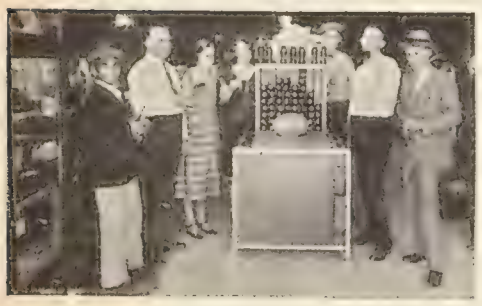


Photo of Burba Allen Drug Co.
McAlester, Oklahoma

Sold 5 Cases per Week—Now Sells 75

Hi-Way Filling Station, Sardis, Miss., writes, "Liquid Cooler has increased our sale of bottled drinks from 5 to 10 cases a week to 75 cases a week."

Robert Y. Turner Jr., Coca Cola Bottling Co., Marshalltown, Ia., writes, "The man with the Liquid Cooler gets all the business. Coolers we have installed show increases as high as 780%. One dealer ordered 78 cases first week. Prior to this was using only 10 cases."

Mains & Gairther, Minerva, Ky., write, "Sales increased 300%. Ice Saving, 60%."

C. G. Sutton, Traverse City, Mich., writes, "Sold 35 cases in 2 hours from one Liquid Cooler at Northern District Fair. Two Liquid Coolers sold more goods first 3 days than all other concessions."

6 Months to Pay at 35c a Day

This 3-Second dispenser and cooler is a product of a 7 million dollar concern—the Liquid Carbonic Co., the world's largest makers of the gas that charges all bottled drinks with life and sparkle. So do not hesitate to send the coupon by next mail for Free Book of photos and actual profit records.

Over 16,000 Liquid Coolers all over America are raking in the drink money for wide-awake dealers.

Some dealers have made the first down payment of $40 from the profits of ONE day's sales.

Thousands of dealers have paid for the Liquid Cooler with the profits from *one day's business a month* for six months.

It is not unusual for the Liquid Cooler to bring $100 profit—*its entire purchase price*—the first 10 days.

Some dealers have paid for theirs from the first FIVE days' profits.

And many, like the Sanitary Market, Waco, Texas, refused to handle bottled drinks until they saw this quick, tidy, compact trade winner.

The Right Flavor Always Right on Top and COLD!

Push a warm bottle in and out comes a COLD one—that's the easy way the Liquid Cooler works.

Nine bottles of each flavor are sorted in separate tubes, eight tubes in all—each tube its own flavor. So there's 72 bottles always cold, and the right flavor always right on top.

You can't run short. For reserve rack above holds 72 more. One glance tells you when any flavor gets low.

Fit for the Finest Place

Liquid Cooler occupies only 30 x 35 inches of floor space—the biggest payer per square foot known to trade.

A handsome fixture in buff enamel with flashing nickel trim, solidly built of wood and metal. Bottle Tubes encircle roomy ice chamber that is free to use for other things.

Last Offer this Season—Hurry!

This is our last offer this season. There's no doubt about what the Liquid Cooler will do, so clip the coupon now and send by next mail. No obligation. Accept our book "Buried Treasure," Free. If you have sold bottled drinks you'll see that the money you've made isn't a marker to what you can make.

If you haven't sold bottled drinks, this book will start you on the road to new riches.

12 Reasons
Why 16,000 have already bought it

1. Draws Crowds of Good Spenders.
2. Sales Gain 100% to 700%.
3. Earns up to $675 a month, and more.
4. Saves ½ to ¾ of the ice.
5. Saves 60% of the floor space.
6. Saves clerk hire.
7. 3-Second Service—Serve 7 Where You Now Serve One.
8. Flavors All Sorted—no fumbling among unassorted bottles.
9. No plunging hands in icy water.
10. Only COLD bottles can be served.
11. Shows you how many bottles of each flavor in stock—you can't run short.
12. Reserve supply assorted by flavors in handy rack on top.

SEND COUPON

The Liquid Carbonic Co., Dept. 7-L
3100 S. Kedzie Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Send me your FREE Book, "Buried Treasure," and easy terms on the Liquid Bottle Cooler.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*Bottler's Name*_____

THE LIQUID CARBONIC CO.

3100 S. Kedzie Ave., Dept. 7-L, Chicago, Ill.

Makers of Red Diamond Gas which puts the life and sparkle in Soda Water—also of Fillers, Carbonators, Soakers and other machinery for the manufacture of Carbonated Beverages

The Liquid BOTTLE Cooler

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

Of course his father shouldn't have had to run the daily hazards of the mill at his age. It might all have been very different but for—a little loyalty.

The youth found himself staring at the lights of a great stone house on the hillside across the river. Old Calthorpe had learned steel from Lee's father in the Mizpah Mills forty years ago. In that time Calthorpe had pushed his way up through, by one means or another, to the ownership of the plant. Once above the elder Wyckoff, Calthorpe had chosen to forget him.

Wyckoff had counted Calthorpe a friend; to Calthorpe he was a stepping-stone. Lee's kindly, honest father had worked out his days on the open hearth, hoping for promotion on the merit of his work—promotion that never came.

Lee wondered, if things had been different, whether he himself might have grown up to be the fop that young Ward Calthorpe had turned out.

"Lee!" A slender, bareheaded figure had stolen up behind him in the darkness. A small hand rested timidly on his arm. "You all right?"

"Yes, Emmy."

"Mother and I came over to see if there wasn't something we could do——"

"Thanks," he said; "I guess there's nothing 'cept to try and comfort mother and sis."

SHE found his hand clenched tensely at his side and took it gently between her own.

"It's kind of hard luck on everybody, I guess," said Lee slowly. "You—it puts things a long way off, now——"

"Oh, don't think about me," she begged quickly.

"But I am thinking about you, Emmy. You see, I figured in a couple of more years I'd be all set; I'd have my degree and I could have gotten on the laboratory staff down at the plant. We could've made it on that salary."

"Well, don't you worry about me."

"Will you wait for me, Emmy?"

"You know I'll wait for you."

He bent over and kissed her. "Emmy, you're a peach!"

He had loved Emily Walker since the first time he saw her—that day in high school. She was a grave little miss, with eyes of a sacerdotal blue. It had been understood from the very beginning that they would be married as soon as ever it could be managed.

"How long," Emily ventured, "do you s'pose it will be?"

"Gosh!" he said ruefully. "I don't know. First of all, I've got to quit school."

"Yes."

"And I've got to get a job."

"Yes."

"And I've got mother and Kay to take care of."

"Where are you going to get a job?"

"At the mills."

"In the laboratories?"

He shook his head. "They wouldn't take me, I'm afraid. They'll figure I don't know enough metallurgy. I'll just have to go down there and take the first job I can get."

EMILY studied his clean-cut, regular profile. She knew what a blow to his hopes his father's death had been. It took him out of the university and away from the laboratories where he was making such an exceptional record. His professors had declared that he had a natural bent for research.

"IT'S hard luck," said Lee slowly. "It puts things a long way off, now."

"One thing I'm sorry about," he was saying. "We've been doing some work on iron and steel, and I think I was beginning to get hold of something. If I'd had time to work it out——"

"What was it?"

"A process for making rustless steel."

"Is that important?" Emily inquired. "I mean, would it mean very much if you found it?"

Lee laughed softly. "Important? 'Most every metallurgist in the country is working on it! The guy that discovers a formula for making high-grade rustless steel, *cheap*, is in for a fortune."

"Don't you think you might hit on a formula?" she asked him eagerly.

"I don't know."

"Isn't there just a chance?"

"About one in a hundred."

"Even if you worked on it every day in a laboratory?"

"Where'd I get the laboratory?"

"Well, you could build a little one. You can start collecting the apparatus for it now, the way I started my hope chest. You don't know how fast it'll grow. I'll help you. You'd be surprised to know how much money I've saved."

"Why, I wouldn't think of such a thing!"

"Well, you will think of such a thing! It's both for each and each for both in this. I'm not going to sit by and watch you struggle up on your feet alone. You'll let me play in the game or I won't stand on the side lines."

SOMETHING of Emily's spirited determination communicated itself to Lee. He was surprised to find how sanguine he was about the venture when he spoke to his mother about it.

"And I'd like to build a little laboratory on to the house, behind," he wound up. "I can do it with iron sheeting—won't cost much. And, mother, I was thinking"—Lee shifted uncomfortably on his feet—"I was wondering if it wouldn't be possible—if I couldn't"—he was terribly in earnest and struggling with his words—"maybe—well, the insurance money——"

His mother's arms were around his neck. "Take it, son," she said softly.

So Lee got his workshop.

The next morning he became one of the lunch-box-carrying thousands who trooped through the high iron gates of the Mizpah Steel Mills. Turk Cahill, the pit boss, sent him to work with the clean-up gang.

By day he worked with the gang and by night he brewed steel in his miniature electric furnace—fused it with new and untried alloys, tempered it and tested it—searching, searching, searching for a new composition.

Perched on a high stool in his workshop, night after night, Emily followed his movements with hopeful blue eyes. If he worked late, she slipped into the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"Sensitive skin and stubborn beard"

So it HAS to be

MENNEN

* * *

Here's the first Contest Prize Winning Letter

Mr. H. R. Bowen, 6720 Leland Way, Hollywood, California, wins the traveling bag for the first Mennen bag contest. Here's his letter:

Dear Jim Henry: I found Mennen Shaving Cream as I found my favorite tobacco—by Elimination.

Do you remember how you searched and searched for THE tobacco for your favorite pipe? How you eliminated and eliminated until you found the brand which soothed and pleased the tongue.

Having a combination of a sensitive skin and a stubborn beard I had to seek a Super-Cream. A Cream which would soften my beard and yet not irritate my skin. I tried and eliminated various creams until I found Mennen. The One Cream to satisfy all requirements. After five years of companionship we are pals.

"Mennen-ly" yours,
(Signed) H. R. Bowen

You fellows who smoke pipes know what it is to hit upon just the *right* tobacco. And the first time you lather up and shave with Mennen Shaving Cream, you'll get as great a kick as from your first pipeful of some rich, mellow, old blend of tobacco.

The secret's in *Dermutation*—the unique Mennen process of beard softening. It gives a quicker, better shave and leaves your face cleaner, smoother and better conditioned than anything you ever tried. The 100% *right* feeling that Mr. Bowen was hunting for and found.

The best things in life come by elimination, any way. By elimination you find the right job, the place to live, even the right wife. Try every other way to shave—then you'll come to Mennen for keeps. The big tube costs only 50c.

Then get set on Mennen Skin Balm for after shaving. It's tingly, cool, refreshing—and tones up the skin. Comes in 50c tube. Better than liquids. And Mennen Talcum for Men for the final well-groomed touch. Matches your skin—doesn't show. Antiseptic. Protecting against the weather. 25c for a large tin.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY
Newark, New Jersey

The Mennen Company, Limited
Montreal, Quebec

[THE FIERY FURNACE
Continued from Page Twenty-three]

kitchen and made a plate of sandwiches and poured out a glass of milk. She took away with her the rapidly written notes of the night's experiment and returned them next day, faultlessly typed and numbered.

To Emily the most important piece of apparatus in the laboratory was a square wooden box set on a table in the far corner and connected with rubber tubing to a small tank overhead. It was in this box that Lee read the verdict of his experiments. Inside he placed specimens of the steel he had cast—specimens that he had polished on an emery wheel till they presented smooth, shiny faces.

He turned on a pet-cock.

"Salt spray's even better than an alkaline solution," he explained. "If the steel's going to rust, salt spray'll show it up quicker'n anything."

Patches of rust usually spotted the bright surface of the metal thus exposed in a few days' time; invariably before the week was out. But, from the moment Lee subjected his specimens to the action of the sea water, Emily was tipping the cover of the box, peering anxiously in for the first signs of the dread oxidation.

Heaven and hell were contained in that wooden box in the corner!

THE first incident of Lee's career in the Mizpah Mills occurred the day Helen Calthorpe, the Old Man's daughter, was down at the open hearths.

She was watching them pour steel from the ladle into the ingot molds when she saw a man approach Lee, who was working in the slag pit below.

"Where you get that shov'? That belong me!" the man shouted, making a grab for the shovel.

"Keep back," Lee advised.

Clawing and cursing, the man flung himself on the boy. Lee took one short step backward and lashed out with his fist. The man's head bobbed upward and he came forward, on his face. A knife flew out of the fellow's hand.

"Them wops," growled the melter foreman who stood beside Helen. "They always come up with a knife."

"Who is he?" asked Helen, pointing to Lee.

The foreman shrugged, "A slagger," he said. "They're always fightin' over tools."

Helen carried the scene away with her: the cool precision of Lee's movements; how his body rose, lean and strong, from among the squat, bushy-chested figures about him.

Working around the furnaces on the charging-platform, Lee gradually became indifferent to the heat, the uproar, the hazards of the open hearth. During the blazing summer days when the place became an insufferable inferno of heat under the scorching sheet-iron roof, even the seasoned slaggers dropped occasionally; but Lee did not falter.

It appeared probable that he would get the melter's job on his shift. He could read a test more expertly than any man on the floor, not excepting the senior melter himself.

It was a good job, the melter's: in months when the tonnage ran high they made as much as $500.

The following week it was given out that old Tom Wells, the open-hearth superintendent, forty years in the works, had been retired on a pension. The senior melter would probably get his place and there would be a step-up all along the line.

A day later Lee's mother read in his eyes, as he came into the house after work, that a blow had fallen.

"What is it, son?" begged his mother.

"Who do you s'pose," he asked lifelessly —"who do you s'pose they appointed superintendent?"

"Who? *Who?*"

"Ward Calthorpe."

"Ward Calthorpe? *Ward Calthorpe?*"

Mrs. Wyckoff, dismayed, sank into a chair. Ward Calthorpe, the president's son, who'd never worked a day in his life. They had given him a superintendent's job in the mills!

"He made Turk Cahill melter-foreman."

"Oh, my son," she said, "my blessed son! I'm so sorry."

The next day Lee respectfully submitted a letter asking to be transferred to the research department.

"It's the only thing for me to do now," he explained, without rancor, to Emily. "I'd better concentrate on laboratory work. I'm afraid I'll be hung up on the open hearth for a long time; Cahill and Ward Calthorpe are going to be a tough pair to get past."

In due course Lee received notice advising him that, inasmuch as he appeared to be insufficiently qualified for a post in the department he wished to enter, the company had taken no favorable action on his request.

Lee wrote a note asking permission to state his case personally.

"Surely they can't refuse me a hearing," he said to Emily, in his workshop that evening.

Emily was peering into the spray box.

"Lee," she inquired casually, "when did you put these in?"

"Look at the ticket."

"It says fourteen."

"Well, this is the twenty-fourth."

"Lee! Come here!"

Both stared silently into the box. The small ingots, after ten days' exposure to salt spray, were as innocent of rust as if they had been billets of glass.

"Something wrong somewhere," said Lee, grinning.

"There can't be!"

"The spray's probably on the blink, or the solution's weak, or the date's mixed—or something."

But Emily, who was familiar with Lee's sure-handed, painstaking technique, refused to accept the possibility of error.

"Well, we'll soon find out," he said, sitting down to check his notes, to verify his figures, and to test his equipment.

He could discover no slip-up anywhere.

Emily was exultant.

"You mustn't feel that way," Lee protested. "I've got to put the same combination through the same routine at least a dozen times before I can be sure of anything. And even if I have got a steel that won't rust, it may be too expensive or too tender."

It was impossible to quench Emily's excitement. On the ensuing evenings she was gay and confident.

"You see! You see!" she cried, when each successive trial produced identical results. It was becoming apparent that Lee had found a formula.

"Now the thing is to get an outside report," said Lee.

WHEN Lee turned around Helen Calthorpe was standing in the doorway. She pointed at the metallurgist. "Who is that man?"

He shipped a set of specimens to the laboratories of the Continental Steel Company in Pittsburgh.

While waiting for the steel company's report he was notified that he might place his request for a transfer to the research department of the Mizpah Mills before the monthly conference of executives.

It was held on a Saturday afternoon, and he cooled his heels for three hours in the anteroom while the meeting was under way.

When Lee was admitted he found the room heavy with cigar smoke and solemn with formality. Of the figures grouped importantly around the long table, he made out old Jeremiah Calthorpe and his son.

"Mr. Wyckoff requested an appointment to the research staff," began Mr. Walsh, the vice-president, briskly, "and there was some question as to his fitness." He turned directly to Lee. "Are you quite sure that you are properly qualified to engage in research?"

"I think so, sir."

"You have an advanced degree in scientific study, I presume?"

"No, sir."

"At least you hold a bachelor of science degree?"

"No, sir."

The vice-president looked significantly at the others.

"What are your scientific attainments, then, Mr. Wyckoff?"

"None."

"Well, don't you think that your request, in view of your lack of training, is—well, a little presumptuous? Where are you employed now, Mr. Wyckoff?"

"Down on the open hearth."

"What is your job?"

"I'm a first helper."

"What is your reason for asking to be transferred?"

"Because I want to get out of the open hearth."

"You are dissatisfied?"

"Yes, sir."

"Just where," began the vice-president smoothly, "do the Mizpah Mills fail to merit your approval?"

"I had hoped for a career down there, but it has been made impossible."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that you can't expect much from a company that will give an important job to an unfit man simply because he's the president's son. I mean that it's kind of useless to look forward to anything from a company that'll put its steel-workers under the supervision of a—a nincompoop——"

Ward Calthorpe leaped to his feet.

"——a nincompoop who doesn't know a rabble from a slag-fork. I mean," continued Lee mildly, "that it's no good getting in line if the company is going to push men in ahead of you. I mean——"

The conference was in an uproar.

"It's apparent," the vice-president's voice rode the hubbub—"it's apparent that your usefulness with this company is at an end!"

"Just a minute." Since Lee had entered the room, old Jeremiah Calthorpe, gaunt and saturnine, had bent an unwavering gaze upon him. "I see no reason why we should deprive this young man of his job—provided he wants to keep it. I suggest we take his case under advisement."

It was a mistake, as he told his son afterward, to dismiss an employee precipitately for speaking his mind. It put the officials in a bad light. The way to handle a disgruntled workman, he pointed out, was to make it so hot for him in the mills that he would be happy to leave of his own accord.

To Ward Calthorpe's credit, it must be said that he saw the point right away.

The next morning he might have been observed talking privily to Turk Cahill. The big foreman, in turn, talked earnestly behind his hand to Whitey Ellis, the craneman, to Mike Masters, the charging-machine operator, and to half a dozen furnacemen along the platform.

HELEN CALTHORPE saw the accident. She was down at the open hearths that day, watching them tap a heat. She noticed Lee Wyckoff walking along the pit floor—alone. Just behind and overhead traveled the big crane, a heavy iron pick-up chain whipping along loosely above the ground. Had the iron hook on the end of the chain caught Lee fairly, it would have shattered his head like an eggshell. But it seemed no more than to flick past, to brush his temple. Yet there was a hollow sound like a stone against pond ice. He dropped.

It was Helen who reached him first; it was Helen who got him to the infirmary; it was

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[THE FIERY FURNACE
Continued from Page Twenty-five]

Helen who drove up to the little Wyckoff house and brought down his mother.

Concussion, the doctors said. He'd be all right—don't worry. It wasn't as if he had a fractured skull. But he'd have to lie quiet for a while—a few days, anyway.

Helen Calthorpe contrived to drop in at the hospital every morning during the week that Lee was there.

"I saw the accident," she explained, the first morning she came. "I wondered how you were getting along."

"It was foolish to get hurt like that," said Lee. "But, honestly, I didn't hear the whistle."

"The whistle? There wasn't any whistle."

"Didn't the craneman whistle?"

"I didn't hear him."

Lee thought about that a long time after Helen had gone.

"DO you really know something about metallurgy?" Helen asked Lee the next time she saw him.

As though in answer to the question, at that moment he received an unexpected visitor. The caller was a tall, spare man with an air of authority and a heavy leather dispatch case. He had arrived in Mizpah that morning and gone to Lee's house. Mrs. Wyckoff had told him that her son was in the hospital. He was, he said, the test engineer of the Continental Steel Company.

They had completed the tests on Lee's metal, the caller said, as he unlocked his case and drew out the test chart.

When Lee looked at the figures he experienced the sensation of being picked up in a fiery chariot and whisked off to the clouds.

"We've had so many false alarms," said the engineer, "that we couldn't believe it at first. Now, about the cost——"

Lee and the engineer disappeared into the farther reaches of metallurgy; they spoke a language as unintelligible as Arabic to Helen. She tiptoed out, unnoticed.

At home, Lee gave an account of the interview. "It begins to look as though we had something," he told them. "If it can be made cheaply it may change the directions of the whole industry. If that happens, it's going to be a pretty big thing for the company that makes it.

"That's the reason I don't want to sell outright. I'd like to make that steel myself. I'm going to see if I can't make a deal with old man Calthorpe. I'll send some samples down to the Mizpah and let them test it out."

"But, Lee, is it *safe* to send it around like that?" his mother asked. "Shouldn't you patent it or something?"

"That would only broadcast the process," Lee answered. "Patents don't really protect you."

When Scholz, chief metallurgist at the Mizpah Mills, read the test chart on Lee's steel, he went directly to the president's office. What transpired between the two is not known; but what happened when Lee was called up from the furnaces for a three-cornered conference is historic.

Jeremiah Calthorpe, with the expert at his elbow, named a figure calculated to knock any young man completely off his pins, a sum designed to make a humble first helper describe two somersaults and a triple back flip. It did not, however, so much as stir Lee Wyckoff's hair.

The president, on the other hand, executed several hair-raising mental maneuvers when he heard Lee's counter proposal. It was a proposal that disclosed him to be not insensible to the value of his process and quite alive to its importance. When it was seen that he was not to be swayed, negotiations were temporarily abandoned.

Ward Calthorpe was against "truckling with that bird at all." He wanted an interest in the mills, did he? Could you beat that for nerve! Why, he'd be lucky if he got a nickel for his process. In fact, Ward had an idea.

"You say he hasn't taken out a patent?"

"So Scholz said."

"Well, why doesn't Scholz try to find out what this fellow's got? Why couldn't he take a little trip up to his laboratory—to talk things over with him? While he's up there he can look around, and use his head and his eyes a little, see what kind of apparatus he's got and what alloys he's using—maybe get a look at his notes."

When Scholz, the fat, round-shouldered little metallurgist, appeared at his workshop, Lee was glad to see him. Certainly! He would discuss any of the aspects of the manufacture of the new steel that Mr. Scholz had in mind. He asked Mr. Scholz to come in, helped him off with his coat, and they were soon buried deep in technical lore.

At eleven Emmy put her head in and asked if she mightn't make sandwiches and coffee. They let up long enough to eat, and then Lee cleared the tray off the table and carried it back into the kitchen.

WHEN he came back, Scholz was putting on his coat and getting ready to leave.

"Why, I didn't know you were off," said Lee, surprised.

The metallurgist explained that he had had no idea it was so late and that he had to be getting back.

Both men were unaware of the exact moment that Helen Calthorpe arrived. When they turned around she was standing in the doorway. She wore a chiffon dinner dress, with a light wrap thrown over her shoulders. She was bareheaded, and evidently

had been riding in an open car—her hair was disordered and her color high.

"Who is that man?" She pointed at the metallurgist.

Lee, startled, told her.

"How long has he been here?"

"Since—since dinner-time."

"And you've been explaining things to him?"

"We've been talking steel, yes."

Helen stepped inside the room.

"I came to tell you," she said, "that he was sent here to find out what he could about your process—to lift it if he got a chance."

Lee turned sharply. "Is that true?"

Scholz drew himself up as if to make a dignified denial, but wilted suddenly under the two accusing glances, and made a panicky start for the open doorway.

Lee reached out an arm, caught him by the slack of his overcoat, and jerked him back. The coat, hastily buttoned, flew open. Something slid to the floor.

Helen stepped forward and picked it up. It was a leather-bound notebook. Its pages contained exact recordings of every step of Lee's experiments. On the last page was the formula.

"My notes!" exclaimed Lee.

His eyes went swiftly to the drawer in the table desk where he had kept it. It wasn't much of a lock—a strip-iron fastening and small padlock looped through a staple.

The staple pulled out in his fingers. From the bruise on the table edge he saw that a chisel had been used in forcing the staple. It had been replaced again by the quick pressure of a thumb.

"Well, I'm damned!" ejaculated Lee, astounded at such perfidy.

He took Scholz by the arm, accompanied him to the top of the hill, and saw him off on a flying start down the grade.

When he came back he found Helen Calthorpe moving inquisitively around the shop. She pretended to be inordinately impressed.

"So *this* is where the young genius labors."

"I s'pose you know that you saved my life," said Lee soberly.

She shrugged her shoulders. "It was only fair to warn you. I'm glad I was in time. I came as soon as I heard what Ward was up to."

Lee would see Ward in the morning, he hoped.

"You've been terribly nice to me," he said aloud. "You've been helping me all along. I can't understand——"

Helen Calthorpe crossed the room and stood in front of him.

"You can't understand what?"

"Why you've been so kind."

"You can't understand?"

He shook his head. Helen stood quite still, looking up into his face, searching his eyes with her own.

"It's too bad," she said finally, "that I can't tell you. Good night, Mr. Lee Wyckoff."

She turned quickly and left the room. Lee was still standing in the middle of the floor, wondering at her words, when the hum of her motor died away down the hill.

Lee did not meet Ward Calthorpe next morning. He met Turk Cahill instead. A conversation had taken place between Ward and Turk earlier in the day—a conversation in which the big foreman lent an attentive ear to certain emphatic instructions, and during the course of which he shifted his Mill Twist several times and spat forcefully.

"Leave it to me," was what he said when they separated.

THE morning after the meeting Ward Calthorpe might have been observed talking privily to his big foreman, Turk Cahill.

ONE of the better accounts of what happened immediately thereafter was given by Shorty Gerhardt, the second helper on No. 6.

"The hooks didn't slip," he said, explaining one of the debated points in the episode; "it was one of the chains. One of the chains broke, an' o' course the ladle tipped. He didn't have a chance. It was on him before he even looked around.

"Don't ask me how it started," he admonished, "because I don't know. The first I seen was Wyckoff comin' along the tracks below, and Cahill walkin' towards him. I was standin' up behind No. 6—see? I'd just finished ravelin' 'er out and the steel was runnin'.

"Turk walks up to 'im an' says somethin', and Wyckoff starts to step past. Turk moves in front of 'im again. The next I seen, this fella Wyckoff was pickin' himself up off the ground. I guess Cahill must of clouted 'im one. He was wabblin' all right, and then I *did* see Cahill hit him. Whango! Right in the teeth.

"Wyckoff goes down, and Turk starts kickin' 'im. I thought he was goin' to kill 'im. But Wyckoff gets a-holt of his leg and pulls himself up and hangs on. Hung right around his neck, an' Turk tryin' to shake 'im off!

"I guess he held on until his head cleared up an' then he jumped away. When Turk rushes him, he steps aside and cracks him in the eye. Maybe you think that lad ain't a sharp-shooter. Bing, bing, bing! Every time Cahill comes at him he lets him have it.

"Well, by this time the ladle was full, and the crane picks her up and swings her out over the tracks. They was fightin' damn near under that ladle.

"Wyckoff stood there, waitin' for him to come on.

"Cahill was a-comin', all right, when the chain broke. It wasn't the hooks; it was the chain. I could see 'im, because I was up on the melting-platform. Did you see the steel spill out of that ladle? Tons of it! Forty feet, she come down.

"Well, Turk had his back to it an' didn't see it, o' course. But Wyckoff seen it.

"'Look out! Look out! Look out!' he yells, pointin' over Turk's shoulder.

"But Cahill wouldn't look behind. I guess he figgers the lad was trying to trick him.

"'Behind you!' he yells.

"Hell, we all yelled. Everybody was scramblin' up off the pit floor.

"Cahill didn't pay no attention. They was so much noise goin' on, anyway, you couldn't hear anything. Well, the steel come spreading over the floor and kind of swirled around his legs. He turns around, but it's too late. The steel cut his legs right out from under him and he fell sort of sideways.

"Wyckoff jumps for the ladder and climbs up on the pourin'-platform. Young Calthorpe was up there—first I seen of him. Maybe he was there all the time—I don't know.

"Well, here's the funny part: Calthorpe throws back his head and begins to laugh. You could hear him all over. Everybody looked at him, an' they seen he

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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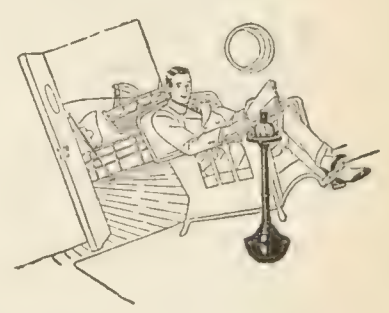

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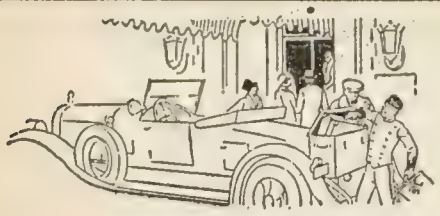

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[THE FIERY FURNACE Continued from Page Twenty-seven]

wasn't laughin'—he was cryin'. His mouth was all twisted and tears was runnin' down his face. You couldn't hardly tell the difference, though, whether he was laughin' or cryin'. *His* nerve was gone, all right. Truck Snyder took him out. They was a lot of others around there pretty shaky, too, I can tell you, after what they seen.

"More excitement than we've had around here in a hell of a time," concluded Shorty reflectively.

OLD Jeremiah Calthorpe's capitulation was sudden, very sudden, but not altogether unexpected. After all, as everybody pointed out, he was pretty well chastened by his son's collapse. It now appeared improbable that Ward Calthorpe, even should he be entirely recovered from his nervous breakdown on his return from Europe, would reenter the Mizpah plant. Temperamentally he was unsuited for a career in steel mills.

When old Jeremiah offered Lee an interest in the mills in exchange for a share in the ownership of the new process, it was with the knowledge that the full control of the plant must inevitably pass into other hands in any case. With Lee installed at the head of the new production unit for rustless steel, he was inclined to suspect that he had made a profitable arrangement.

When Lee's sister, in the Wyckoff parlor, was going over the wedding invitation list, she called out, in a voice in which there might have been a hint of mischief:

"How about Helen Calthorpe?"

EMILY looked squarely at Lee.

"Well?"

"Well?"

"You may send her one," said Emily, "but she won't come."

"Why not?" Lee asked.

"I'll tell you what she'll do," said Emily. "When she sees that card she'll sit down and write you a little note of congratulation and then she'll take the next boat for anywhere."

"How do you know?"

"Well," said Emmy, not taking her eyes from Lee's, "I'm not so blind as—as some."

"Is that so!" said Lee.

When she saw the odd look that came into his eyes, she wondered if, after all, she might be wrong.

THE END

Beginning NEXT WEEK

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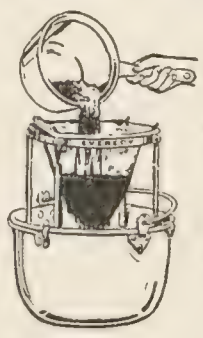

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The WAR of the Sexes

A Doughboy of 66 Calls Loudly for an Armistice

By Vail Lane

I LIVE in the twilight not only of my own life, but in the twilight of these gods called men. I was born in a man's world. I shall die in a woman's world.

I have witnessed the transitional war of the sexes—the fall of man, the rise of woman.

While I admit that for the last twenty years I have been a sniper at feminism, and every protective instinct urged me to war against it, I should succumb to an armistice in the war of the sexes with the grace of an older man fattened with a rich life and with no regrets.

I merely record. I've lived my glorious life—I live it still. I fear no retribution.

I was born in New York of a wealthy mercantile family, an old, intrenched family of social position. Our home, as mine still is, was on Murray Hill, in what is now lower Park Avenue. As for the country, we were of Tuxedo—we never progressed to Long Island.

I have traveled much. I spend my winters along the Riviera, or more lately at Palm Beach.

I'm part of the parade myself. I've a smart new villa at Palm Beach, done by a fashionable architect and filled with antique Spanish furniture.

I am interested in women as much as I ever was. My life has been spent in—yes, the pursuit of women.

Life, to me, has been a man-and-woman affair, ever enticing, ever thrilling. I never have found it dull.

THIS is the Golden Age of Woman!

Man, historically the stronger sex, has come to recognize a vast change in the weaker sex. Equality, with its leveling influences, has brought it. Either woman has been raised to the stronger sex, or man has been lowered to the weaker sex. In either case, the inequality has been obliterated. Who can deny it?

A miracle has been wrought in sex transposition. We find ourselves in a strange world. Woman, walking in the glare of a new glory, has adapted herself to it more easily than has man, pushed back into a strange shadowland.

A hundred years have passed since The Rights of Women were assembled by Mary Wollstonecraft—a hundred antagonistic years, the climax of centuries of less open warfare.

The woman of today is transcendent. She rules the United States. She dominates our national life.

Once woman was a chattel, a protected flower, shielded from the world. Now man is becoming that chattel. He is succumbing to a softening process.

There are thousands upon thousands of kept men, men whose earnings are the sole consideration, husbands chosen by women, not because of intellectual or physical attractions, but because they can give a woman more money than she can attain herself.

"Why should I," many a young business woman will ask, "quit my job at a hundred and fifty dollars a month and marry a man earning that?" She figures that two people living separately on $300 a month would find it difficult to live together on $150 a month.

Man has lost his lure. No woman today wants to pay a terrific price merely to be married.

In this twilight period of man, a goddess has climbed on the pedestal of a god.

Is the pedestal large enough for two? Or must one crowd the other off? Must either man or woman dominate? Never the twain know equality?

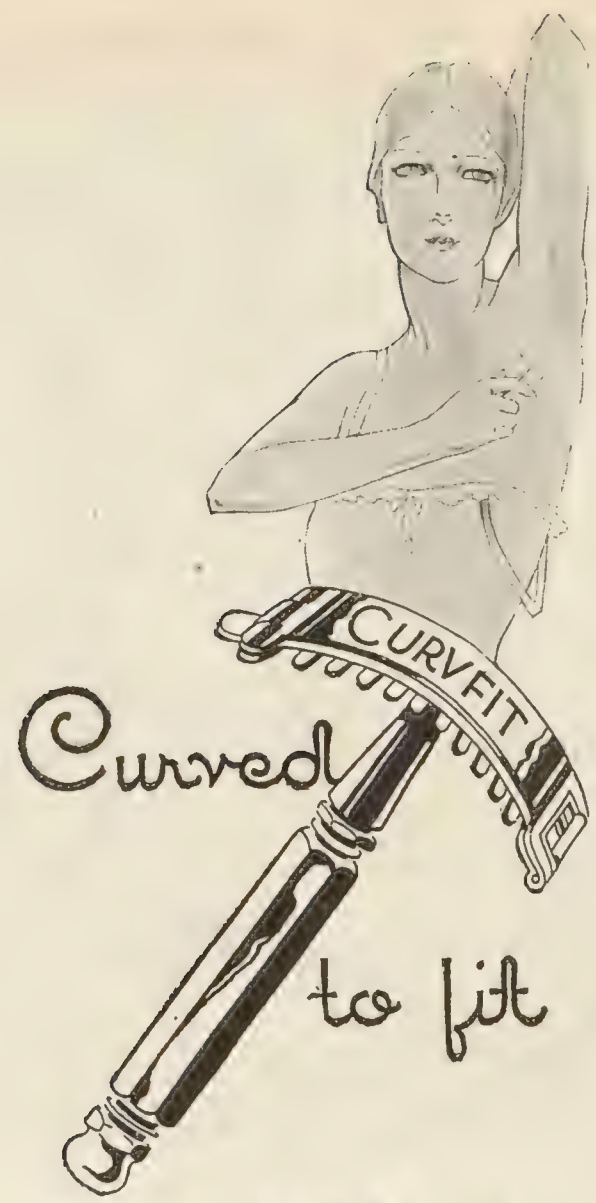
Can there ever be sex peace? Must the war go on forever?

NOTHING is more indicative of the equality of the sexes than the feminization of man's apparel. Its only equal was in the decadent, luxurious days of France before the Revolution, and in those doomful days heralding the fall of the great Roman Empire.

A stroll along any shopping street, a study of the offerings at the haberdasheries, is a

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Send Coupon Below



A Miracle of Beauty

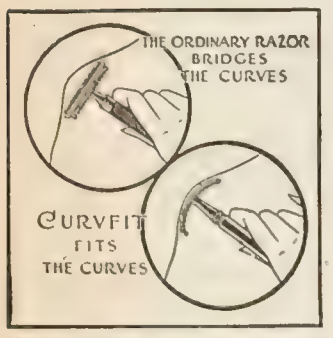
An amazing creation *guaranteed* to remove hair *safely, swiftly* and *gently* from the underarm and limbs

YOU will find it on the dressing table of the woman of society. You will find it in the dressing room of the exquisite beauty of the stage and screen. Women like these, whose gowns and costumes must reveal only exquisite, hairless skin, have welcomed the miracle of CURVFIT, the *curved* razor (see diagram below)—*the only safe razor ever designed exclusively for use upon the tender skin of women.* For CURVFIT will, with the gentlest touch, denude the underarm, the limbs, the neck, of hair with *absolute safety*, the moment before the costume is put on. Only CURVFIT is curved to fit *every inward and outward contour of the feminine form.* Make your skin exquisitely smooth and hairless the *safe, easy* way. Get your CURVFIT today at your drug or department store or beauty parlor, or send coupon below.

$1.00 and up. Extra blades, the package, 50c

Gold-plated, with 12 blades; gold-plated blade box; satin-lined jeweler's case $3.50

Gold-plated, with pearl handle and 12 blades; including pearl blade box and imported leather boudoir case $7.50



CURVFIT
The Woman's Razor

CURVFIT PRODUCTS CO., Inc., 71 West 23rd Street, New York

Enclosed find $1.00. Please send me your $1.00 Curvfit postpaid. It is understood that if not satisfied I may return the Curvfit and get my money back.

Name_____

Address_____

[THE WAR OF THE SEXES Continued from Page Twenty-nine]

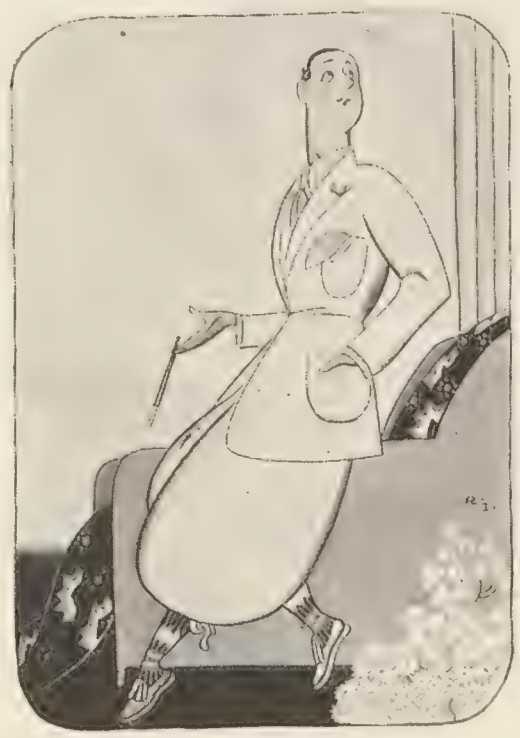
revelation. Masculine lingerie of the daintiest silk in pastel shades! Shirtings, pajamas, neckwear, all luxurious, soft, silken.

Note the texture and colors of the new suits and overcoats—particularly the sports clothes. The feminized sweaters, giddy hosiery, colored belts, exquisite handkerchiefs.

With many a brother and sister of the younger generation, the daytime clothes, especially sports apparel, are interchangeable.

"Something must be done," London tailors are saying, "to get back to heman styles."

Frivolous argument, one may say, in such a record of the war of the sexes. The answer is that the entire history of this transposition of sex power has been one of slow attrition, a wearing-away process. Woman did not come into power overnight, nor did man lose his dominance in a single day.



WITH many a brother and sister of the younger generation, the daytime clothes, especially sports apparel, are interchangeable.

The greatest adventure of thousands of modern men is a Saturday afternoon lark at the country club, a brazen golf game properly costumed in a dainty outfit, an immaculate toilette—all but makeup.

Their evening diversion is tuning in on the radio for the family or motoring the younger generation from party to party.

What has replaced man's age-old pleasure in, for example, the hunt? What has he in the way of masculine congregation? Either his club has become feminized by prohibition strictures or his saloon has been closed.

Prohibition, having restricted one of man's appetites, has encouraged lesser evils. Men began to smoke more, and women took to smoking as never before. Then they bobbed their hair, adopted mannish attire. And now they wonder what has happened to man's chivalry!

Women sponsored birth control. And now divorce and sexual license have become commonplace.

WOMEN advocated tenderness in criminal punishment. A crime wave such as is unknown in civilized history is sweeping the country. Laws are no longer respected.

Women left the home to go into professions and industries, and now many find themselves economically independent of men, unwilling to enter a marriage for procreation.

In man's suit for peace the terms have been appalling. So shameful is it that neither the victor nor the vanquished cares to discuss it. Such a discussion as this is usually taboo.

DURING the last twenty years there has come about a reversal of situations. The soul-starved female of twenty years ago is replaced by the soul-starved man of today.

Whereas woman was once discontented, man is now rebellious.

Coming out of the anesthetic to which he succumbed in accepting equal rights, man is now timidly inquiring what he is to get out of this new life.

He is beginning to wonder what price he has paid for woman's supremacy. The average husband, he finds, is a mere machine, a mere provider. He must dress a woman more expensively than ever before. He must house her luxuriously. He must feed her more extravagantly. He must transport her by motor car. He must entertain her constantly.

"Give, give, give!" is the ceaseless demand of the woman of today.

Marriage is no longer a necessity. Hence offspring are no longer a primary problem.

A woman may marry or not, as she chooses. It is some time since spinsterhood ceased to be a stigma. Now even a childless marriage is no longer a fatality, as it once was.

MAN has lost his leisure. Woman has attained it.

Man has lost his ability to create. Woman demands inventions, systems, regime.

In nearly all art forms, man is but a shadow of his former self.

Few men read books. Women, as publishers agree, are the readers.

Women support the theaters. Also the opera and the orchestras.

Note the tendencies in the movies, the magazines, the newspapers.

Man must be content with these superficial gifts of the goddesses.

No lusty life for him. No frontiers. Nothing primitive. In our modern harem he is the love slave. What he obtains emotionally he pays for materially.

Life is not for man to choose.

Whereas once marriage was the goal for woman, it is becoming the goal for man.

Marriage is being managed by women, standardized and systematized. Divorce is easy.

The public craves sex appeal, particularly the women. Their angelic men-folk no longer offer it. Furthermore, women find the real thing too costly, too difficult, too rigorous, too aging.

"I must keep my girlish figure," women say—because style dictates the youthful silhouette. "I must keep my girlish complexion"—because an aging face lacks "S. A." Flapper grandmas, wild girls—woman rampant and rampageous!

And what of the he-males of the species? Girlish boys, nice papas, juvenile grandpas. Dainty. Soft. *Kept.*

Men bleat, "Oh, Mamma!" where once they yodeled the more possessive "She's My Sweetheart." A Red-Hot Mamma takes the place of Baby Mine. A reversal. Man's sentimentalities of yesterday — how inappropriate they are today!

Romantic love? Poor Cupid! A bottle of gin instead of a valentine. A tome, Celibacy as an Ideal, instead of a bouquet. A carton of cigarettes instead of a box of bonbons. Eugenics instead of lyrics. Necking instead of chaperons.

Equality! It is here!

To be a modern woman's husband is an art—depending largely on how to satisfy her, how to live up to her standards.

Woman was never so puzzling, so intricate, so unmanageable. She no longer waits at home, expectantly embroidering, listening for "his" footsteps, ready with slippers and a cooing sympathy for "his" day of labor in a cruel world.

Man has become the clinging vine. However individualistic he may be, however exceptionally free, he lives in a woman-made world.

With woman's discovery of her economic independence of man, she set about to ease her other burdens.

There was no limit to the possibilities of complete emancipation.

Paradoxically, the Woman Age has become the mechanical age, the standardized age. Man has become the slave of his own inventive period.

Seeking to satisfy a vampire demand of the new woman, he has become an economic squirrel, dizzily revolving in his cage.

Few new empires beckon. There is little of the world left to pioneer.

Frontiers and wars used to be man's interests. Also peace-time sports and husbandry. Today is a period of refinements, of embellishments, of gilding the lily. Man may turn himself to science; if he chooses, to inventions. "Man must find a new salvation," say the feminists.

Man is exhausted from centuries of resisting women. So he gladly welcomes the cessation of hostilities, ignominious as his position may be, and bides his time —who knows what for?—whether it be to accept the reversal of sexes and become for a while the really weaker sex, learning to love eugenically, learning to breed efficiently, learning to become a helpful mate to the deadlier of the species.

NEVER have I known, until lately, that there are so many hysterical men in the world—men verging on nervous breakdowns, men suffering great emotional strains, men tragically unfitted

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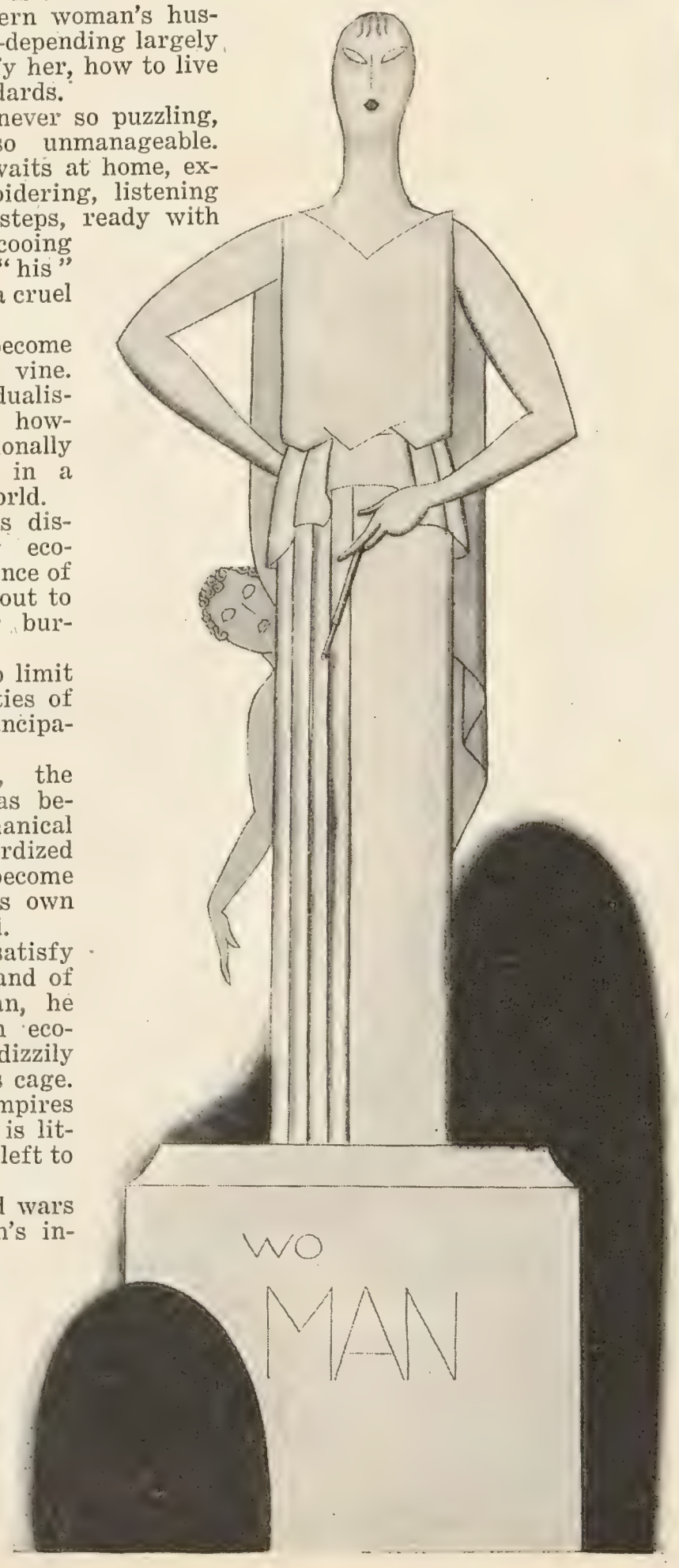

IS the pedestal large enough for two —or must one crowd the other off?

Friendly but Friendless

SICK at heart he watched them go. Last year he was always asked to join this merry group, but now the invitations were becoming fewer and fewer. Why was it he was now left out of things? He touched his face gingerly in miserable speculation. Could it be . . .?

* * *

A great many young men are inclined to have a grimy-looking skin spotted with blackheads and dull in appearance. Few realize that this hinders their success in life. Pompeian Massage Cream helps you overcome this handicap by giving you a clean, clear, ruddy complexion.

Clears the Skin: Pompeian Massage Cream thoroughly cleanses the pores. It helps to clear up blackheads and pimples by stimulating healthy circulation, and by keeping the skin clean and the pores open.

Easy to Use: After shaving or washing, rub the cream in gently. Continue rubbing and it rolls out, bringing with it all the dirt, grime, and skin impurities. The result is a clean, healthy, clear, glowing skin.

Use Pompeian Massage Cream regularly at home —then you'll get the full benefit. At all druggists.

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER

⅓ of a 60c jar for only 10c

For 10c we send a special Trial Tube containing one-third of the contents of a regular 60c jar of Pompeian Massage Cream. Trial Tube contains sufficient cream for many delightful massages. Positively only one jar to a family on this exceptional offer.

The Pompeian Co., Cleveland, O., Dept. E-10

Gentlemen: I enclose a dime (10c) for a special trial tube of Massage Cream containing ⅓ of a 60c jar.

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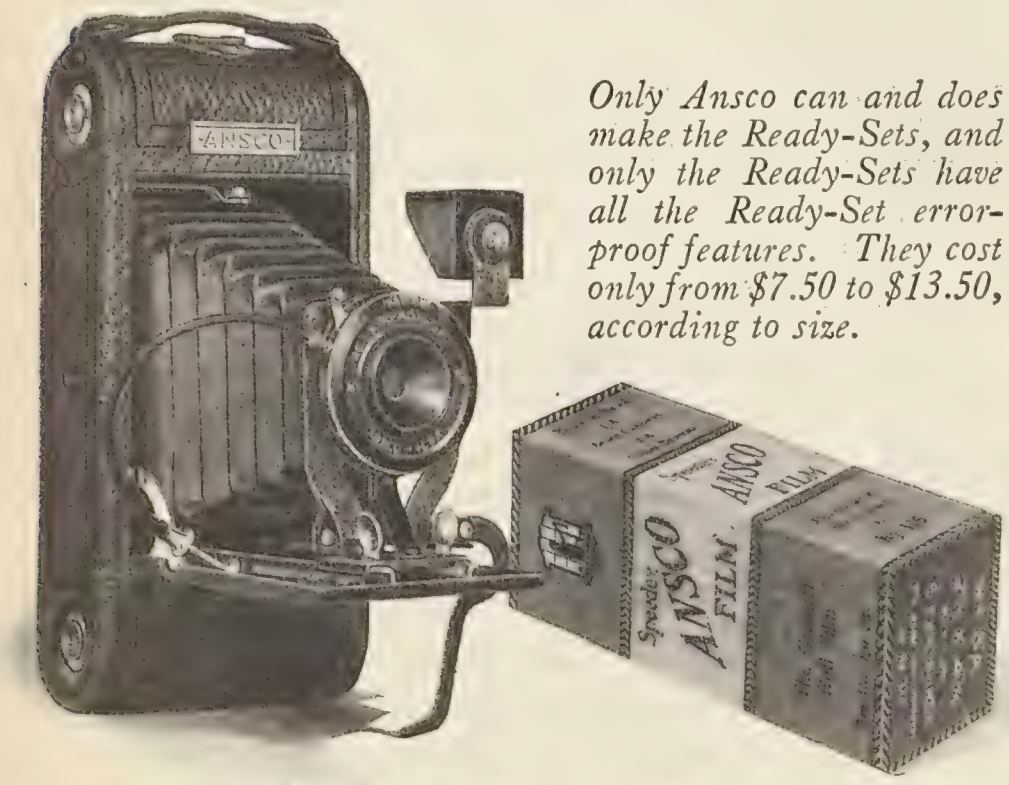
Keep your youth and your play-hours forever—*in pictures*

It's a dangerous compliment to beauty to steer off the road—but it's a lasting one when you take her picture!

In later years you'll get endless fun in remembering—if you've got all the evidence! Take pictures—for whatever you enjoy today, you'll enjoy tomorrow, too.

Ansco Speedex Film is made so that even inexperienced folks can get just the kind of pictures they want. As for the experts — well, they've used Ansco film for years! Try Ansco and you'll be delighted.



Only Ansco can and does make the Ready-Sets, and only the Ready-Sets have all the Ready-Set error-proof features. They cost only from $7.50 to $13.50, according to size.

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Pioneer Camera Makers of America

Ansco—Binghamton, N. Y.

[THE WAR OF THE SEXES Continued from Page Thirty-one]

for the world in which we live.

I seem to be the special confidant of married men. They look upon me as one who has had much experience with women: a reputation I do not care for, since I have always been discreet—never involved in the sort of scandals that fill the newspapers of today.

The great burden of these men's complaint is: "I've lost interest in life."

The truth is, the transition they are experiencing has come upon them too suddenly.

As younger men, they drank and were naughty and swore and sweated and acted like men. Now they come to me, despising and fearing the synthetic gin they must drink, starved emotionally, driven to death making money, watching their sons and daughters gallop down precipitous paths. Everything seems topsy-turvy to them.

"Yes, I have come to this," a man said to me last winter at Palm Beach, as he sat sipping a lemonade at the Country Club, attired in an alluring lavender ensemble, and reading a scandal sheet. I knew him once as a very Rough Rider.

"You've heard," he asked, "that Frank Brown shot himself last night in New York?" Yes, I had heard. We both knew that he was another of the puzzled males who were so very tired of life.

I do not mean to be melodramatic nor to lay catastrophe at the door of feminism. I merely wish to emphasize the idea that millions of men have reached a hysterical stage. I agree that it is not unique—that millions of women suffered hysteria for generations.

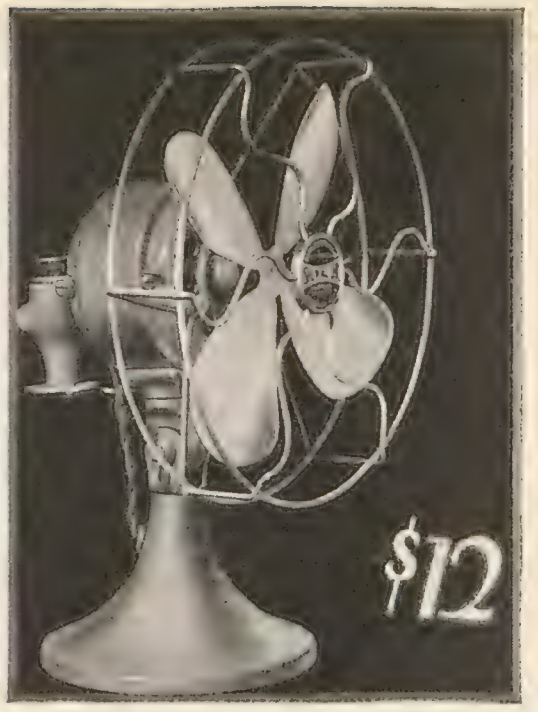
Nor do I mean that it is man's due and that he is being rightly punished for the atrocities he perpetrated in the name of the dominant male.

Who knows—not I—what this war of the sexes will bring? What will be its outcome? Will there be an armistice—a League of Nations?

Or is sex conflict an endless struggle—man to create and repulse, woman to conserve and attract?

Is it true, what Jean Carrere says?—"Whenever the male spirit prevails over the feminine, there is violence, despotism, abuse of power, *barbarism*. Whenever the feminine spirit prevails over the masculine, there is arrest, decomposition, *decadence*."

THE END



Ask for the Silent

SIGNAL JR

OSCILLATING FAN

An Outstanding Value

THOUGH low in price, the new improved Signal Jr. provides refinements and advantages available only with fans much higher priced. Its silent spin has made it a favorite in many homes, offices, workrooms, sickrooms,—in fact, wherever invigorating air is essential and quiet is desirable. The special curve of the nine-inch brass-finished blades distributes a generous volume of energizing breeze,—not a concentrated force.

Beautiful Lacquer Finish

The fine all-over art green Lacquer finish bespeaks beauty and quality; it blends with any color scheme. Its light weight, its speed, its endurance, will appeal to you. And the price is much less than you would pay for the same quality in non-oscillating types.

Sold With a Definite Guarantee

The New Signal Jr. will positively make good or we will. Every Signal Jr. is guaranteed for two years of efficient fan service, assuring you of years of satisfactory use thereafter. The simplicity of design, the absence of complicated parts to replace or give trouble, mean dependable year-in and year-out service.

See Your Dealer: See the Silent Signal Jr. in action. Compare it with other fans—then consider its exceptional value. If your dealer does not carry the Signal Jr., take no substitute; write to us and we will see that you are supplied.

Note: The Signal Jr. is also made in the non-oscillating type, black finish, 8-inch brass-finished blades. Two years of guaranteed service. $7.50

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Business STAGE FRIGHT

"HE could get jobs for friends and get increases for them. He was a good salesman—for others, but could not sell himself.

This Article Tells You What Makes You Afraid of the Boss and How to Get Over It

By
HUGH FULLERTON

GREGORY was a good man, a good worker, drawing a salary fifty per cent of what he was worth. He knew he was worth more. At home, among his friends and in the club he argued the case well. He even declared his intention to descend upon his boss, demand his rights, and tell him he must be paid more. In the presence of his employer he choked up, said, "Yes, sir," and "No, sir," and backed out of the room. He was drawing the same salary when he died.

Twenty men in the establishment passed him, got increases in pay, and not one was as valuable as Gregory.

Greg could go in to the Old Man's office and make a fight for others; could get jobs for friends and get increases in pay for them. He was a good salesman—for others, but could not sell himself.

Gregory had business stage fright.

He was merely a striking example in one of the biggest classes in the business world—the fellow who is afraid of the boss.

I have a friend who is one of the best men in his line in the country. He is holding a confidential and important position with one of the largest firms in Brooklyn, a firm with a world-wide reputation. I have known him for thirty years. He is one of the most honest, dependable, and faithful employees—but always a servant. He looks on life from a servant angle, and cannot cure himself.

He was a poor boy. He grew up a poor man. He never has had income enough to become independent. His job to him is everything. He is bold and determined in his dealings with outsiders. The corporation which employs him has thousands of accounts and many of them difficult of collection. When the regular collectors fail this man is summoned off his job in the office, loaded with the "questionable" accounts, and sent out.

An ordinary collection agency would charge double fees for such accounts. This man goes out and collects. He makes good. He is a terror among delinquents, firm, resourceful, and successful. He can step into an office, refuse to be stalled off, demand and enforce payment.

But he could no more go to his superior and ask for a five-dollar raise than he could fly.

Business stage fright is one of the most common afflictions among workers. Just why a man who can talk well, express himself clearly, and present a logical argument should stutter, stumble, and mumble when he approaches his employer is a problem which business psychologists have studied without finding a satisfactory solution.

Many who rid themselves of the disease find the effect of the cure worse than the disease itself, for the most common form of cure is a resort to boldness, a veneering of their stage fright with a false pretense of confidence which often is more offensive than satisfactory.

Whether this stage fright is a reversion to the instinct of the serf and the underling of past generations, and their fear and trembling in the presence of their overlords or bosses, is

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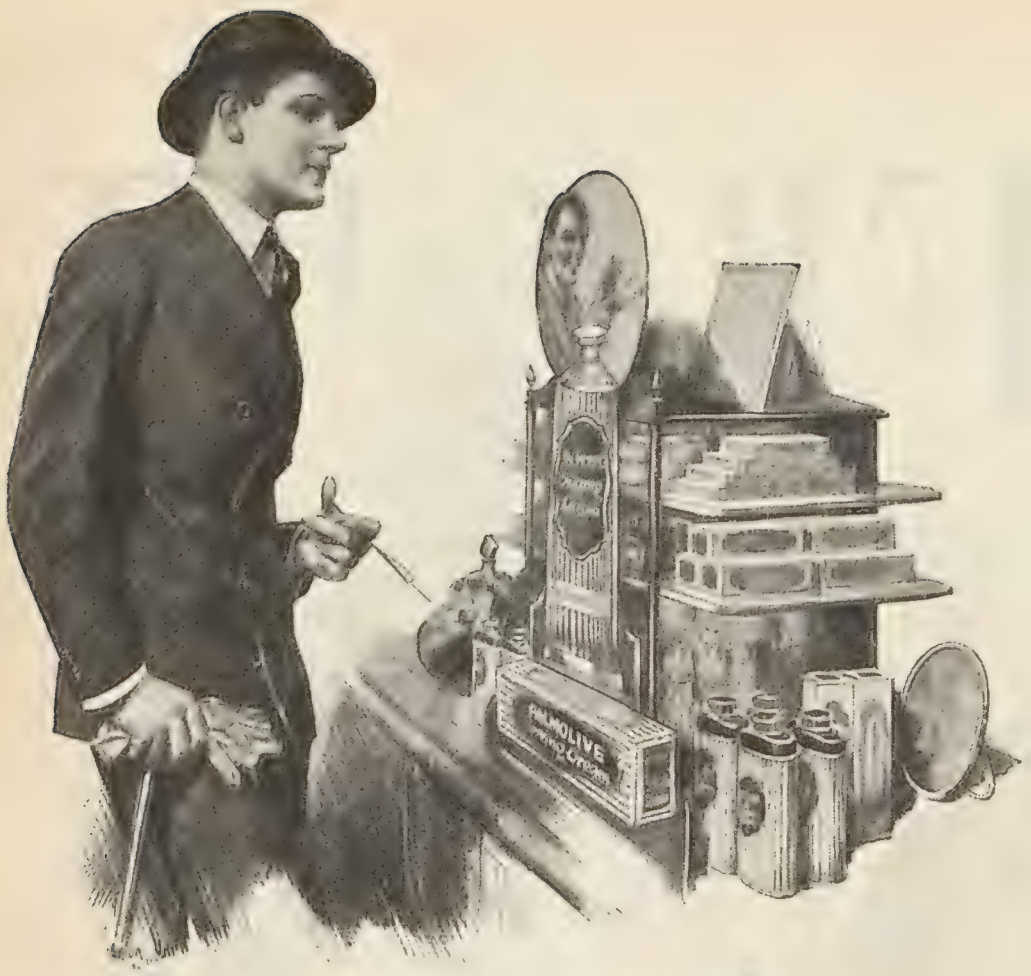


Learn why

thousands of men are flocking to this new shaving creation

Accept, please, a 10-day tube to try

GENTLEMEN:—Your present shaving soap may be exactly fitted to your needs—or, it may be failing in one of five important ways.

Shaving is so important a thing in your life that it will pay you, we believe, to find out whether or not you are getting the utmost in a shaving cream.

80% of the users of Palmolive Shaving Cream once were wedded to rival preparations. We won them by sending a 10-day tube for trial. May we do as much for you?

5 mistakes corrected

1. Lather too scanty—Palmolive Shaving Cream multiplies itself in lather 250 times. A tiny bit—just one-half gram—suffices for a shave.

2. Slow action—Palmolive Shaving Cream acts in one minute. Within that time the beard absorbs 15% of water. And that makes a hard beard wax-like, soft.

3. Dries on face—The lather of Palmolive Shaving Cream maintains its creamy fullness for ten minutes on the face.

4. Hairs lie down—That is due to weak bubbles. Strong bubbles are essential to support the hairs for cutting. Palmolive bubbles are strong . . . they hold the hairs erect for the razor.

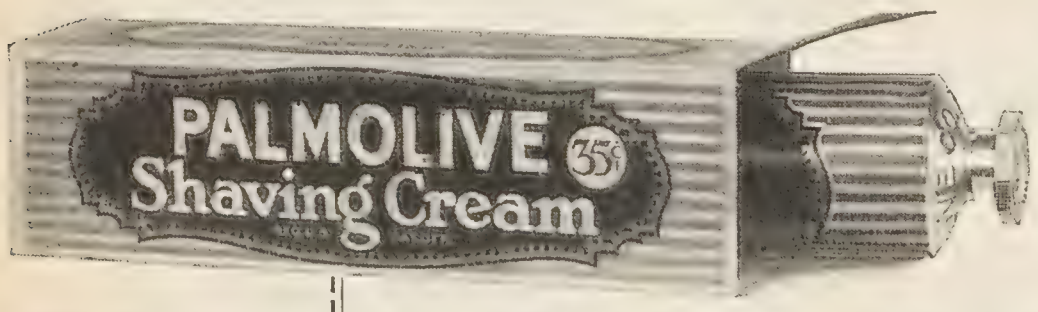
5. Skin irritations—The palm and olive oil content of Palmolive Shaving Cream leaves the face in fine condition. Men like the after-effects.

Let us prove this

We ask your permission to prove these things—to send you a tube to try. We are masters of soap making. One of our soaps—Palmolive—leads among toilet soaps of the world. We have worked hard to excel in a Shaving Cream. We made up and tested 130 formulas before we attained our ideal.

Do us the kindness to mail this coupon, for your sake and for ours.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Del. Corp.), CHICAGO, ILL.



To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc—especially for men. Doesn't show. Leaves the skin smooth and fresh, and gives that well-groomed look. Try the sample we are sending free with the tube of Shaving Cream. There are new delights here for every man who shaves. Please let us prove them to you. Clip coupon now.

3307

10 SHAVES FREE

and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc

Simple insert your name and address and mail to Dept. B-1206, The Palmolive Company (Del. Corp.), 3702 Iron St., Chicago, Ill.

Residents of Wisconsin should address The Palmolive Company (Wis. Corp.), Milwaukee, Wis.

.....

.....

Print your name and address clearly

[BUSINESS STAGE FRIGHT Continued from Page Thirty-three]

a problem. With many it actually is inherited.

I have a very close Jewish friend who confesses he never has been able to conquer class consciousness.

"I know I am often offensive and have a reputation of being hard-boiled, and of having a skin so thick no rebuff or insult will dent it," he said. "As a matter of fact, I have fought most of my life to conquer a shyness and an inner fear.

"I was born in Russia. My ancestors for generations lived under the constant fear and the threat of horrors you cannot know. I was raised in that atmosphere. We trembled when one of the rich came near. You have seen animals whipped and beaten until they tremble when anyone comes near them. I was that way.

"I came to America when a small boy, and have lived here ever since. I never was scourged or oppressed as my people were, but the instinct was in me. When I got my first job I used to tremble and break out in a sweat when the floor boss came near. He was kind and fine, but he was boss. I choked when I tried to talk to him."

I can appreciate this man's feelings, because as a boy I probably was about as shy a youngster as there was in town. When I became really interested in anything at school I could proceed without embarrassment because I was conscious only of the subject. I remember once, while engrossed in some topic, suddenly waking up to the fact that I was standing in the middle of the platform talking and arguing. When suddenly I realized my position I grew weak and stumbled back to the seat. It was torture to be compelled to go to parties or to meet strangers.

After getting out in the world the same shyness pursued me. Even today I approach a public function with fear and trembling, and to talk in public is painful to me, if I know the people. If there is no one present who knows me it is not difficult.

Freud's "inferiority complex" never has oppressed me. I am as liable to be shy with someone holding an inferior position as with those holding prominent places. But this is not the rule. Ordinarily the man suffering from business stage fright feels perfectly serene dealing with persons in inferior positions and shy with those higher up.

The "bully complex" affects those people. Usually the overbearing bosses are those suffering most from stage fright. They cover their inner feelings with a hard surface. They really are like small boys whistling as they pass the graveyard.

ALWAYS it is inferiors, elevated to jobs of importance, who browbeat inferiors and make oppressive bosses. They do it, not because of dislike for others, but to prove to themselves that they deserve the position.

The training of the present-day child appears to have gone to the other extreme. One of my friends was given a job which required him to call upon men high in financial and business circles. He was terrorized. For a time he would walk up and down outside their office doors, trying to gather courage enough to enter. He followed

an odd mental process. All the time he was hesitating he was trying to persuade himself that this man, of whom he stood in such awe, was just an ordinary human being.

After working himself into a condition of desperate resolve he would say to himself:

"Well, this guy don't amount to so much. He isn't such a big man as he pretends to be. I'm as good as he is."

Then he would rush into the office.

WHEN I first started in work requiring me to meet and talk with prominent men I held an exalted opinion of them. The first time I met Jim Corbett, I choked up and could hardly talk to him. I had the same experience with President McKinley, and with others. I found them, however, much more courteous and easy to talk to than many of their attaches.

It was something of a shock to find that, instead of being supermen (except in their own lines), they were much the same as average mortals, only more pleasant and polite.

I discovered that "big men" usually are big in the sense that they fail to feel any sense of superiority and are liable to meet you on the basis of equality.

I learned that some of them really meant it when they said "I am pleased to meet you," and gradually my terror of them wore away. In fact, in recent years the only times I feel that way is when I haven't been shaved.

It's strange how the personal appearance helps or hurts. A fellow who knows he is well dressed and presentable is much more assured in manner than one who knows that his trousers need creasing, or that he should visit the barber.

Perhaps the other fellow doesn't observe it, but a clean shave and a shoe shine will help anyone and give him a sense of moral strength.

Many business schools teach methods of conquering this shyness and business stage fright. The method is to train young men to talk in public, to make their selling approaches and tackle real problems in class.

The instructor sits at a desk and one after another the students approach him and try to make sales to him. He is hard-boiled and he knows every trick of the buyer in avoiding interviews or refusing to purchase.

It is the same in business as in diving off a dock into cold water. Your sufferings are chiefly in anticipation. Take the dive and you'll come up with a wonder in your mind that you ever were afraid.

It would be a wonderful thing if every young man and woman preparing for business could have about six months' experience working on "mug" books—biographical volumes which present the histories and portraits of successful men; for in that field of endeavor one gets a splendid view of the boss in his collective form, and learns that he is just like the rest of us, proud of his accomplishments and willing to accept a figurative slap on the back for making good.

In the first place, you couldn't write a biography if the subject did not tell you about himself. Secondly, you find that he tells only of his victories and either forgets or glides over the rough spots, the defeats, in his career; and when the fulsome praise appears on the printed page he literally exudes self-satisfaction as he reads it. That is because he is human.

But it is an interesting and revelatory experience to get under the skin of these big fellows and learn that deep down in their hearts they want people to like them and appreciate them. Another thing: in analyzing these bosses you find that, except in the case of inventors, they have the same equipment as their less successful brethren, plus one additional virtue which is the key to the whole situation—Self-Confidence.

Lack of that ingredient in your make-up is what makes you afraid of the boss. Find it—beg, borrow, or steal it, but get it—and you will get over your business stage fright.

THE END

Picture by ALBERT MATZKE

GREGORY was merely a striking example in one of the biggest classes in the business world—the fellow afraid of the boss.

Watch This Column

If you want to be on our mailing list send in your name and address

GEORGE LEWIS
One of Universal's Youthful Stars

This announcement is a continuation of the Greater Movie List which was begun in a previous issue. Once more I suggest that you keep all of these lists intact as a guide to your better entertainment for the months to come.

"The Whole Town's Talking"—featuring EDWARD EVERETT HORTON and VIRGINIA LEE CORBIN—adapted from the stage success by John Emerson and Anita Loos. Directed by Edward Laemmle.

"The Ice Flood"—featuring KENNETH HARLAN and VIOLA DANA—adapted from Johnson McCulley's Novel.

"The Bargain Bride"—featuring beautiful MARY PHILBIN in a remarkably dramatic story by A. Brode.

"Butterflies in the Rain"—featuring LAURA LA PLANTE and JAMES KIRKWOOD. From the sensationally dramatic newspaper story by Andrew Soutar. Directed by Edward Sloman.

"Too Many Women"—a fast-moving comedy drama abounding in clean fun and the exhilarating freshness of the ocean and lovely women. Featuring NORMAN KERRY. From Gabriele Reuter's sensational book.

This will be an exceptionally brilliant year for HOOT GIBSON and no less than seven stories have been chosen for him—all of them by celebrated Western writers. The titles indicate their spirit. Here they are: *"The Texas Streak," "The Silent Rider," "The Prairie King," "Ace High," "The Buckaroo Kid," "A Hero on Horseback"* and *"Cheyenne Days."*

Don't hesitate to write me if you want any further information about any of these pictures or any that have gone before. I like your letters and enjoy answering them. Incidentally, watch for *"The Flaming Frontier"* and *"The Midnight Sun."* Both are very much worth while.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued)

Send 10c each for autographed photographs of Laura La Plante and Hoot Gibson

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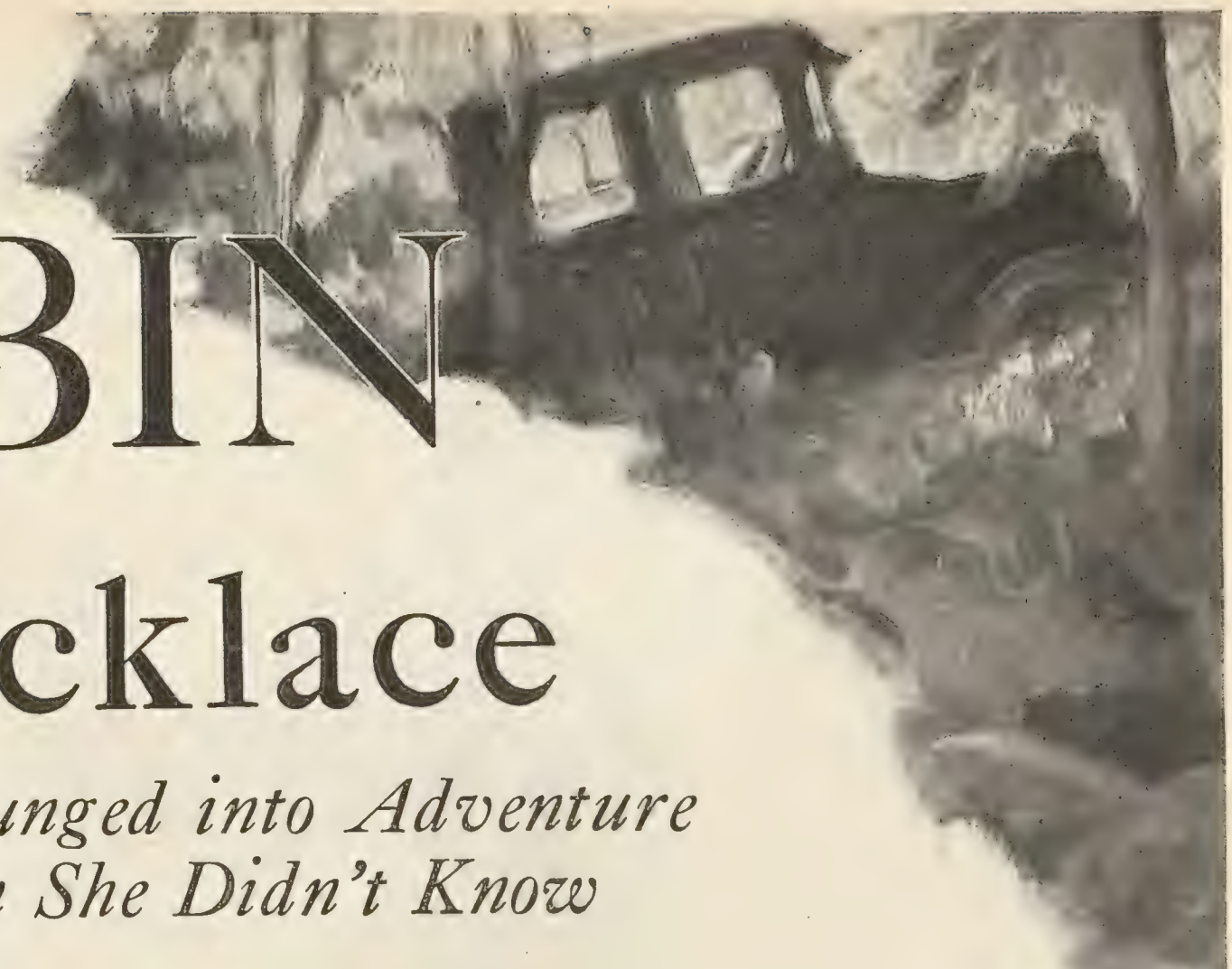
The CORBIN Necklace



How a Girl Plunged into Adventure With a Man She Didn't Know

"IF you think you can run off with Judy Corbin less than twelve hours before the time set for her marriage to Bruce Applebury, and not cause an explosion, you're an optimist!" I said this to Bill Grant.

Judy and Bill were paying me a call at 4 o'clock in the morning. I was an old neighbor of the Corbins, devoted to Judy, but never more puzzled in my life. It was clear that the girl's fate was not only entangled with heavy, complacent Bruce Applebury, but in some sinister way with the Corbin necklace, a string of pearls worth $100,000. It belonged to Judy's grandmother, Mrs. Corbin. Judy's mother, Victoria, the old woman's unbeloved daughter-in-law, coveted the thing. But it was to be Judy's wedding gift.

Punch, Judy's thirteen-year-old brother, gave me some strange facts about it. His grandmother had sent him to get Judy, for the presentation. But when the safe was opened, the pearls were gone! To Punch's amazement, Judy merely laughed.

That night the boy, playing detective, slept on the davenport in the upper hall. He saw a man in pajamas steal from his grandmother's room and vanish. The next morning, the pearls were safely back! When Punch announced this to his mother, she seemed furious, strangely enough. She got into another temper when she heard that Mr. Ethelbert Smith, jewel merchant and old Mrs. Corbin's friend, was to be a wedding guest.

Mr. Smith was with me when Punch imparted a secret: His grandmother, distrusting the safe, Punch said, had given him the jewels to hide. The boy was actually carrying them about in his pocket. He let us look at them.

When he was gone, Mr. Smith startled me by telling me the jewels were false, but a clever enough imitation to fool Mrs. Corbin. And that night, at a dinner, I saw the fake gems presented to Judy—saw Bill Grant first scowl, then look triumphant. And here in the early morning the pair were before me, ready to clear up the mystery.

PART SEVEN

"HAS mother told you about my horrible past?" Judy asked. "Well, Bill's it."

Of course I knew what Judy meant by her horrible past. The escapade Victoria had told me about. She hadn't, to be sure, so much told me about it as bounded it for me. It began, I knew, in Judy's flight from school and ended in the Martha Washington Hotel, when she looked, Victoria said, "as if she hadn't found liberty as jolly as she'd expected."

The natural inference from this last remark of Judy's was that it was Bill Grant who had disillusioned her, who had reduced her to that cynical acquiescence in defeat which I'd found it so hard to understand in her. The appropriate thing for me to have done then, under the traditional code, would have been to tell the young man he was a yellow dog and order him out of my house. But the notion of doing anything like that was so absurd that I smiled at him.

Bill misunderstood the smile.

"It's quite true, sir," he said soberly.

"He knows it's true," Judy remarked.

"You go to sleep," he told her gently, "and don't listen in. I want to tell this my own way."

But it seemed he couldn't begin. He sat there, taking his pipe in short, sharp little puffs, his eyes unfocused, his thoughts astray all over the area of the past. He seemed to be exploring for a path that would take him through.

"To begin with," I said at last, to help him out, "tell me who you are."

"Well, I *am* Bruce Applebury's cousin," he answered doubtfully.

"I don't mean that," I said.

"Tell him what you do," put in Judy.

"Shut up," he ordered, "and go to sleep."

"I'M not an Applebury," he said to me, at length. "His mother and mine are sisters. Osborne, their name was. We don't see them much. Father, mother, and I have traveled around a good deal and, until I went to college, my education had been a catch-as-catch-can affair, never in one school very long. Bruce, of course, did everything perfectly regularly, so I didn't see so very much of him. And after we graduated and he went into the family bank, I saw him still less. I really know him pretty well, though, and that's important."

I could see that it might be, but I wasn't ready to go back to Bruce.

I remembered Judy's comment, "Tell him what you do," so now I asked him.

"Oh," he said, embarrassed, "I try to write."

"What do you write?" I asked.

"Why, I've tried my hand at pretty near everything but poetry," he told me. "When I met Judy, down in Easton, Pennsylvania, I was traveling around on a try-out circuit, one-night stands mostly, with a play of mine, trying to lick it into shape, as they say, and hoping it would get to New York. It never did. It died out on the road. But I wasn't there when it happened. I left it in Easton."

"Where you met Judy?" I suggested.

"Yes," he admitted. "But not because I'd met her. I'd already made up my mind to quit when that happened. I'd come to hate the thing so that it made me sick. Every change they made in it made it worse, until I hoped it would die on the road. If it had ever got to New York, I'd have run like a rabbit."

"Anyhow, you *did* meet Judy," I persisted. "How did it come about?"

HIS face was shiny with sweat, and he mopped it with his handkerchief.

"Oh, it sounds rotten," he said miserably. "You'll think I ought to be kicked, and I wouldn't deny it. But then, you know Judy. You *do* know her, don't you?" he shot at me fiercely.

"Yes, I know her," I said. "Go on."

"She was a waitress in the hotel," he resumed. "One of those coffee-shop places, you know, where half the town comes for lunch. I talked to her over a meal or two. She'd been to see my play. One night I overtook her on the street, and instead of going to that damned theater, I went for a long walk with her.

"Of course I'd known from the first word she spoke to me that she wasn't an ordinary waitress. Well—naturally. But I couldn't make her out at all. She wouldn't tell me anything about herself. She gave me a name to call her by, but she told me while we were on that walk that it wasn't hers.

"By way of playing the game I didn't tell her anything about myself, either. She knew my name, of course, but I let her think it was a *nom de plume*. It was Osborne Grant on the program, and I told her to call me Bill. It got to be a sort of understanding that we took each other as is, without explanations.

"You can't imagine what it was like. Well, perhaps you can, but I'd never imagined that anything like that could happen. It was the only really romantic thing that ever had happened to me. And it was like that from the very first moment.

"On that walk we took I told her I was going to quit the play. I said I was so deadly

A Serial by

Henry Kitchell Webster

Pictures by JOHN NEWTON HOWITT

WE didn't get on very fast, because, whenever we saw nice little brooks to wade in, we stopped.

anyhow. She meant to work her way West, clear to the Pacific Coast, perhaps."

He broke off and looked at her. She was sound asleep now, and no mistake. He went to the couch and drew a light blanket over her.

"She's had a rotten two days," he said, as he stood looking down at her. Then he went back to his chair.

"You'll find it hard to believe, sir," he went on. "I find it hard myself to believe it now. She looks like a little girl, asleep there. But I really thought, then, that she was as old as I was. She seemed harder. She seemed to have seen a lot of life. I don't know how she could put it on. It was a sort of defensive armor, I suppose. Anyhow, I didn't feel I was taking any advantage of her. And I didn't expect to be any Sir Galahad about it, either. I don't know that I exactly expected the other thing. I was willing to let it ride. I'd only just begun to know her then, you see.

"WELL, I bought a Ford, and she quit her job, and we started out. And on that first day together I began to see what she was really like. She kept getting younger and—well, I don't know any other word—sweeter; taking off the armor, you know, as she tried me out and came to feel that I was all right.

"We went across Pennsylvania, through Lancaster and Gettysburg, and hit the old National Trail in Maryland; followed it up into the Cumberland Mountains. We didn't get on very fast, because, whenever we saw anything we thought it would be jolly to stop and do—nice little brooks to wade in; things like that—we stopped and did it.

"I did turn out to be—well, a Galahad, after all, though it wasn't any merit of mine. The thing just took itself for granted, the first time we put up for the night. I won't talk any brother-and-sister rot. No brother and sister ever were like that. But we always slept in separate rooms. We didn't pay any attention to appearances, though. If the rooms happened to be adjoining, it was all the better. We talked through the door.

"That lasted a week. And then I couldn't trust myself

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

sick of it that I couldn't go on with it. I said I was going to buy a Ford and go somewhere, disappear for a while—get lost.

"It's hard to be sure you're being honest, telling about a thing like that. I suppose I must have it in the back of my head as an awfully jolly possibility that she'd come with me. We talked about it at first as a joke, and then she said to me suddenly, 'Are you really joking? Because, if you aren't, I'll come.' She said she was on a sort of tramp,

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[THE CORBIN NECKLACE Continued from Page Thirty-seven]

any further. We were in love with each other, you see. Oh, we'd been that from the first, but now each of us knew the other knew it. You know what *she's* like. She'd never welsh in her life. She'd go through anything that she started; perfectly reckless, if no one but herself was concerned.

"Well, that was all right. We might have got married then and there, and it would have saved a terrible lot of anguish if we had. But by that time I'd come to. I knew how young she was—she'd given that away—and I knew she was a runaway. She'd never told me her name, nor what her people were like. I knew what they must be like, of course.

"WELL, it struck me that I couldn't look them in the face, nor Judy, nor even myself, if I took advantage of a child's escapade like that. I hadn't any idea of giving her up, but I thought I'd figured out a way to square the thing. I wrote her a letter, and slipped it under her door that last night, and bolted. It seemed the right thing to do, but I knew by instinct I was being a fool all the time.

"I told her in the letter that I loved her, and always would, but that I wanted her to go home to her own people and her own surroundings and take a little while to think it over. I said that after she had thought it over she was to make her choice.

"I said it was perfectly possible that when she found herself back among her old friends, she'd think of this adventure of ours as something perfectly insane. If it did seem like that, she wasn't to worry. I'd never try to follow her up, and she could remember it as a pleasant episode. Lord, what a fool I was! I might have known how Judy would take that.

"I went on to tell her, of course, that I loved her as I never would love anything else in the world, and if she found she still loved me, back home with her feet on the ground, she was to write me a letter and I'd come like a shot. I signed it with my full name, of course, and wrote out my permanent address. And then I wrote a postscript telling her she wasn't to have any regrets whichever way she decided it, because she'd given me something.

"Well, you know how it is, sir. It looked all right on the page. I thought I meant it; meant that I could be satisfied with what I'd had, even if it stopped there. Of course I was a perfectly doddering fool.

"Oh, and I did one more fool thing. I didn't know how her money was holding out. I was afraid she might be completely strapped. So I put a couple of twenty-dollar bills in the envelope to pay her fare home.

"I drove off in the night, and I turned back three times before morning. I wish to God I'd gone all the way back, but I never did. I hung on, somehow, to my fool idea.

"Well, of course, I began watching for a letter from her within a week. I didn't know her handwriting or what the postmark would be, and every time I found a letter addressed in a woman's handwriting, my heart stopped beating—literally stopped, I mean, for one beat anyhow, and there isn't a thing the matter with it.

"After three months of that I was pretty near crazy. I couldn't go looking for her, you see. I'd sawed myself off that limb by promising her that I wouldn't. I couldn't be sure she hadn't taken me at my word; decided she'd done a perfectly crazy thing—which it was, of course, by all her home standards—and was only hoping that I'd never turn up to remind her of it. My mother saw I was half out of my head about something, and persuaded me finally to go to Italy with her for the rest of the winter. I made extra careful arrangements for my mail to be forwarded, and went.

"I came back just in time for Bruce to ask me to be best man at his wedding. I was a little surprised at his doing that, because we've never been friends really; but he's great on family, and going out, as it seemed to him, into the wilds like this, he wanted to rally us around and present a united front. I agreed to it, of course. I'd nothing else to do.

"He didn't talk about her much; never showed me her picture. Well, he wouldn't. I hadn't had the slightest warning, not a hint, when I got out of that car under the porte-cochere at The Oaks and saw her standing there on the veranda."

I HAD paid his tale the tribute of almost breathless attention, and even now, when he paused as if he'd come to the end of it, it was a good while before I could find anything to say.

At last I asked a question: "Why didn't Judy write to you?"

"She'd torn up my letter in a rage before she'd ever got as far as my name and address at the bottom of it. Oh, naturally enough. Think of the perfectly hellish jolt she must have got just from the sight of those two damned twenty-dollar bills, and the knowledge that I'd gone!

"And the thing I'd really done wasn't very much better. Do you remember what she said, just now, about thinking she was too young to be allowed to decide anything for herself? That was the theory I'd gone on. I'd taken the decision out of her hands."

"It was the chivalrous thing to do," I argued dubiously, but wasn't very much surprised when he flung the word back at my head.

"Oh, chivalry be damned! She deserved to have been taken in on

it, all right, and I ought to have known it. Lord, I'd had seven solid days of her! She hadn't acted like a silly kid out for a lark. I was a coward; that's what it came to. I was afraid if I told her what my plan was, she'd talk me out of it and I'd cave in and be left looking like a crook. Hell, there are times when a man ought to have courage enough to *be* a crook!

"But I wasn't at the end of my chivalry, even when I saw her there at The Oaks Thursday afternoon; saw her turn white and bolt into the house, and found out she was the girl Bruce was going to marry.

"I saw through the sprained-ankle dodge, of course, and decided I wouldn't play tennis. I was hanging around the hall, waiting for a sight of her, when Punch caught me and showed me to my room. I did have a few minutes with her afterward, when the others were out on the courts.

"BUT I was still trying not to look like a crook. I started out by trying to tell her she needn't be afraid, that I hadn't known I'd find her here and that I wouldn't give her away. Oh, I don't blame myself so much for that. I was rattled, naturally. But I'd lost my chance for a talk that would get anywhere with her, and it began to look as if I'd never have another.

"By the time that first infernal evening was half over (Lord, it was only night before last!), I was desperate. I went off upstairs and sat down and wrote her another letter. She'd told me why she hadn't written to me, so I had that much to go on. And of course I knew without any question at all that, regardless of what happened to me, she ought never to marry Bruce.

"It would be a perfect crime, a marriage like that, for Judy. Bruce isn't a monster, nor a villain, nor anything like that. But he's stiff, and self-satisfied, and bull-headed, and he hasn't the imagination of a good Ford car. He'd try to break Judy on the wheel without knowing he was doing it.

"I don't think he *could* break her, but he might drive her to almost anything. Well, I put all of that, and a whole lot besides, into that letter, and then went out on the veranda where she was sitting and handed it to her."

"I'll tell the world he did," came a sleepy voice from the couch. "I could have killed him. He explained afterward he thought I could tuck it in my dress."

"Well," I asked, "why didn't you?"

She opened her eyes and looked at me with a hopeless expression.

"What do you think we wear?" she asked me. "Corsets? All I had on, that night, besides my shoes and stockings, was a shirt and a step-in—and my dress, of course. Where do you think the letter would have stopped if I'd stuck it down inside?"

THE only question Judy must decide was whether it would be better to run away then and there with Bill, or to stay.

It came as a shock to me to realize that this time-honored repository, consecrated by tradition to the implements of intrigue—love notes, keepsakes, and so on—had become as obsolete as a sedan chair, but there was no getting away from the logic of the facts.

Judy, still curled up on the couch, was broad awake now, and went on telling me about it.

"I saw Bruce bearing down on me, so I shoved the letter down into that silly Chinese vase that people are always dropping cigarettes into, although I knew I'd have a fearful time getting it out. If I could have been sure what line Bill had taken in his letter, I'd have hung on to it and seen the thing through with Bruce then and there. But I had to read it first. So I climbed out of my window in the middle of the night and got it and read it, and then spent the rest of the time until daylight riding around on Punch's bicycle, deciding what I'd do.

"Poor little Punch! I wouldn't have cared except that he saw the whole thing. He saw me hide the letter in the first place, and he knew when I went out to get it. I don't know what he thought."

"I can guess what he thought," I said. "He thought it had something to do with the loss and the return of the necklace. That's what I'd have thought too, if he'd told me about it. Now it seems that the necklace had nothing to do, from start to finish, with the affair."

THEY looked at me and looked at each other. Bill drew a long, heartfelt sigh of dissent.

"Hadn't it just!" he said. "It was that infernal necklace that made all the trouble, really."

I saw, though, by the way he pulled himself up, that he wasn't going to tell me about it; not then, anyhow. He walked to the window, and then looked at his watch.

"I'm off," he said decisively. "It's almost broad daylight now, and I don't want to waste any time getting things started."

"You can't get a public official out of bed at any such ungodly hour as this," I protested.

But he was oddly determined about it.

"I can keep on trying till I do," he assured me.

So I gave over the ungrateful role of obstructionist and started in to help.

"You'll want a parson as well as a license," I pointed out, and named a man whom I thought might be willing to serve. "He's quite a nice young chap, new here in the village. He's been out to see me three or four times since I've been laid up—out of pure amiability, nothing professional about it—and we've become pretty good friends. I'll give you a card to him. You can tell him your story, and if he wants any confirmation that I can give him, he can call me up. He won't mind getting up early, so on your way back with the license you can stop and bring him along. You've a car, haven't you?"

"Quite a good one," said Judy. "I don't know whose it is."

Bill looked a little startled at that. Then he grinned. "Oh, well," he said, "what's one small sport roadster among friends? I'll bring it back all right."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Her husband —*yet* her adorer

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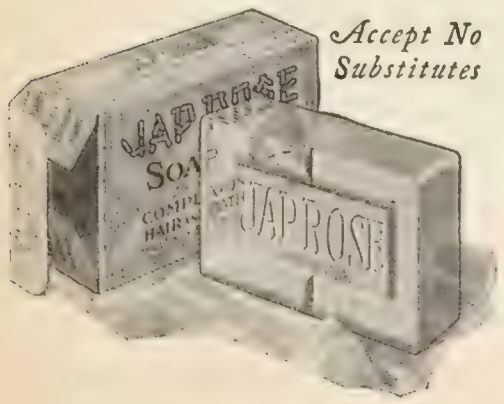

Accept No Substitutes

[THE CORBIN NECKLACE
Continued from Page Thirty-nine]

Judy went, but no further than the door, to see him off.

"You know, I like Bill," she said, in the thoughtful manner of one announcing a discovery, when she came back into my sitting-room. And she wouldn't agree, when I laughed, that there was anything funny about it.

"It's an entirely different thing from being in love with him," she insisted. "He's got what they used to call—in old-fashioned novels, you know—delicacy. I'm sure I know why he was in such a hurry to get off. It was because we'd got around to the necklace, and he doesn't like to talk about it. He didn't want to hear me tell you about it, and he knew I was going to. It *is* a dirty sort of story, of course, but—well, there it is. You want me to tell you about it, don't you?"

"Lord, yes!" I cried. Really, I don't like whitewash much better than she does. I added, "I could hardly bear it yesterday, when old Mr. Smith came back to the summerhouse and kept you from telling it then."

"I didn't know it then," she said. "Not the worst of it. The real worst of it hadn't happened.

"You know I told you—when was it, Wednesday morning when I came over here?—what a jolt mother had got over the newspaper story that Gran was going to give me the necklace? Well, that night, just before dinner, after Gran had told her that she really was going to give it to me, mother told me that she was in trouble about it.

"YOU see, about a year ago, Gran had given her the necklace to take to town to the jeweler's to be cleaned and restrung, and mother had had an imitation necklace made then. She told me she'd done it because the real one was likely to be stolen any time out of that silly old safe Gran kept it in, especially now that she was taking so much dope and forgot to lock it half the time. She'd put the real one in the bank, she said, where it would be safe, and brought the imitation back to grandmother.

The imitation got by with Gran, all right. She never suspected a thing.

"But she told me if Gran did give it to me for a wedding present it was likely to be found out that it was an imitation. What she wanted to do was to go back to town next day and get the real one out of the bank and put it back in the safe, instead of the imitation, so that Gran shouldn't know that an imitation had been made. If Gran ever found that out, she said, there was no telling what she'd do. She'd probably disinherit both Punch and me by way of getting even with mother, especially after Uncle Alec had come back and made up their quarrel.

"Even if she didn't do that, mother said, Gran would be sure to make a perfectly frightful row and accuse her of having tried to steal the necklace, which would be pretty rotten right in the middle of the wedding, with the Appleburys there and all.

"Mother said it was harder to get it out of the bank than it had been to put it in. There were more formalities about it, especially since it had come out in the paper that Gran was going to give it to me. Mother wanted me to write a note, to show at the bank, saying that Gran had given me the necklace and that they were to let mother take it out.

"I didn't want to do that, because she hadn't given it to me, and I didn't more than half believe she really would. I didn't believe that until last night, when she did. She'd promised to give it to mother a dozen times.

"MOTHER and I rather quarreled about that. But at last we made it up. She said she'd try to get the bank to give her the necklace anyhow, without any note from me, but that if she didn't get it and Gran did give the imitation to me, I was to take it and hand it right over to her; refuse to wear it, you know, and not give anybody a chance to look at it, not even Bruce, and especially not old Mr. Smith, whom grandmother said she'd invited to the wedding. Because, of course, he'd spot it for an imitation in a minute.

"I was glad enough to agree to that. I didn't want to wear the beastly thing. Mother went back to town, Thursday morning, to try to get the bank to give her the necklace, but didn't succeed.

"Well, and then Bill came the next afternoon and I forgot all about the necklace. He'd driven me pretty near wild in that first little talk with him. The only question I wanted to decide was whether it would be better to run away then and there with Bill, or to stay and go through with the program, only marry Bill instead of Bruce, when the time came. Bill didn't see it that way at all. He was still being—chivalrous, you know, like he said.

"So when grandmother sent for me to try on the necklace and there was nothing there but that silly empty box, it struck me as rather funny. I shouldn't have laughed, of course.

"It seemed such an ideal way of settling mother's troubles that I wanted to let it ride, just as she did. We didn't care whether Gran had hidden it somewhere and forgotten, or whether it had really been stolen. If it had, it was a joke on the thief, that's all. All we wanted was to keep Uncle Alec from sending for the police, which would have made a lot of trouble, especially if they got it back and found it was only an

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY]

imitation after all. Well, you got him quieted down, and that seemed to be all right.

"I read Bill's letter by the light of Punch's bicycle lantern that night and saw that he felt the same way I did about everything. He didn't want me to marry Bruce, anyhow. All we needed was a good long talk, which might be rather hard to manage, of course, and we'd work everything out.

"Then, awfully early yesterday morning, mother came in in her nightgown, half wild, to tell me that the imitation necklace had turned up again in grandmother's room, and that Mr. Smith was coming that morning. She accused Punch of having taken it, and called him a little fiend for bringing it back.

"SHE came back about an hour later a whole lot calmer and said she'd got everything fixed up. Bruce was going into town, she said, to get the necklace. He'd told her how to work it and she'd given him the sort of note the bank wanted. He'd be back with it on the three-o'clock train in time for the rehearsal.

"She wanted me to get up and dress right away and drive Bruce to the station, but not go in town with him because he'd be awfully busy and I'd be in his way. She told me not to say anything to him about the necklace. She wanted the crowd to think I'd gone in with him, though, so that his going off like that wouldn't look queer. I was to keep out of sight wherever I pleased till it was time for his train to come back. And she said she'd fixed Mr. Smith so that he wouldn't come to the house till dinner tonight.

"Well, of course, it would have looked fishy to me if I'd thought about it at all. But the only thing I thought of was that here was a perfectly heaven-sent chance for my talk with Bill. So I sent a note up to him and told him where to meet me.

"We went up to the summerhouse, thinking it would be the safest place there was, and found you there with old Mr. Smith, and left as soon as we could.

"Bill was stubborn about it. He wouldn't hear of my marrying him, then. The only thing to do, he said, was to call off the marriage with Bruce. He wanted that and my marriage to him, he said, to be two separate things. I told him he wanted to be sure he wasn't getting me on the rebound. But of course that wasn't fair. I can see how it looked to him.

"So what we agreed on was that I was to meet Bruce at the three-o'clock train and drive him around a while before we came back to The Oaks, and tell him that I wasn't going to marry him; I'd do anything else he wanted, except that. He could throw me over any way he liked, tell any story he wanted to tell. If he wanted the thing done quietly, I'd pretend to be awfully ill, or grandmother could, and the wedding could be postponed.

"It was a perfectly rotten position to put him in, and it wasn't his fault that he was in it—at least it wasn't his fault any more than it was mine. I'd never told him I was in love with him. I had told him, when he first asked me to marry him, that I'd been in love with someone else, but I said I didn't know where he was and that he was out of my life altogether. Of course I thought that was true. He said he'd take a chance. Well, I was going to have to tell him that the chance turned out to be that the man

had come back, neither by his fault nor mine, and that we were in love with each other. It never struck me as possible that Bruce would want to marry me when he knew that. You wouldn't think it was possible, would you?"

"Yes, my dear," I told her regretfully, "I'm afraid I would."

"Well," she conceded, "you know more about life than I do.

"I met him and we drove off down the Yorkville Road, and I told him the whole thing. He didn't say a word; just sat there looking blacker and blacker every minute till I'd finished. And then the horrible thing happened.

"HE told me he'd been stung. He told me what had really happened about the necklace. And the minute he began talking I knew it was true. He told me mother had really taken it—he used perfectly horrible words: 'fraudulently hypothecated it.' That means she'd pretended it was hers and got the bank to let her have some money on it; a lot of money—twenty-five thousand dollars. She'd tried to raise the money to get it back and she couldn't. And when they found out that the necklace wasn't hers, they'd threatened her, Bruce said, with a criminal prosecution. Of course she was almost crazy with worry about it. So she'd gone to him—to Bruce—and asked him to put up the money to get the necklace back."

That was more than I could listen to in silence.

"She went to Bruce!" I cried. "Good God!"

"I suppose she couldn't think of anyone else to go to," Judy said thoughtfully. "It had to be someone she could absolutely count on to keep it quiet. He'd hate a scandal in his family worse than anything else in the world, and of course mother thought, and so did he, that I was as good as married to him.

"But when he had paid the money to the bank and got the necklace, and then found I didn't mean to marry him, he felt that he'd been, as he said, stung. Even the necklace wasn't his, he said. It was practically stolen goods. It had belonged to grandmother all the time. She could have made the bank give it to her without paying back the money, just by proving to them that mother hadn't had any right to give it to them.

"Oh, I can see now how he felt about it. I suppose for anyone like him it was the natural way to feel. But I couldn't see anything then. I'd just gone dead, like a flat tire.

"We went along for miles after he'd told me that nice little story, without saying a word, either of us. Then I told him I'd marry him if he wanted me to. I said it seemed that I'd already been sold to him. I couldn't see any other way out. I couldn't pay him his beastly twenty-five thousand dollars, and I didn't know anyone I could ask for it—not for a thing like that.

"I didn't begin to hate him till then. I'd hated myself, and hated mother. But when I told him I'd marry him because he'd paid for me—oh, I told him more than that, too. I said that he could do anything he liked with me, but that I loved Bill and would go right on loving him. And after I'd told him all that, he began to get *—amiable.*

"HE said he'd known he could trust me to do the right thing. He'd been sure all the time I hadn't known what mother had asked him to do. He said it was a foolish fancy that I was in love with Bill. That I'd get over it as soon as we'd been married a little while.

"I didn't say anything at all; just hung on and kept from jumping out of the car. That's how we got back to The Oaks.

"Of course, the minute Bill saw the satisfied look in Bruce's face, he knew I'd fallen down on him somehow. It wasn't the sort of thing he'd expected me to do, and he was pretty well upset. So after the rehearsal I took him off in front of everybody and told him what had happened. I didn't have time for the details, of course, but I told him Bruce had paid for me in advance.

"He wanted me to postpone the wedding, anyhow, and give him time to raise the money himself. I told him I wasn't going to be auctioned off any more, let alone to him. He says now that he saw the point all right, but he wouldn't admit it then. The last thing he said was that he'd think of a way yet, and I told him it was all right if he could. He's terribly clever, but I don't believe there was any way, except the one that happened."

"What did happen?" I asked. I'll admit my mind wasn't working very well. It was too boiling hot.

"Why," she cried, "you were there! You saw it happen. Gran gave me the necklace, right before everybody. Didn't you hear me ask her if it was *really* mine, and hear her say it was? It was

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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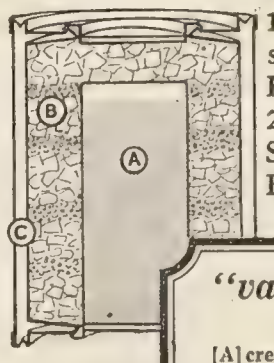

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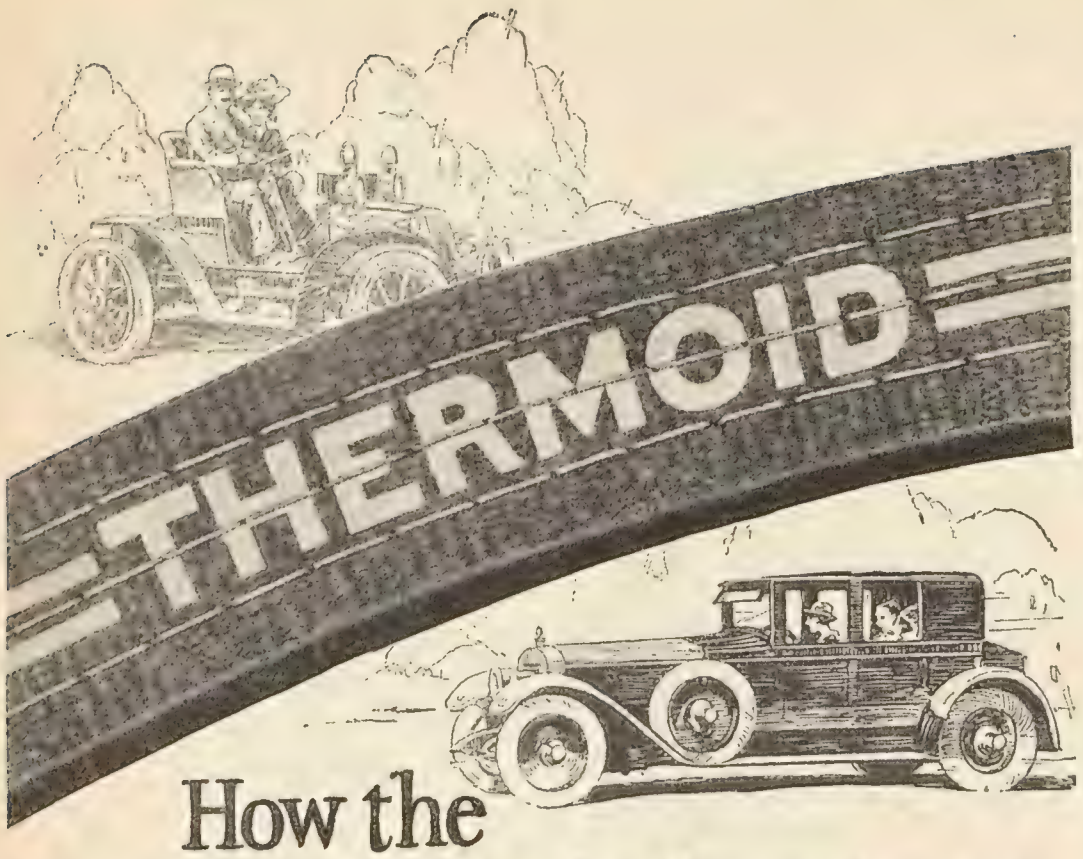

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	New List Price on Thermoid Hydraulic Compressed Lining	8.82
	New List Price on Thermoid Interwoven Lining	7.00
Large Car (4-wheel brakes)	Old List Price to Car Owners on all Brake Linings	$17.60
	New List Price on Thermoid Hydraulic Compressed Lining	11.04
	New List Price on Thermoid Interwoven Lining	8.80

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[THE CORBIN NECKLACE
Continued from Page Forty-one]

only the imitation one, of course, but she thought it was the real one. The real one was right in Bruce's pocket, where it belonged. So all I had to do was to tell him to keep the necklace. That's what I said in my note to him. And poor old Bill didn't see it for about five minutes after it happened."

There wasn't much to say after that. I could see how horribly tired she was—could anyone wonder?—and I suggested presently that she go back to my couch and take another nap while we waited for Bill to come with the parson and the license. She took to the suggestion readily.

Being the perfectly healthy young animal that she was, she fell contentedly asleep.

I'M not so young and my nerves don't bear stretching so easily. So for a good while I sat watching her, thinking over the story she'd told me, fitting it in with what I'd already known of the queer series of happenings which had so disturbed and mystified me during the past three days.

I had it all now, hadn't I? Well, no, not quite. I didn't know yet who'd stolen the imitation necklace in the first place and then incomprehensibly brought it back. It didn't matter much, though, did it? Old Eagle Eye thought it did. Probably old Mrs. Corbin herself had mislaid the necklace or hidden it somewhere, perhaps under the influence of her drug, and, under the same influence, restored it, the way it happened in The Moonstone.

Yes, but how about Punch's man in pajamas? Oh, well, Punch might have dreamed him.

With dreams in my mind I must have fallen asleep myself, just then, in my chair.

What awakened me was the persistent ringing of a telephone bell. It hadn't wakened Judy, so I hobbled over to the instrument as quickly as I could and answered it.

"This is Alexander Corbin," I heard the voice say. "I'm afraid I've wakened you. I want to tell you that Bruce Applebury was robbed last night of the Corbin necklace."

"Robbed!" I repeated stupidly. "How?"

"He tells a very queer story. He came to my room with it just now. I'll give you the details later. I'm talking on Victoria's phone. She wants me to ask whether you happen to know anything of the whereabouts of young William Grant?"

"Not precisely," I said. "I can give you some news of him, though. Shall I come up to The Oaks?"

"I wish to heaven you would!" Alec exclaimed. "And the quicker you get here, the better."

Is Bill Grant the thief who robbed Bruce Applebury? That is the question, involving all Judy's future happiness, which makes the installment in next week's LIBERTY one of the tensest in this absorbing serial.

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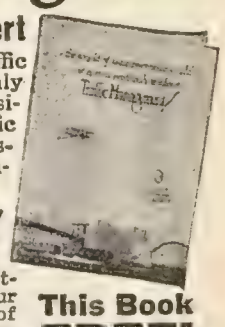

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P. & A. photo

SHE was going strong after almost nine hours of swimming, when a sip of salt water brought defeat.

A GIRL *Challenges the* SEA

Gertrude Ederle, from the Sidewalks of New York, Again Battles the English Channel

An Article by

WESTBROOK PEGLER

[Editor's Note: As this story goes to press, Miss Ederle, who is the champion woman swimmer of America, is poised on the brink of the English Channel waiting a favorable moment to jump in and swim across. Perhaps before you have a chance to read this issue of LIBERTY, tide and weather may have created the awaited opportunity and Miss Ederle may have made her decisive leap into the sea. If so, read this article, anyway. It tells interesting things about this young athlete—win, lose, or still waiting.]

THE sidewalks of New York do not ordinarily nurture athletes. Yet Gertrude Ederle, who lives on Amsterdam Avenue near Sixty-fifth Street, learned to swim at the age of nine and some years later slid into the twisting waters of New York Bay on the Brooklyn side and clawed her way through changing tides to the exact point of Sandy Hook, about twenty-one miles away, in seven hours, eleven minutes, and thirty seconds.

Now this young woman with the shoulders of a fullback, trained at Cape Gris-Nez, a weatherworn little town on the Channel coast of France, just across from Dover, challenges that twenty-mile gap of bullying water.

It is her second attempt to shoulder through the Channel tides, for she tried it last summer and failed. I might explain that she was swimming strongly, but had swallowed some salt water and was whooping like a sea lion, trying to cough it up, lest it should make her sick, when Jabez Wolffe, her trainer, became alarmed and cried to Ishak Helmy, the Egyptian swimmer who was rolling along at her side: "Grab her, Helmy!"

Trudie herself has an idea that she might have gone along to touch bottom on the English beach if Helmy hadn't disqualified her by laying hands on her, which comes under the technical definition of outside assistance. But there has been a good deal of windy bickering across the Atlantic about this matter and Gertrude would rather forget it.

Distances are measured rather loosely in such water as the English Channel, but it is not giving Trudie any the better of it to say she covered sixteen miles during her eight hours and forty-six minutes in the water, from which it will be apparent that the record of sixteen hours and thirty-three minutes, established by Enrique Tirabocci, the Argentine, was in serious peril when Wolffe cried:

"Grab her, Helmy!"

However, it isn't hard for Trudie or any other swimmer—man or woman—to admit failure on the first attempt. Jabez Wolffe himself has tried twenty-one times to swim the English Channel and hasn't made it yet.

We still find her convinced that she can swim the English Channel, because she swam from the Battery to Sandy Hook across three tides, which was more than Captain Matthew Webb did in three attempts, although he was first to swim from France to England.

TRUDIE learned to swim in the calm water in the lee of Sandy Hook at Highlands, New Jersey, ten years ago. However, as she and her sister and her father sat in their stateroom on the last night aboard the Berengaria, the old man, embracing his paunch with a pair of hands like baseball gloves, recalled the time that Trudie went bathing in the horse trough at Tenth Avenue and Fifty-fifth Street, and was yanked out and spanked, just as a thirsty dray horse sank its muzzle into the water and then stepped in with its fore feet, too.

"I give her a good licking for that," Henry Ederle said, shaking with laughter. "But it does no good. She's got to swim, I guess."

Pop was one of twenty-one children. He relieved the congestion in his Alsatian home when he was sixteen years old, by sailing to

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

SUPREME

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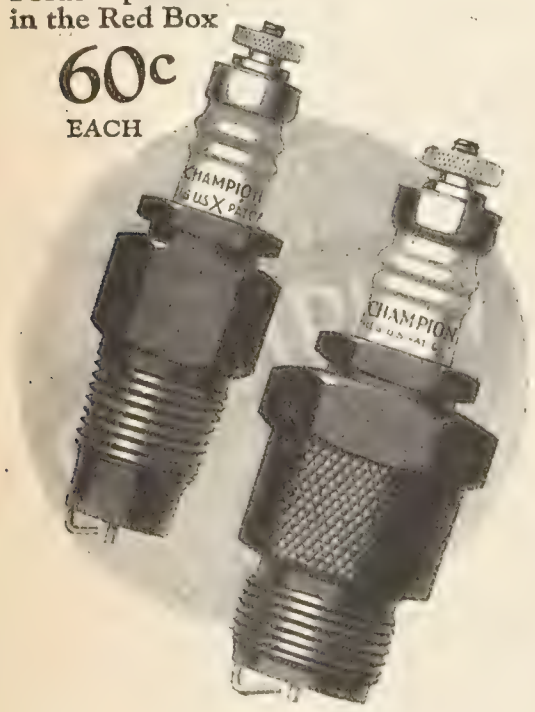

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE FORTY-THREE]

the United States on a twenty-dollar ticket. He started life in the new country as a delivery boy and apprentice cutter at six dollars a week, in the same Amsterdam Avenue meat market that now carries his name over the door.

To skeletonize Pop's own career, it may be reported that, after a few years, the owner of the shop became weary of commerce on Amsterdam Avenue and that Pop bought the shop with an initial investment of twelve dollars, the entire price being about $2,000.

Pop now owns not only the shop and the building, and the block of railroad flats, including the one that Trudie was born in, but half of a city block on Amsterdam Avenue. Last year he was affluent enough to bet $5,000 that his kid Trudie would swim the English Channel and game enough to lose the money with a laugh. He found odds of ten to one for his first $2,000, but when he went down to Wall Street with $3,000 more, the price dictated by the great house of Lloyd's, London, had shrunk to five to one.

When the neighbors came around with their pool of money, requesting Pop to bet it on Trudie at the best available, he was greatly disappointed, but inwardly gratified, to discover that the dignified gamblers who lay the odds under a pretense of issuing insurance, had lost confidence in the English Channel and were offering no better than two to one.

POP refused to accept Lloyd's low odds, so the neighbors' money was returned with the word that the insurance companies were afraid of his kid Trudie.

Amsterdam Avenue is all right for kids or anyone else if you mind your own business and live good, Pop insisted, when Trudie and her sister, Margaret, wanted to move to an apartment on one of the "better" avenues.

"My kids were always in the house by dark," Pop said; "they never ran around nights. Maybe some kids go wrong on Amsterdam Avenue, but not if the parents are right."

After all, Trudie is fairly content with the street she was born on. In fact, she seems content about almost everything except the challenge of the cold green water that comes rolling in with a braggart roar from the Dover side of the Channel.

As the train went sliding over the French landscape the day she landed in France and most of the other Americans on board were popping their heads out of the windows to be a few inches nearer the wonders of another land, Trudie sat gathered up in a corner of the compartment, her brown bare knees showing beneath her short skirt, reading a fifty-cent novel of the conventional love triumphant pattern.

When they were taken around to one of the sacred restaurants of Paris, in which it is considered a personal affront to the chef and all his ancestors to add as much as a pinch of salt to the soup, Trudie pushed the bill of fare away and asked if they could provide her with a bowl of chop suey and a large dish of ice cream.

It is not exaggerating this girl's complacency to say that nothing but the English Channel impresses her just now, and that she is by no means intimidated by the Channel itself.

"I think I can do it if I get a calm day and the right kind of swimming suit," Trudie will tell you. "The suit I wore last year crawled up on the back of my neck and chafed me and it bulged out and caught water, too, and that delayed me.

"If the suit binds on the shoulders, it begins to hurt after a few hours, and by the time the cold is beginning to weaken one, the irritation gets on your mind. I may wear only trunks and a brassiere."

Each of the old Channel swimmers who are now combing the beach between Boulogne and Calais, training the young challengers, has his own favorite course laid out on the hydrographic charts. They carry their tidal maps around with them—huge rolls of linen paper showing the tidal drifts and deeps and shoals.

The course that William Burgess has laid out for Trudie is to carry her on a drift almost into the North Sea before it sweeps her back to Dover, assuming that her strength holds out for fourteen hours.

It is a cruel program at best, this Channel course, for it sets a mere human being afloat in water that is never warmer than sixty-two degrees and then reckons human strength and courage as factors equivalent to the might and whims of tide and weather.

"As I have charted her course, Miss Ederle will get into the water about four hours before high tide at Cape Gris-Nez," said Burgess, in the forepart of her training period, straining his phrases through a ragged gray mustache.

"She will drift almost due westward, perhaps without gaining a yard toward Dover, for the first two hours. Then the tide will set north-northeast and, with her own progress to help her, she ought to be in mid-channel on a direct line between Gris-Nez and Boulogne after three hours more. Then the drift begins to carry her out of her way in the opposite direction—up the Channel, toward the North Sea. This is where I will have to call on her for four hours of hard swimming across the tide. If she is as strong and fast as I think she will be, the end of the ninth hour will find us somewhere between South Goodwin and East Goodwin lights, marking the famous Goodwin shoals where so many ships have piled up.

"If she is well in toward the shoal, the next set of tide will sweep her ashore without any more struggle than just the effort to keep afloat."

P. & A. photo

Miss Ederle in training, unworried by anything except the Channel.

BUT Burgess also reckoned on the possibility that Trudie would not be very near the Goodwins when that tide changed and would be carried on past Dover, perhaps no more than half a mile offshore. In that case, he intended to ask her for a forty-five-minute sprint straight across the tide to Dover beach.

"It will be very hard to sprint across that last tide after she has been so long in the water," said the old man, who once swam the Channel himself and knows what he is asking; "but she's one of the greatest swimmers that ever took to the water. I think she can do it, all right."

That's a boast not only for Trudie, but for Amsterdam Avenue, too.

Miss Ederle is essentially a distance swimmer, but she has established records for women (free style) at 200 meters, 300 meters, and 500 meters; also at 440 yards, 500 yards, and 800 yards.

Five men have succeeded in swimming the Channel: Matthew Webb of England did it in 1875, his time being 21 hours and 45 minutes. T. W. Burgess, another Englishman, turned the trick in 1911, after having been in the water 22 hours and 35 minutes. An American, H. F. Sullivan, made the crossing in 1923, his time being 27 hours and 25 minutes. In the same year the Argentinian Tirabocci made it in 16 hours and 33 minutes, and Charles Toth, an American, did it in 16 hours and 40 minutes.

THE END

ONE WAY To Add 10 Years to your LIFE

New York City's Official Expert Lays Down Five Rules of Health

An Article by
FRANKLIN FARGO

ARE you too lazy, too selfish, or too indifferent to add ten years to your life? Dr. S. Dana Hubbard, chief of the Bureau of Public Health Education in New York City, asks this question and then assures us that the thing can be done by observing five simple rules. He sets them down in this order:

Eat properly, bathe freely, eliminate waste products from the body regularly, get sufficient rest, and take sufficient exercise.

Dr. Hubbard has the difficult job of impressing these rules upon a population of 5,620,000, 60 per cent of which consists of aliens, or the immediate families of aliens, many of whom exhibit a profound preference for customs peculiar to their native lands. It follows that any program he sponsors must be simple and widely applicable.

"I have no great patience with so-called intensive systems of physical culture," Doctor Hubbard explained, "principally because they are wasteful of both time and energy.

"This is an age of specialization. I mean by that a banker needs to put as much energy into his business as he can, short of the point where his health begins to suffer. But, more than that, it is impossible for him to put the maximum amount of energy into his business if he exhausts it in building up a surplus of muscle for which he can have no possible use.

"In physical development there is a happy medium. A man's body must be vigorous enough to support and nourish his brain. It should function properly, like any machine, and should be properly fed with fuel.

"The average well-to-do man has need to get to and from his office quickly. So he buys an automobile. But what would you say if such a man bought not an automobile but a locomotive? All the surplus power which the locomotive had, in excess of what was required to do the owner's work, would be waste; all the money used to create that power would be waste; and all the fuel needed to run it would be waste.

"That is a common-sense view to take of physical development. Indeed, it is the only view to take if the ordinary individual is to have time enough properly to take care of his business and his body at the same time. An automobile is less powerful than a locomotive, but it is capable of being just as *good* a machine.

"Setting-up exercises in the morning are beneficial, but there are several forms of useful work which satisfy the requirements of the body just as well and are not at all destructive of time. Working in a garden is one; doing repair work around the outside of a house is another; tinkering with a motor car in the open air is a third, and walking is a fourth.

"Everybody can walk, and walk properly. The gait should be brisk enough to stir the circulation; the shoulders should be erect; the breath deeply drawn. Walk a little the first day—there's no need to exhaust yourself; but walk a little more the second day, and more the day after that. Exercise the muscles above the legs by moving the body in time to the stride; give the arms a little swing.

"If your routine prohibits walking, then use setting-up exercises. But be sure the window is open and that plenty of fresh air is in the room.

"The question of proper eating is very important. Most folks eat too much.

"Let us consider the equally important question of when and how to take a bath. Dirt causes disease, and bathing removes dirt from the body. If everyone took a bath once a day, it is a foregone conclusion that much sickness would be prevented, and many lives would be saved.

"But bathing has two other functions—to stimulate and to soothe the nerves; and its results in those particulars are quite as important to consider as the personal cleanliness it achieves.

"There are five principal kinds of baths which may be taken in an ordinary tub. Each serves a little different purpose. The first is the hot bath, where the temperature of the water exceeds ninety-eight degrees Fahrenheit, and should not be taken except on the advice of a physician, and after a careful examination. So that can be put aside.

"The second is the warm bath, in which the temperature of the water ranges between ninety-eight and ninety degrees. It relaxes the nerves and will often induce sleep. It is best taken just before retiring, and, because of its soothing effect, it is especially beneficial to persons who are undergoing periods of acute stress or worry.

"The third is the tepid bath. With the temperature of the water between eighty and ninety degrees, it is very useful for cleansing

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

No. 142

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE FORTY-FIVE]

purposes, and either a tepid bath or a warm bath should be indulged in once or twice a week for the purpose of giving the pores a thorough opening.

"The fourth bath is the cool bath, with a temperature of from sixty-five to eighty degrees. It is stimulating at the lower temperatures, and cleansing, too. But the fifth bath—the cold bath, with a temperature below sixty-five degrees—is the best of all, if taken in the morning, and supplemented by a warm or tepid cleansing bath every three or four days.

"The best time to take a cold bath is as soon as possible after arising. The proper time to take all baths is either just before a meal, or not until three hours afterward. Many persons assert that a cold bath is too shocking for them to endure, but my opinion is that most persons can take cold baths without any evil effect, if they make up their minds to! Nothing, at any rate, will so materially aid in maintaining health and promoting bodily comfort.

"Bald-headed men as a rule should avoid showers unless they protect their heads with bathing caps, because the play of the water upon their unprotected scalps may cause headaches later in the day.

"Bathing caps are, of course, essential for women, and are a good thing for men who wish to retain their hair. The hair should not be made wet every day; frequent application of water tends to deprive the roots of proper nourishment. Therefore it should be combed dry, and washed only when necessary. An application of either olive, sweet or cocoanut oil after the natural oil of the hair has been removed by a shampoo is exceedingly beneficial.

"Mental hygiene is quite as important to long life as physical hygiene. Worry affects the nervous system, and the nervous system affects the internal organs. When you leave your office at night, forget the office. Don't carry home your petty bickerings and jealousies. Avoid rage and hate. In addition to all the complex nervous disorders which follow in the wake of these passions, a man whose emotions are all upset can't properly digest food. The blood surges to his head, his lungs, and his heart, and away from his stomach, where it ought to be.

"The character of a man's employment also influences the duration of his life. I don't mean how hard it is physically. I mean whether he is happy or not in doing it. There is little purpose in accumulating wealth, if at the same time we destroy our capacity to enjoy it. And no one can enjoy much of anything if his health is poor. Find a job that you enjoy—even if it pays less money—and make your work a recreation. It is entirely possible, even if some folk won't readily believe it.

"And now we come to a thing even more simple than abundant bathing—and that is the drinking of water. Most people drink far too little. In consequence, they eventually suffer from rheumatism, gallstones, arthritis, and a variety of complaints. The average person should drink six to eight eight-ounce glasses of water a day; if more than that, it won't hurt.

"Water helps to eliminate poisons from the body. Besides, it replaces the water in the tissues and in the blood that is forever being exhausted in the process of living.

"It is not harmful to drink one or one and a half glasses of water with every meal. If more than that is consumed, it may have a tendency to dilute the juices of the stomach to such an extent that digestion is interfered with. It is also beneficial to drink cool water immediately after cleaning the teeth in the morning. Ice-cold water may chill the stomach and have an ill effect. The remainder of the water drunk should be consumed between meals or before going to bed at night. But with some persons the taking of water at bedtime results in bad sleep—which, of course, is something to be considered.

"The point is that the drinking of sufficient water is largely a matter of habit. Once a person starts conscientiously to acquire the habit, it will not be long before a normal thirst will assert itself at the proper time."

THE END

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Six-year-old Jimmie and his mother, who was just nineteen years his senior, were great pals. They swam, fished, and dug bait together. One day ages were discussed and Jimmie asked how old his mother would be when he got to be a man. She answered spiritedly:

"Why, I'm not going to get old!"

With a surprised expression, as though he were about to hear some great secret, Jimmie asked:

"How are you going to do it, mother?"

MARIE F. MCKNIGHT.
151 Foote Avenue, Bellevue, Ky.

Avoiding Duplication

Betty Jane was "listening in" when "Uncle Wip" was giving a religious talk to his "Boys and Girls" during Easter week. He ended up with "Now let's all say together that little prayer our mothers taught us at her knee:

"Now I lay me down to sleep," etc. Betty repeated it very reverently; then, turning to her mother, she said pertly:

"Did you hear that, mother? I hope you won't expect me to say it again when I go to bed,"

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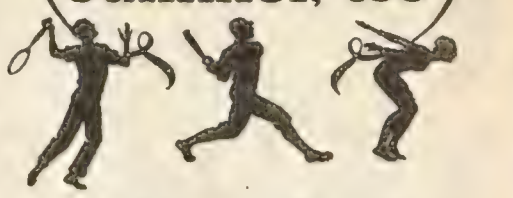

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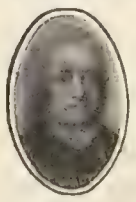

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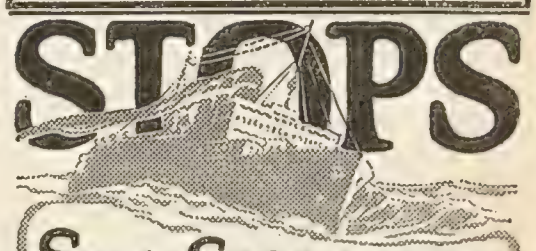

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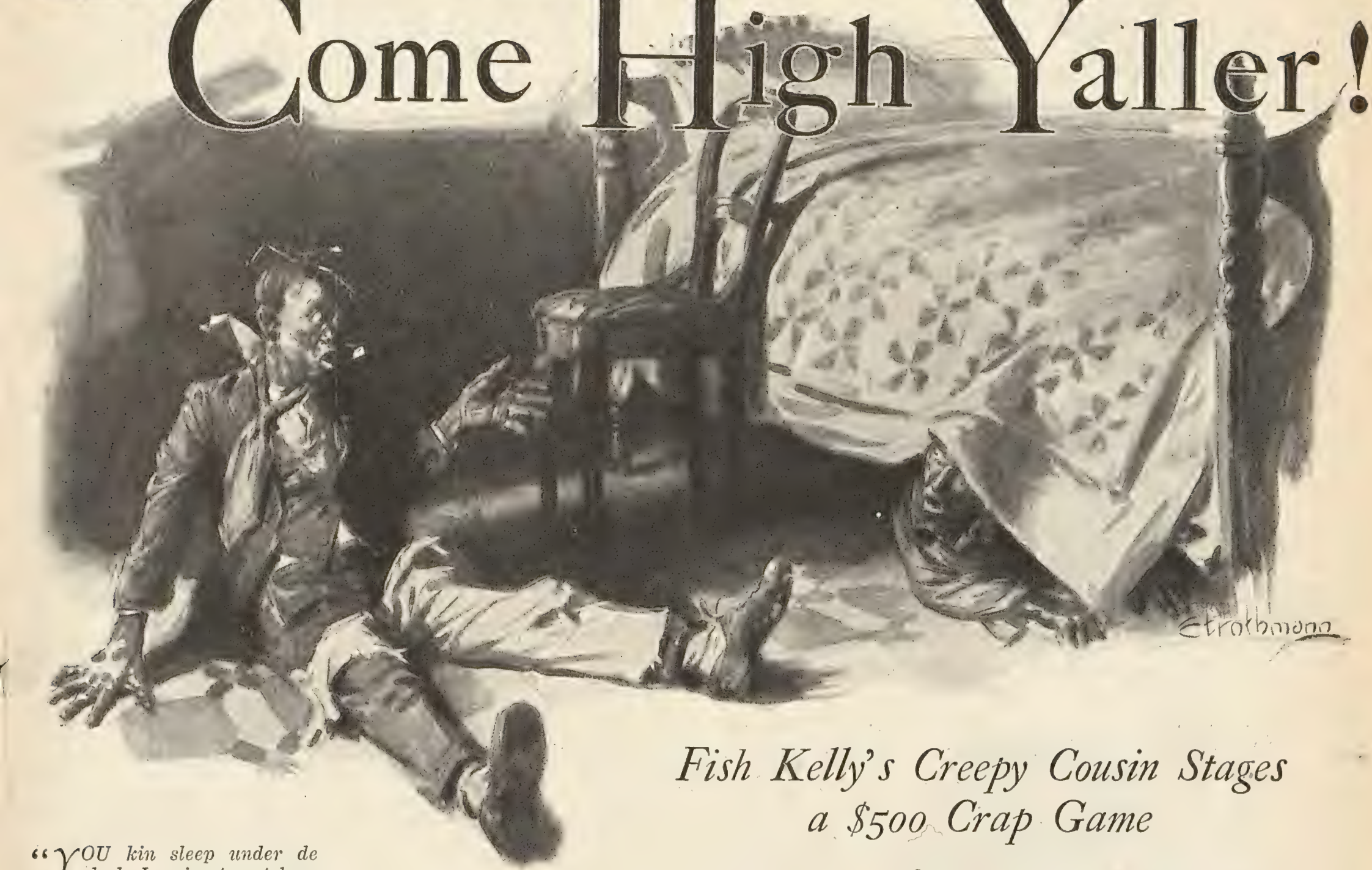

"YOU kin sleep under de bed; I gwine to set here in de light."

Fish Kelly's Creepy Cousin Stages a $500 Crap Game

A Short Story *by* ROBERT McBLAIR

MR. FISH KELLY hunched his thin angles more darkly into the depths of the red plush armchair and hearkened lugubriously to the hymn his wife was intoning.

"Nobody knows de trouble I seen,
Nobody knows but Jee-sus.
Nobody knows de trouble I seen,
Glo-ry, hal-lee-lu-lia . . .!"

"How come you can't sing sump'n' cheerful?" he inquired resentfully.

"What I got be cheerful 'bout?" Macedonia demanded sharply. "Ain't you brung 'at crazy boy cousin of yourn to live off'n we-all? You know whar at he was las' night?"

Fish Kelly blinked defensively. In the parlor bedroom's dimness a spear of afternoon sunlight gave to Macedonia's olive-brown forehead and glossy hair an unnatural glow. Everything had begun to seem queer since that boy had arrived.

"Whar was he at?" he asked unwillingly. "He wint out 'bout ten o'clock. I heerd him creepin' back 'bout two."

Macedonia glanced obliquely at the mulatto youth who, oblivious of his host and hostess, was seated cross-legged upon the floor and with a flexible wrist was skidding a pair of red celluloid dice upon the blue-and-white linoleum.

"At de cimetery!" she leaned and whispered.

"At de what?" Fish's prominent eyes stared whitely against the ebony of his skin.

"What he doin' at de cimetery?"

"He say he war talkin' wid his pappy."

Fish Kelly disentangled his gangling limbs and sat upright.

"Didn't us bury dis boy's pappy two weeks back?" he demanded. "What you tryin' to tell me, woman?"

"'At five hunerd dollars his pappy give him 'fo' he die," Macedonia reminded him. "You know how I been tryin' to git it from him to pay 'em for takin' an' curin' him down to de farm. Now he ackin' foolishments, an' do he lose 'at money he'll be here eatin' an' sleepin' off us 'til Gabriel's horn."

"What kind of foolishments?"

"He say he won dat money from his pappy at craps. Say his pappy ain't gwine be happy, wherever he at, less'n he got some money to play craps wid. Say he got to give his pappy a chancet to win it back. He got dat big bill change' to little ones. Look at 'em stickin' out of his pocket!"

From the breast pocket of the rangy youth's gray flannel shirt protruded a careless jumble of green and yellow currency. Fish noticed, too, that a coating of pale gray mud, from the driveway leading to the cemetery gate, had dried on the boy's scuffed shoe.

"He say he war shootin' craps las' night," Macedonia added.

"Wid who?" asked Fish Kelly huskily.

"Wid his pappy's ghost."

The youth looked up and, clicking the dice in a fist held above his shoulder, favored Fish Kelly with an intimate smile.

"Go 'way!" Fish ejaculated, and jumped to his feet. The presence of this strange individual in the house already had been sufficiently nerve-racking; an added predilection for cemeteries was a little too much. Fish viewed distrustfully the youth's near-sighted gray eyes, the large and aquiline nose, the retreating chin, the hair, long, black, and straight, above a yellow forehead spattered with dark brown freckles.

"Don't you go!" commanded Macedonia as Fish, still eying his cousin, shuffled sidewise to the door. "Us got to figger how to git dat money from him. Doctor tell me dey can cure him at de farm, feedin' him fryoid glands, or sump'n. He *yo'* cousin, ain't he?"

"Naw, suh!" Except for a high baby blue celluloid collar and a shrill red tie, Fish's gangling blackness was relieved only by the whites

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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SHALER

[COME SEVEN, COME HIGH YALLER!]
Continued from Page Forty-seven

of his prominent eyes. "Ain't no cousin of mine ack like dat."

"Don't talk foolish," Macedonia insisted. "Set down like I tell you. We got to figger out to git dis money, else we has him wid us from now on. Ain't he yo' pappy's brother's child?"

Fish Kelly's hand eclipsed the white doorknob.

"Ain't no cousin of mine ack like dat," he repeated. "Ain't no cousin of mine plays craps in no graveyard."

"*Bam!* Seben!"

Fish Kelly started at this unexpected shout from the guest of the house. Then, casting upon the shouter a resentful and reproving glance, he slipped out into the hall.

"You, Fish!" cried Macedonia. But Fish had closed the door behind him and was shuffling along the creaking hall to the blinding sunshine of Queen Street.

HIS was a mournful and gentle nature, ordinarily obedient to Macedonia's smallest command; but he had stood all that he could. It had been far from agreeable, in the first place, to have his uncle, unsought and unwelcome, appear out of nowhere with an idiot son, further to lower the standing of the Kelly clan. This standard had not been raised, in the eyes of Macedonia and her educated high-yaller relatives, by the callous behavior of the uncle, who, after one of Macedonia's most painstakingly elaborate Sunday dinners, calmly had lain down on the parlor sofa and died while the new preacher was paying them his first social call. . . .

"Hey, Fish! Come sit down!"

It was Lawyer Little, seated in a chair in front of the barber shop, his fat bacon-colored face wreathed in a specious smile of friendship, a dusty and greasy opera hat on the rear of his shaven head. His pendulous figure filled a frayed swallow-tailed coat which had faded from black to an unhealthful shade of green. He and Fish had been companions in the halcyon days of Fish's bachelorhood, but matrimony and Macedonia had separated them.

"Fish, you want to make some money?"

Fish hooked his generous feet around the legs of the unpainted wooden chair, leaned against the striped barber's pole, and gazed gloomily upon the Sunday scene. Across the cobbled street, in the vacant lot next to the whitewashed wood and ice shop, a grimy and scented goat chewed contemplatively upon the rim of a derby hat.

From windows of the ramshackle and blistered clapboard dwellings, ladies and gentlemen of color looked idly down upon the younger generation, resplendent in the gayest of haberdashery as they strolled, irresponsible and happy, in the sunlight of admiring glances.

"I ain't studyin' 'bout money," answered Mr. Kelly, who knew from experience not to expect too much from Lawyer Little's

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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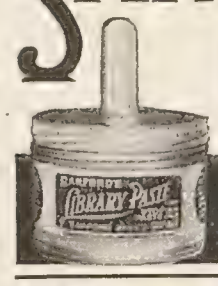

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-EIGHT]

schemes. "I's studyin' 'bout how I gwine git shut of 'at crazy boy what's wid us. Ain't had a good night's sleep for nigh a month, dat boy unsteady me so. Got my flesh to creepin' like it got feet."

"What he do?" inquired Lawyer Little.

"He crazy, dat what he do. Ain't satisfied wid ackin' creepy 'roun' de house—now he got to go out to cimeteries."

"What you talkin' 'bout?" demanded Lawyer Little incredulously.

"Las' night he go out wid his fi' hunerd dollars an' say he shoot craps wid his pappy. Say he tryin' to lose it to him."

"Umm-uh!" Lawyer Little indicated astonishment. "You say he got all dat?" he asked presently. "Whyn't you take it 'way from him?"

"Naw, suh. Tried to oncet, an' he like to flang a fit. He'd kill you, sho', ef you tuck dat from him fo'cible."

"HIM got fi' hunerd," Lawyer Little repeated musingly, "an' me an' you needs it. Ain't doin' him no good. Fish, wid fi' hunerd cash, you an' me could scheme to git rich. How'd you like to go by dat high-yaller pa-in-law of yourn, you in a big red lemonzine?"

A flicker of teeth showed between Mr. Kelly's dark lips.

"When do 'at boy go to de cimetery nex'?" Mr. Little inquired.

"Tonight, I reckon. Las' night, 'bout ten, he tuck de red blanket off'n his bed an' snuck out. Kep' me 'wake, 'fraid he might lep on me an' smother me. I ain't trustin' no mistake wid folks like him."

"An' you is right," agreed Lawyer Little. "Lissen here, Fish. Come he go out tonight, us follows him. I know jes' whar he been playin'—'side his pappy's grave. Dey's bushes nigh it. I ain't had time to figger all dis out, but I got a idea. You know he ain't playin' no craps wid no ghost. He jes' *think* he is. Time I gits thu wid him, he gwine *know* he is."

Fish Kelly laughed. In sunlit and crowded Queen Street, it seemed funny to think of ghosts.

"Tell you how we kin skeer 'at crazy boy, Mr. Little. I foun' some phosphorous paint. Macedonia got de pail put away somewhar."

"Nemmind de phosphorus," Lawyer Little interrupted. "You leaves dis to me. Us gwine git dis money from him tonight. Den I gwine make you rich, Fish Kelly." Lawyer's manner grew large and expansive. "You is my frien', Fish Kelly. An' a frien' of mine is a frien' of mine."

Fish had heard this before. But the gloom of the recent weeks lay heavy upon him and he was in a mood to magnify the faintest ray of hope.

"Sho' could use some money, Mr. Little. Me an' Macedonia needs clothes bad. Funerals come high. Yas, suh. Gittin' so nowadays, take a rich man to die."

"At de cimetery!" she whispered. "At de what?" Fish's eyes stared whitely against the ebony of his skin.

"Here today an' gone tomorrow," agreed Lawyer absently. "Fish, us gwine need some money tonight to do my scheme wid. I kin bring fifty, what I was savin' for de fine when my bootleggin' case come up. Come I should lose dat, I'd have to leave town; so you knows I's playin' dis game safe. You got some money?"

"Reckon I kin git twenty."

"*Bam!* Seben!"

Fish and Lawyer both leaped in their chairs at this unexpected detonation immediately in their rear. The crazy boy knelt in the mouth of the narrow lane at the side of the barber shop. Clicking the dice in a fist raised above his shoulder, he looked up at Fish Kelly, and his green teeth and gray eyes merged into a curious smile.

"Git out!" Lawyer rose and swung a chair above his head. The boy darted to the curb, his gray suit flapping on his rangy frame, and sidled down the sidewalk, facing backward, yet arriving at the Kelly front door with uncanny precision.

"YOU is right," said Lawyer, wriggling his fat shoulders. "'At boy make a man nervous. Meet me at Hammer John's saloon tonight, Fish. An' bring 'at money."

He salvaged the opera hat, which had fallen off in the confusion, adjusted it jauntily upon his shaven bacon-colored skull, and waddled up the street, the tails of his coat flapping above his rundown heels.

Fish Kelly leaned back in his chair. He resented more and more the crazy youth's uncanny ways. Lawyer's plan, perhaps, would

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[COME SEVEN, COME HIGH YALLER!]
Continued from Page Forty-nine

prove a pleasant means of revenge. Red limousines and an admiring Macedonia mingled agreeably in Fish's musings as the shadows lengthened along the uneven brick sidewalks. Finally, however, the corner arc light sputtered noisily, in blue defiance of the bluer dusk, and he rose and shuffled homeward, a shadow falling over his mood. If ever Macedonia should learn that he was plotting to steal the boy's money and foist him upon their household for good, the name of Fish Kelly would be a wailing and a mockery in the land.

At the dinner table Mr. Kelly moodily wielded a pliant bone-handled knife upon a mass of beef and greens, depressed by something unfamiliar in Macedonia's manner. She served him readily enough, but she was silent, and her oval countenance seemed severe. When she left the kitchen for the parlor, Fish extracted their last two ten-dollar bills from the pepper-tin in the cupboard over the sink. When he joined her and found her no less silent, his heart began to fail him.

After all, there was something to her side of the argument. Unless they figured a way to get the five hundred dollars from the demented lad, he would be on their hands—which meant on her hands—for life. Fish disconsolately watched her shapely light brown forearms as she sewed upon a long sacklike garment of black. He began to feel that in conspiring with Lawyer he was, possibly, being a bit disloyal. Uneasily he took up his black felt hat and opened the hall door, offering her an occasion to break her silence. But Macedonia kept on sewing.

"We kin sen' him to de po'-house," Fish Kelly blurted.

"Dat's you," replied Macedonia, and did not raise her glance above the youth skidding his interminable game of craps upon the floor. "You so low you don't care how you scandalize my name." She bit off a piece of thread. "Go yo' way," she concluded coldly, and began to thread a needle.

HER callousness impacted so stunningly against Mr. Kelly that he discovered himself next out on the lamplit sidewalk, hat in hand. He covered his potato-shaped skull and shuffled darkly toward Hammer John's.

"'At woman sho' is a funny woman," he mourned to himself as he pushed open the swinging doors.

"Hey, Hammer!" cried Lawyer from a seat near the curtained window. "Bring dis skinny black nigger a drink. Look like he 'bout to die on his feet. . . . Now you drink dat, Fish Kelly. . . . Hey, Hammer! Bring two mo'!"

Hammer John set down on the moist wooden table two more chipped coffee mugs, half filled with a greenish liquid. Fish drank. The bacon-colored blur of Lawyer's wily countenance began to take on a benign and inspiring aspect.

"Mr. Little," he confided, "'at woman sho's a funny woman!"

"Ain't but one way to ack wid 'em high-yaller ones," commented Lawyer. "You got to go yo' own way. Does you do like dey wants you, dey'll put you in yo' lonesome, lonesome grave."

Mr. Kelly sat for some moments in stately thought.

"What is you a-plannin' an' a-plottin', Mr. Little?"

For answer, Lawyer rolled a pair of red dice upon the table.

"Radium dice, boy. See 'em in de dark!"

"An' dey come a seben," observed Fish hazily. "'At's a good sign, Mr. Little."

"Pick 'em up an' roll 'em ag'in," Lawyer commanded.

Fish rolled them, and they came a seven. He rolled them again, and they again came a seven. Lawyer laughed fatly.

"Boy, when I plays, I wins. Us gwine have white clothes an' white up our han's an' face. When 'at crazy nigger come a-callin' for his pappy, you gwine slip out from 'hind de bushes an' win 'at fi' hunerd from him. Den, boy, lissen!" Lawyer Little smote Fish so friendly a blow between the shoulders that the friend passed into a spasm of coughing. "Boy, I gwine take dat money an' make you rich. Hey, Hammer! Bring two mo'!"

The details of Lawyer's plan had impinged but lightly upon Fish Kelly's mind. But after the third drink Lawyer seemed a buoy and an anchor in a stormy and unfriendly world. Fish rose unsteadily to his feet.

"Mist' Little, I's wid you. A frien' of yourn is a frien' of yourn."

"You gwine do like I tell you?" asked Lawyer.

"'Ess watch me!" requested Mr. Kelly, and led the way stalwartly from the saloon. Lawyer caught up with him. They navigated into James Street and proceeded toward the cemetery road.

"Fish, nex' corner is whar we turns to de right," explained Lawyer while doffing his hat and bowing grandly to two light brown ladies seated on a perilously sagging front porch. "Here 'tis. Powerful dark, too. We can't wait for him to pass; he'd hear us followin' him. Reckon we got to git up nigh de grave."

"What grave?" demanded Fish Kelly, slackening his pace.

"Dat's you!" cried Mr. Little bitterly, in the dark. "Git started, an' den tries to drap out! Ef 'at boy want to shoot craps 'side his pappy's grave, an' ef we wants to play wid him——"

"*Who* wants to play wid him?" Fish Kelly came to a halt.

"Don't start me to killin'!" Lawyer pinched Fish's arm and dragged him along the road. "Come we stands here, he gwine walk up on us. Dar de driveway to de cimetery now. Wisht you'd quit makin' dis voodoo talk. Git a man nervous. Ho, dis oyster-shell road kind of muddy. Stop tryin' to pull 'way from me!"

"Wait!" Fish whispered. "'Pears like I hears feet."

"*You* would. Whar at was dey?"

"Back on de road. Soun' like a woman's."

THE companionable sound of their own footsteps had died, leaving them in an abyss of darkness and silence. Clinging together, they peered behind them, but the vague grayness of the cemetery driveway was engulfed by the night long before it reached the deeper darkness of the tree-bowered road.

"I hears 'em," agreed Lawyer. "Now dey done gone to de side of de cimetery an' stop. Dey ain't dat boy's feetprints. Mus' be a path leadin' off to somebody's house from de road."

"Dey ain't no house," Fish began, but felt himself being snatched in Lawyer's wake through an opening in the cedar hedge.

Fifty feet ahead, the guardian gas lamp, on its iron stem, cast a faint and tremulous pallor upon a scattered glimmer of headstones; threw the rest of the immensity of night into a deeper void of blackness. Lawyer dragged Fish across the grass to where, crouched in the pitchy shadow of the bushes beside the grave, they became to each other but formless blots.

"Put dis over yo' shoulders," Lawyer whispered. "An' pull on 'ese here pants. 'Em pajamas make yo' body white. I got 'em off'n a line. Hol' yo' han's whilst I pours dis flour paste in 'em. Smear dat on yo' face. An' on de back of yo' han's, too, nigger. Now set back an' let it dry."

"I hears feetprints in 'em bushes," murmured the cowed Mr. Kelly tremulously.

"Keep 'at mouf off'n voodoo talk," instructed Lawyer savagely. "Here fi' ten-dollar bills. Put yo' twenty wid 'em. Use dese here dice when you git a chance, an' den bet him big. Tain't gwine take many natural sebens to bring 'at money down. I gwine wait for you at de gate."

Mr. Kelly grasped Mr. Little in an unbreakable grip.

"You ain't gwine wait for me nowhere!" he whispered with the grimness of desperation. "S-s-t! What's 'at?"

Sounds, as of a snapping twig and a stumbling step, came plain in the silence from the black mass of a clump of myrtles behind them. They clung to each other and hearkened, but there was no further noise.

"Jes' a cow, or sump'n," Lawyer murmured hopefully. "'At ain't de way de boy would come. He'd come by de road."

Fish Kelly swallowed so dryly his Adam's apple clicked. "I seed

a funny light in 'em myrtles, Mr. Little. Look kind of sperrit-like, Mr. Little."

"I been lookin'. I ain't seen no light," retorted Lawyer. "You don't stop dem teeth chitterin', I gwine see lights, too. Hist!"

This time footsteps were audible from the opposite direction, first on the road, then on the cemetery driveway. A rangy figure became dimly visible, striding toward them against the background of darkness. Mr. Fish Kelly shrank into Lawyer Little's arms. Mr. Little punched him in the ribs.

"Set up an' git ready!" whispered Lawyer furiously. The demented youth was humming to himself. He threw the blanket on the ground, straightened it out in the faint light that fell where the bushes met the graveside, and then he knelt. He raised his fist above his head, and the dice sang like a rattlesnake's rattle.

"Pappy, come git yo' money! Pappy, dis two night runnin' I been waitin' here wid 'ese dice." He clicked the bones and rolled them caressingly upon the blanket. "Box cars!" he wailed in a pleading tone. "Pappy, I'd 'a' los' dat time!"

Fish Kelly, roused from a rigor of dread by a feeling of pain, grew aware that Lawyer Little was pinching him excruciatingly in the back. But Fish was incapable of motion. The spectacle of this demented lad kneeling in a graveyard and actually summoning a recently departed spirit was too much for his morale. For all Fish knew, the spirit might come. To put himself forward in the dead man's guise would surely incur the wrath of the departed.

The pain, however, increased. Lawyer now was sticking him with a knife, and Fish moved to escape it. The boy saw him and jumped back with a little whimper of fright. At another knife thrust from Lawyer, Fish cast their collection of ten-dollar bills upon the blanket.

"Dat you, pappy?" asked the boy timidly, and crept nearer. "I knowed it, pappy. I knowed you'd come!" The boy's voice was tremulous and eager. He fumbled at the bills in his shirt pocket and scattered them down. "I didn't want you up dar widout no money, pappy. I want you to win back dis money, so 'em angels would play wid you, pappy. Does you want to roll 'em fust?"

Fish Kelly felt Lawyer thrust the loaded dice into his hand. Lawyer's voice, in a shaky and wheedling falsetto, shot past his ear.

"I SHOOTS first, son. I bets sebenty dollars, sonny. Count yo' money down."

The boy pushed forward some bills, but Fish was unable to roll the dice. It appeared to him that the air was filled with soundless but moving figures, thronging nearer from out the dark, as if the bodyless populations of ageless cemeteries were crowding around—waiting in terrible silence to see if men could be guilty of so gross a violation of the memory of the dead. Then Lawyer's hand gripped Fish's elbow and thrust it forward. The dice rolled upon the blanket and stared into the stillness with seven lidless eyes.

As though this had been a signal, a weird and unearthly scream uncoiled wildly through the night, then came back across the graves in ghoulish echoes. Fish Kelly turned and remained paralyzed at the vision he had invoked.

A *something* was coming toward them out of the dark—a something in the shape of the bones of a man. It shone palely in the darkness, like a cold but living fire.

Then panic struck Lawyer Little.

He ran over Fish like a stampeded steer; tripped on the boy and pitched head foremost.

Fish Kelly was not to be left alone. He missed the cemetery gate and plunged into the cedar hedge, which grasped him in clammy arms. Squawking, he emerged beyond it, raced through the damp grass, bounded on to the main road and into a flying globular figure. The figure gave a startled and somehow familiar cry, jumped agilely over the roadside hedge, and crashed fleetly across a field. Mr. Kelly did not wait to see how fleetly. He sped on, turned with a gasp of relief into lighted James Street, and shot ahead, without slackening, until, exhausted and breathless, he staggered into his own rooms.

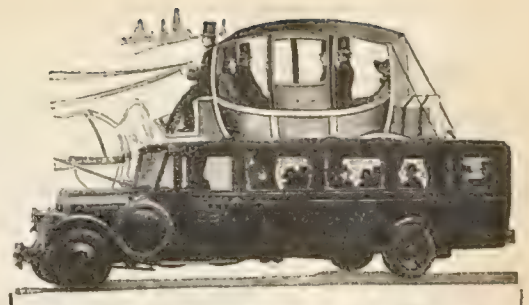
With trembling fingers he lighted the pink-shaded lamp. His father-in-law's picture was upside down on the mantel—a sign that Macedonia was spending the night with her parents—and Macedonia's bed was empty. The place was unpleasantly deserted, and Fish ducked under the double bed. He was there but a moment. With a wail and a squawk he rolled out, followed with squawking alacrity by the demented cousin.

"Boy," said Fish, "maybe you is crazy. But you ain't half as crazy as I was to follow 'at Lawyer Little. You kin sleep under de bed. I gwine set here in de light."

It was a long vigil for Mr. Fish Kelly. But finally the more tangible worries of day began to supplant the specters of the dark. The demented cousin, now snoring under the bed, no longer had his money. If he had divined in Fish the false ghost, and should tell Macedonia, Fish's married hap-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"Us gwine git dis money from him tonight. Den I gwine make you rich, Fish Kelly."



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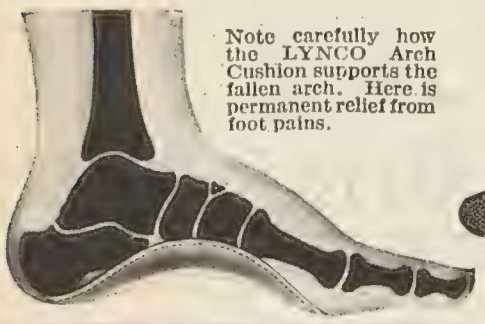

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-ONE]

piness would be over. The only thing that might help at all would be the recovery of the five hundred dollars.

MR. KELLY extinguished the lamp and limped, frayed and hatless, out into the light of morning. First Queen Street, then James, proved to be thronged with colored ladies and gentlemen, on their way to work, who gave him an embarrassing scrutiny. The highroad was, happily, less frequented, and finally, with a renewal of last night's trepidation, he arrived at the cemetery gate and saw that the blanket was gone. Venturing nearer, he found that the money was all gone, too.

"Maybe Lawyer come back an' got it."

Fish retraced his steps as far as Hammer John's saloon.

"Hammer," he inquired of that pock-marked worthy, "is you seen Lawyer Little?"

"I ain't seen him. Ted Harpy say he seen him at de freight yards 'bout ha' pas' ten las' night."

"What he doin' in de freight yards?"

"Harpy say he war runnin' to ketch a train. Harpy say he war sho' in a hurry."

So Lawyer hadn't taken the money. Mr. Kelly wandered to the open fields, found three turnips, which he despairingly consumed, lay down in the sun, and didn't wake until evening, when he decided that, after all, a man must eat, and drifted mournfully homeward in the hope of dinner. He was shocked, on entering his living-room, to hear Macedonia's soprano lifted cheerfully in song.

She was seated in the red plush armchair, a newspaper over her knees, and with a sock was vigorously cleaning a large amount of pale gray mud from one of her old black shoes. Fish detected something strange in her appearance. Puzzling it out, he realized that she had on a new red hat, a new red dress, brown silk stockings, and a pair of brand-new high-heeled shoes. Fish looked dazedly around the room. He saw with a start that the boy's red blanket was folded neatly over the foot of the bed.

"Where you been all day?" Macedonia inquired cheerfully. He thought he saw her observe but ignore the state of his clothes. "I bought you a new suit, Fish. It's hangin' in de closet. An' I got good news for we-all. Dey done took 'at boy down to de farm. Say dey can cure him wid dose fryoid glan's for his fi' hunerd dollars."

It was unbelievable, yet Macedonia undoubtedly had returned to the house this morning with the boy's money, with Lawyer's and Fish's money, and with the blanket. During the day she must have arranged for the boy's sojourn at the farm and have used Lawyer Little's money to buy herself some clothes.

"What you thinkin' 'bout?" demanded Macedonia sharply.

"I ain't thinkin' 'bout *nothin'!*" said Mr. Fish Kelly positively.

THE END

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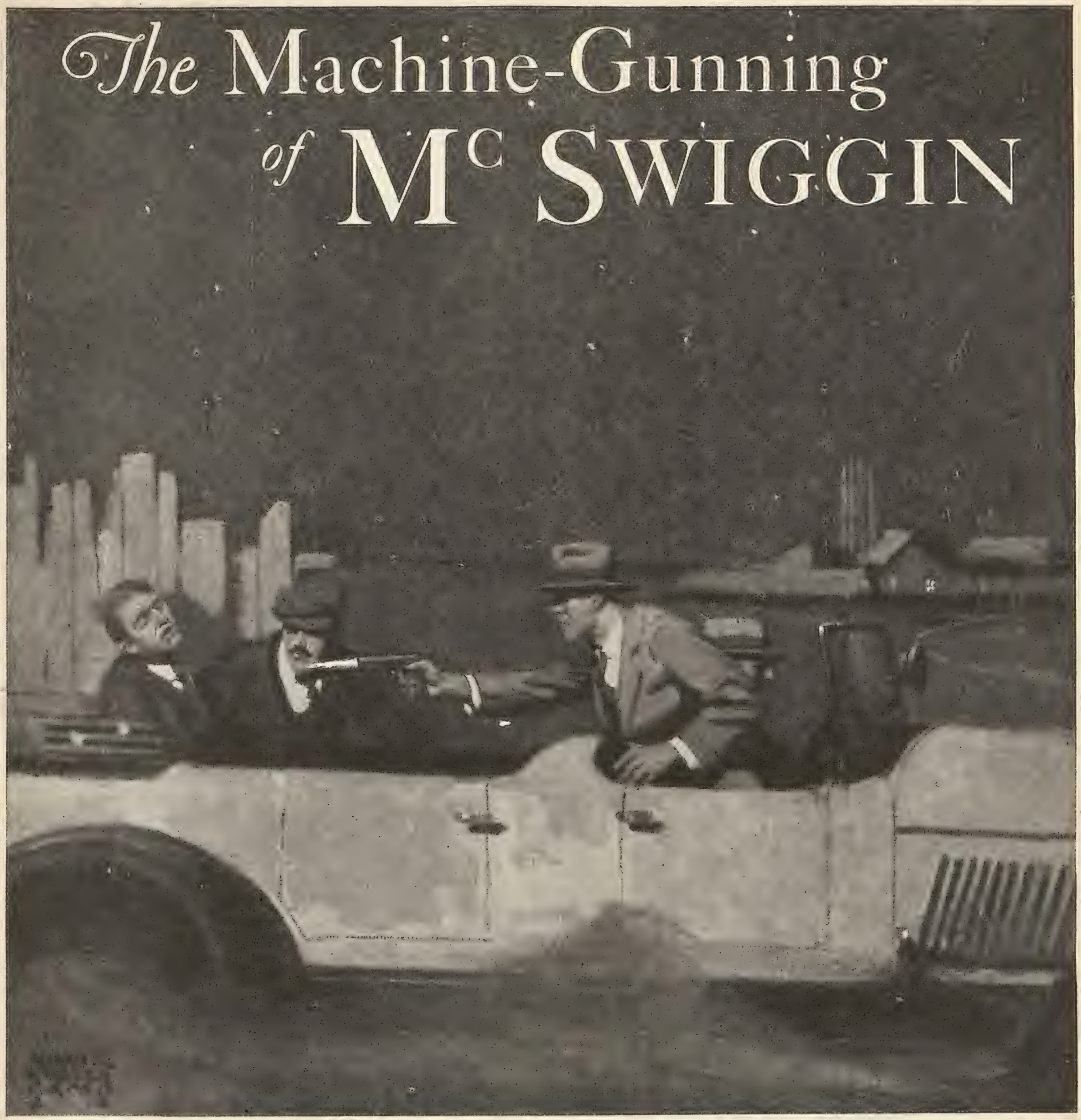

Spot Butcher and George Meeghan were "taken for a ride" by order of Dion O'Bannion. Their bodies were found riddled by bullets.

The Amazing Line-up of Chicago's Murder Gangs

Picture by KENNETH CAMP

By SIDNEY SUTHERLAND

PART FOUR

PISTOL and shotgun fusillades between rival bootleg gangs were decimating Chicago's hoodlum armies in such a gratifying manner that little stir was occasioned by the daily publication of casualty lists. It was not until a fleet of automobiles descended upon Cicero, a suburb, and turned machine-gun fire upon William H. McSwiggin, an assistant State's attorney, killing him and two companions, that the crime carnival reached its climax. The present installment deals with the men who piled up huge fortunes in the beer and alcohol traffic and held the city in a reign of murder and terrorism.

WHILE the hoodlum chieftains previously identified in these articles were gathering their reckless clans and commencing to develop the new Golconda that Volstead uncovered, other youthful Chicago gangsters were smashing their way to the front, hi-jacking, intimidating, slugging, bombing, and murdering. There began to appear names ominous in the city's police annals and more ominous to the city's decent inhabitants.

In the Nineteenth Ward, under the protection of the triumvirate of Tony D'Andrea, Diamond Joe Esposito, and Mike Merlo, the Gennas climbed to power. There were six of

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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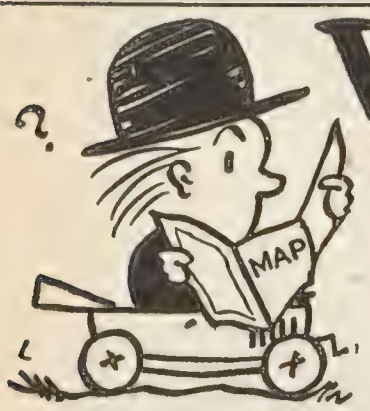

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[THE MACHINE-GUNNING OF McSWIGGIN Continued from Page Fifty-three]

these Sicilian brothers — Jim, Tony, Angelo, Mike, Sam, and Pete; and in their wake were grouped such professional terrorists as Arrazio Tropea, called the Scourge; Samoots Amatuna, sheik and killer de luxe; Harry Spignola, Albert Anselmi, John Scalice, Matt Moreno, Ted Newberry, John Abbatia, and Jimmy de Cinch Esposito.

The Gennas were first to import gunmen from Sicily, and it is estimated that more than 200 of them trickled stealthily into Chicago by way of New York, Baltimore, Cuba, Mexico, and the Canadian ports.

These torpedoes were pleased to assassinate a Genna enemy for fifteen dollars. And under D'Andrea, in his bid for political eminence, they were kept as busy in politics as in the Genna errands of violent vengeance. They were expert distillers and recoverers of alcohol, and it was in the "alky" branch of the illicit trade that the Genna tribe was pre-eminent.

THE Torrio-Capone gang developed some notable retainers. Johnny Patten, the unaging Boy Mayor of Burnham; Jack Heinen, Steady Looney, Clement Tatton, Dennis Cooney, Frankie Pope, and Tom Kerwin were the mates on this ship of death. In the generous roster of its crew were many Sicilian sharpshooters weaned away from the Genna ranks. As the drought increased within the city, after Mayor Dever took his startling dry enforcement stand, the Torrio outfit moved bodily into Cicero, for years a haven for the toughest characters between the two oceans.

Another group that coalesced under the impetus of lawlessness and sheer nerve was the Sheldon mob. Ralph headed this crowd, and it boasted of Walter Stevens, fifty-six-year-old dean of Chicago gunmen and parole favorite of Governor Len Small; Bullets Newton, Dan McFall, Bill Dickman, Joe (Big) Bates, Red Mallon, Fred and Harry Winters, Red Golden, Tommy Dee, Barney Larkin, and numerous lesser sharks ravenous for blood. This bunch operated along the county roads traversing the Beverly Hills and Evergreen sectors, and they left many a corpse beside the cement highways.

Marty Guilfoyle, thug, and slayer of Peter Gentleman; Jerry Shea, Tony Campagna, Gunner Anderson, Martin O'Leary, and Red Bolton sprang up between the Genna area and Cicero. Mitters Foley, one of the hoodlums later wounded by the Torrio-Capone machine-gun crew, had Danny Stanton and Bob Wilson as parts of a murderous trio that captained a gang which respected no mapped or unmapped "alky" boundaries. Tom and Jack DeCoursey led the famous DeCoursey mob, containing Joe and Victor Armanda, Abe and Paul Salomon, Miles Smith, Ed Crosby, Bill McIntyre, Joe Brandenberg, and other partisans.

In the Spike O'Donnell throng

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"Your Fat

Will go as mine did"

For 19 years women have told women about Marmola Prescription Tablets. Told how easily, how pleasantly they ended excess fat. No exercise, no dieting required.

Mark the result today. Countless women keep slender with Marmola. You meet them in every circle. Over-fat figures are the exception now. People are using over one million boxes of Marmola every year.

You know that Marmola must be safe and efficient, else it never could have gained such a place. Then let it do for you what, for 19 years, it has done for others. Excess fat is a blight to beauty, health and fitness. Let Marmola show you how others control it. You'll always be glad to know.

All drug stores sell Marmola at $1 a box. Or it is mailed in plain wrappers by Marmola Co., 1807 General Motors Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

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The Pleasant Way to Reduce

IN NEXT WEEK'S

Liberty

The Green Jewel of Death

by

THE PRINCESS RADZIWILL

The true story of the Great Emerald of Russia is told for the first time. It is a story of faithless love that brought tragedy and death to princes, queens and emperors—told by a woman who learned the secret facts while living at the court of the last of the Emerald's victims—Tzar Nicholas.

Read this thrilling narrative—

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

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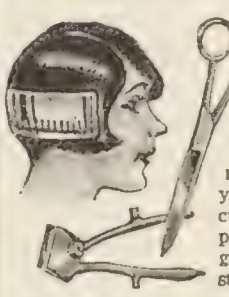

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GOOD SERVICE COMPANY
Dept. A-2 2 Jersey St. Buffalo, N.Y.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-FOUR]

were his brothers, Tom and Walter; Eddie McFadden, Georgie Meeghan, and George Butcher, the latter all that his surname implies. In the Oakey gang were Bill, the leader; Frank Brennan, Chester Daniels, Jimmy Dillon, Walter Wagner, Louis Levinson, Earl Courtney, and Eddie Kaufman.

Altogether there were about 150 of the most conspicuous gangsters, the majority of whom have been assassinated. There were probably 150 others not so well identified—beer hustlers, truck drivers, brewery raiders, "alky" stealers, hi-jackers, whisky runners, sluggers, bomb planters, witness chasers, bartenders, blackhanders, ballot-box stuffers, election judge kidnapers, and general strong-arm workers, alert and competent for any lawless mission.

These leaders and their mobs came swiftly into power, pelf, and prominence late in 1920 and throughout 1921. At first, the actual taking of life was side-stepped as much as possible, but when the yellow banknotes began to flutter like autumn leaves it became necessary to assassinate, since no other persuasion was effective.

The first spectacular homicide was that of Big Jim Colosimo on May 11, 1920, and from it date the hundreds of murders — *exactly 1,225 of them!* — that have painted Chicago and Cook County red on the police map of America.

TWO hundred and sixteen men were killed between that May 11 and the 11th of May, 1921, when somebody perforated D'Andrea's torso with some thirty buckshot. And from the date of D'Andrea's death there were hundreds upon hundreds of slayings, of which 100 can be definitely identified on the crest of the prohibition tide.

After D'Andrea's rough removal there appeared two men who, in a way, constitute the keystone of crime in northern Illinois and the starting "action point" of this story. Both were immensely wealthy, both were powerful, and both were inconspicuous, like many great men preferring the anonymity that is a warranty of success.

One of them was Mike Merlo, aged forty-four, who left Sicily in 1889. He became the Democratic mouthpiece of the Italian section of the Nineteenth Ward, the head of the Unione Siciliana after D'Andrea, and the owner of ten large business concerns. He lived at 433 Diversey Parkway with his wife and six children; and he died in bed with his boots off on November 9, 1924. From the time he succeeded D'Andrea on May 11, 1921, until his demise he refused to countenance killings in which Italians were the aggressors.

Merlo had no objection to the convincing power that blackhand letters and dynamite bombs convey, and he was tolerant in the matter of such sluggings and blasting as might be necessary in the liquor racket. But he absolutely rejected violent death as a weapon in the Sicilian arsenal. It was due to this inexplicable gentleness that O'Bannion lived for forty months in his predatory way, because Merlo was deaf to the pleadings of the Torrios and Capones and Gennas that they be permitted to halt the Iowa Irishman's wanton career.

The second powerful and obscure character who has been largely blamed for the last thirty months of liquor killings and crime is Joe Stenson. Scion of an old-time Chicago brewing family, Stenson lives at 1218 Astor Street, and is as well known along the Gold Coast sweep of millionaire residences as he is in the booze underworld.

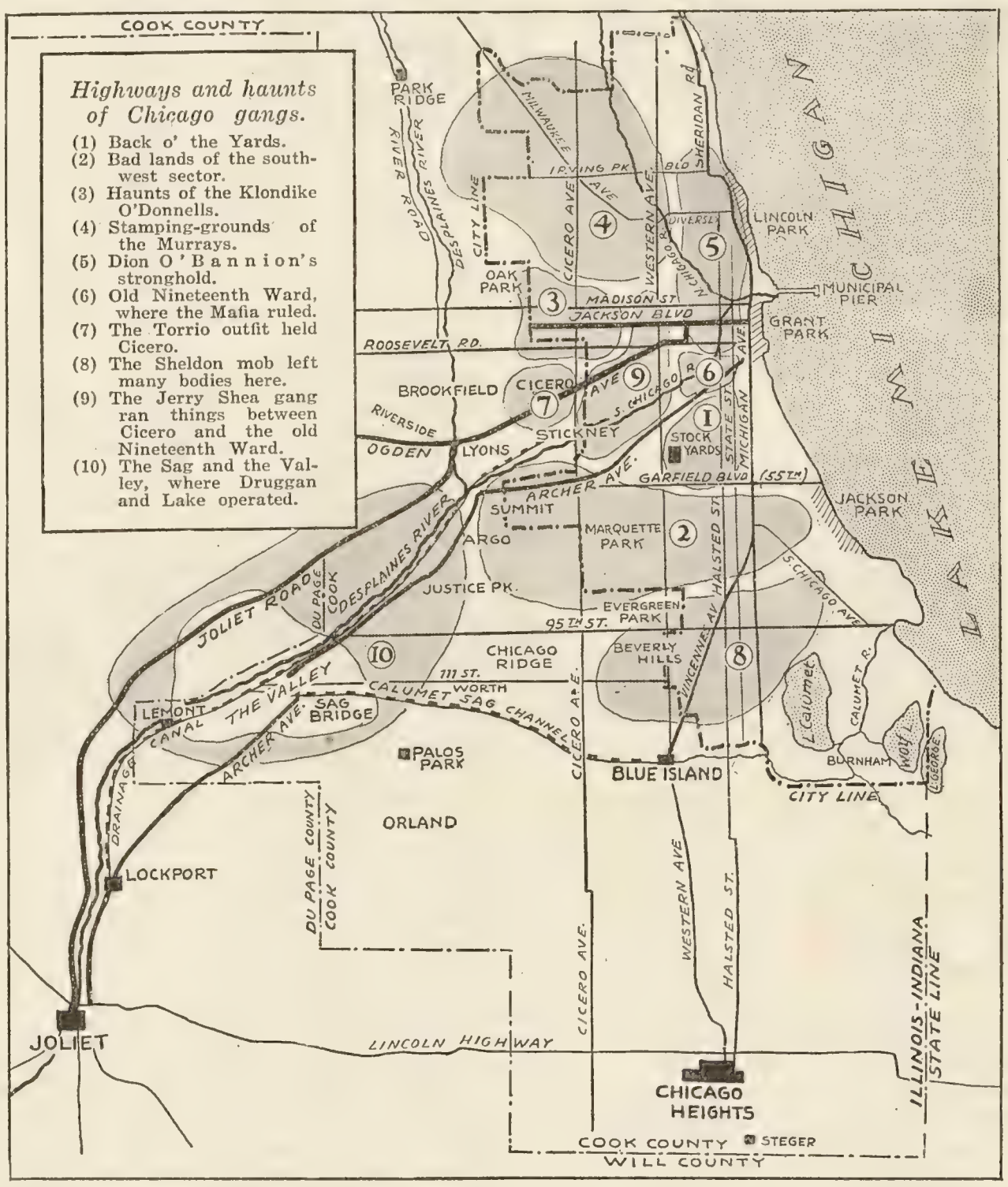
When Colosimo was slain and the gangsters were just beginning to get their bearings in the choppy seas of the new racket, Stenson owned ten breweries—the West Hammond in Indiana; the Thornton, Pfeiffer's, Porter Products Company, Sebrings, and Citizens Products Company in Joliet; and the Stege, 1503 South Ashland Street; the Hoffman, 2606 West Monroe; the Standard at 1225 South Campbell; and the Gambrinus, Filmore and Albany streets, in Chicago.

All of these breweries were running full blast, although the last four wore Federal padlocks. The debauchery in the United States Prohibition Enforcement office in Chicago permitted all ten establishments to keep going, and the police captains in the several districts apparently made no effort to close them.

Stenson was turning out thousands of barrels of palatable beer every day; and he had enormous delivery resources working in conjunction with the trucks and automobiles of the saloons which were buying his output.

Suddenly a new element entered into Stenson's business—and into gangdom. The hoodlums began to hi-jack the trucks and hoist their loads. There were savage battles along the moonlit roads of the county and in the outskirts of the city. Policemen who had been bribed to convoy the trucks across their blocks and turn them over to the escort of the policeman on the next beat, and highway motorcycle officers in the county towns who were insuring delivery of Stenson's beer, took part in these running, pistol-punctuated struggles between the drivers and their gunmen and the raiding hi-jackers.

Dion O'Bannion and his Forty Thieves were the leading figures in this development, but the other gangs quickly got in. Sometimes a truck would be stolen half a dozen times before the last mob could get away with it. Not the least conspicuous, as it turned out, were Terry Druggan and Frankie Lake, youthful box-car thieves in the railway yards of the Valley, who were not tardy to see the immense advantages of this pastime over their former retail hoodlumism.



They were a bold brace, these two handsome vagabonds; and they feared nothing under the sun, nor below the moon, which more often illuminated their depredations upon Stenson's trucks. Their hundreds of dollars became hundreds of thousands, and since they worked alone in the Sag, that notorious little Death Valley which is bisected by the road from Joliet, and along the other tree-tunneled highways of the county, they became immensely wealthy in an incredibly short time.

WHILE the Federal agents were making occasional grand-stand sorties into soft-drink parlors and padlocking breweries, they were careful in certain cases to leave the brewing machinery intact and the back doors unlocked. Thus it was that presently O'Bannion had threatened Stenson into partnership in several of his darkened breweries; and Druggan and Lake had actually acquired title in four. In other words, Stenson had to take the hijackers into partnership to keep going at all! Even so, there were profits for all.

The places Druggan and Lake cut in on were the last four named above. A little later this pair was operating the National, 1926 West 18th Street; the Ruehl, 2650 Arthington; the Monarch, 2421 West 21st; the Atlas, 2107 Blue Island Avenue; and the Independent, 1440 North Halsted Street.

Thus, with the unwelcome help of the underworld, Joe Stenson, the master mind of Cook County's beer industry, was running what was estimated as a $10,000,000 business on an illegal footing! One of the Brains' chief aids was James Murray, well known Chicago politician, who figured in the $3,000,000 Rondout mail robbery.

As illustrating the general corruption that followed the dry law, Bill Fahy, inspector ace of the Post Office Department, who was sent to Chicago to clear up the mail robberies staged by Big Tim Murphy, Jimmy Vinci, Mike Carrazo, and other labor sluggers, was the inside man of the sensational Rondout holdup. He was sent to Atlanta penitentiary.

Now, with Merlo dominating the death syndicate of Little Italy and Stenson ruling the beer syndicate in alliance with the hoodlums he had to declare in; with the Genna brothers rushing Sicilian killers into Chicago to protect their "alky" syndicate; with the Torrio-Capone mob spreading its spider web of vice and gambling into the county towns; with Federal and municipal officials falling helplessly before the giant bribes the gangsters were able to offer; with Len Small's parole

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE MACHINE-GUNNING OF McSWIGGIN
Continued from Page Fifty-five]

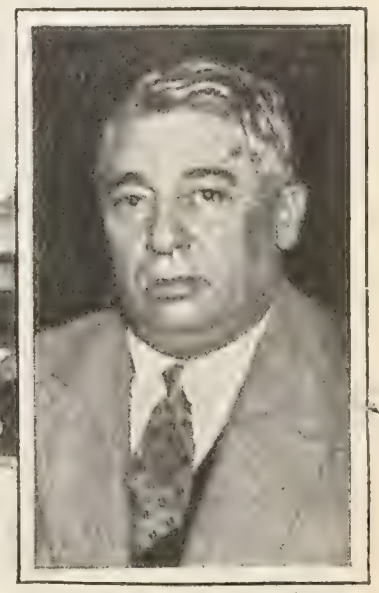
and pardon mill grinding desperate criminals out of prison faster than they could be incarcerated; with the statutes favoring the criminal and discriminating against even such justice as might be exercised in the graft-ridden community, with the criminal lawyers practicing their ingenuity to save Small the trouble of pardoning the crooks—with all this stage set for wholesale lawlessness and contempt for civilian rights, it is not only natural but inevitable that an amazing murder record should be compiled and an unbelievable crime situation prevail.

The men of the Genna family (left to right): Sam, Angelo, Pete, Tony, Jim.

Anthony D'Andrea.

Chicago Tribune photo

How D'Andrea walked into the assassins' trap.



"Diamond Joe" Esposito.

A short time before Merlo died, O'Bannion had led a raid on the Sibley warehouse and stolen 1,750 cases of prewar whisky. Federal Director Percy Owen, indicted for conspiracy to violate the prohibition law, had a number of employees who were mixed up in this withdrawal. Police protected the gangsters and Federal agents helped to load the trucks.

With this whisky, thoughtfully cut to treble the quantity, Dion launched a savage war against the Gennas' "alky" business. And with the profits he bought the Cragin distillery and began to make so much raw alcohol that the Italians went crazy.

Mike Merlo died on November 9, 1924, and in less than twenty-four hours the Gennas got Dion. In giving Merlo the most expensive and fantastic funeral ever held in Chicago $100,000 was spent. Forty thousand dollars went for flowers, among which was a life-size image in violets of the dead Sicilian leader! On the morning of November 10, Jim Genna telephoned O'Bannion that they had decided to buy $10,000 worth of the flowers from his shop. Dion said he would be there when they called.

An hour later there entered O'Bannion's store Jim Genna, a stranger he introduced as Pete, and Carmen Vacco, city sealer, regarded as one of the dominant figures in Italian affairs in Chicago. Other leaders were said to be Tony Lombardo, Diamond Joe Esposito, and Mike Russo. The visitors talked for a while, handed O'Bannion $750 in cash, and said they would send the balance of $9,250 a little later by Pete.

Then they went away. A half hour later Pete re-entered the shop with two strangers, shook hands with O'Bannion, and while he was thus held the other two fired ten bullets into his body. He fell back dead among his chrysanthemums, unable to reach for the two pistols he carried in specially built pockets in the front of his trousers.

Pete and his two accomplices ran out, jumped into a car, and vanished. It was disclosed that while they were in the shop two automobiles were drawn up at each corner to stop traffic if necessary until the death car could escape.

With this murder the great beer war of Cook County was on with a vengeance. There had been sixteen killings of this category in the eleven months previous to O'Bannion's assassination, but in nineteen months thereafter eighty-five men were to die in the quarrel over who should have the privilege of quenching Chicago's thirst.

A few sentences will sketch this early phase of liquor hostilities that received their greatest impetus by the murder of Dion O'Bannion.

Jerry O'Connor, labor thug, hi-jacker, booze runner, and follower of O'Bannion, was the first of the gangsters to be shot out of the picture. O'Connor strove once too often to emulate the deeds of his chieftain, so he was filled with bullets on September 15, 1923, as he stood before a bar arguing with a saloon owner reluctant to quit the brew furnished by Spike O'Donnell in favor of the foaming malt dispensed by the O'Bannion gang.

AN hour after Jerry was null and void Dion accouched the celebrated Chicago phrase:

"Go get Spot Butcher and George Meeghan and take 'em for a ride!"

He was addressing Big George Moran and Vincent (Schemer) Drucci, according to police gossip; and he was sitting in his office upstairs over the roses and lilies that fragrantly filled his florist shop.

On September 17 Butcher and Meeghan were found in their automobile, their bodies riddled with bullets.

An hour later Mayor Dever issued his ultimatum, as great a shock to thirsty Chicagoans who had voted for the genial Boss Brennan's candidate as it was to be a death warrant for more than a hundred hoodlums.

"Collins," the Mayor addressed his police chief in the presence of reporters from every newspaper in town—"Collins, there is a dry law on the nation's books. This town will immediately become dry. Tell your captains I will break every police official in whose district I hear of a drop of liquor being sold."

Chicago gasped, the Police Department scratched its head, Brennan blinked his eyes, the politicians began to figure on ways of hoodwinking the Mayor, Sheriff Hoffman grinned, and gangdom laughed aloud because prices would soar as booze became harder to get.

The underworld moved bodily out into the country and waited, as it always does when reform sentiments fall from the lips of those in power. For a few weeks the city was dry, the gaming dens were shuttered, the brothels were dark, and the citizenry ran a heated tongue across its parched lips.

Oh, sure, it was only a short time until the underworld crept back inside the city limits, where it has been ever since, flourishing and sardonic, as it harkens to the stubborn Mayor's endless proclamations to the wide, wide world that there is no booze in Chicago and no crime!

Well, Dever or no Dever, the Gennas, the O'Donnells, the Torrios, and the O'Bannions swiftly decided that their faithful automatic pistols and shotguns would settle the question of purveying whisky and "alky" and beer to the city and county.

Before the end of 1923, seven more lives were extinguished by the growling guns of gangland.

The stars of Police Sergeant Laurence Hartnett and Patrolman Edmond Horst were pinned to the purple velvet in the already crowded glass-covered case, where more than 100 police badges tell their silent story of policemen killed in Chicago.

Mike Izzo, a Torrio man, was shot from ambush as he climbed from his beer truck at Harrison and Throop streets.

Frank Demarco, Peter Mangles, Robert Manga, and Morris Kenn were found slaughtered at different spots throughout the city.

As each man died, his companions tightened their lips and belts and went a-gunning for some rival gangster, and the great beer war was indeed in full swing when 1924 was turned on the bloodstained calendar of Chicago.

In the meantime, State's Attorney Crowe, Sheriff Hoffman, Mayor Dever, and Governor Small continued to play politics and pass the buck. And all this time revelations continued to show connivance between dry enforcement officers and the beer and alcohol interests.

The great beer war of Chicago began in 1924. Highly organized rival gangs fought for possession of the market with sawed-off shotguns. How these politically powerful organizations began to exterminate each other will be told in LIBERTY next week.

Star-Points of the Mirro Triple Sauce Pan Set

The Purpose—For cooking three things at one time over one burner, saving fuel, stove room and time.

☆

The Uses—Excellent for preparing small cuts of meat, for stewing fruits, etc., and for cooking all vegetables except bulky ones like beets and green corn. Capacity of each pan, 2 qts.

☆

The Combinations—Any number of interesting whole-meal-at-a-time possibilities will suggest themselves. For example, (1) lamb shanks; (2) new carrots and peas; (3) potatoes to be riced.

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The Design—Sections nest together compactly to occupy the minimum of stove space and utilize all the heat. Convenient detachable handle, always cool, for lifting and pouring.

YOU *must* try cooking "three-on-one." You can do it with this Mirro triple sauce pan set—and very nicely, too; a whole meal, almost, on one burner. . . . The complete Mirro line contains many such unusual, useful utensils. All of them, because they *are* Mirro, are especially durable and economical. That is why anyone can enjoy owning "The Finest Aluminum" and still be saving money all the while.

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Star-Points of the Mirro Triple Sauce Pan Set

The Covers—Snug-fitting, so that with a moderate fire food will not cook dry. Vegetables can cook with little water and retain their valuable minerals.

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The Material—Pure, thick, hard aluminum, as used in all Mirro utensils: insuring longest wear and easiest cleaning.

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The Mark—"MIRRO, The Finest Aluminum"—stamped only on the finest products of the world's largest manufacturers of aluminum ware.

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The Price—Only $2.50, at the best stores. Just 25 cents per year for the first ten years—nothing per year afterward—that is all you pay for the satisfaction of owning the best.

"They are the best men, the pipe smokers!"

Irene Bordoni

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INCORPORATED

First Winner in LIBERTY'S New Contest!

Prize Award No. 1

Prize Cover No. 1

This Title Won $1,000

"The First Jolt on the Rocky Road to Doubling (Dublin)"

The Winner:

Mrs. J. D. DICKSON

3150 LOGAN AVENUE

SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

Mrs. Dickson is a graduate nurse who says she finds LIBERTY is made to order for people who work long hours and have to crowd a lot of good reading into a short space. She has no children, but Junior Morse reminds her of a certain young brother of her past. Mrs. Dickson's hair is turning gray, but she keeps in step with the times by wearing it bobbed. She has never done any professional writing and says she certainly didn't expect *her* title to win a prize. You see, you never can tell! Next?

$1,000 A Week

for TITLES *to* OUR COVERS

Have you looked at the cover? And could you use $1,000? No! Not really! All you have to do is write a title. It's easy and it's fun. The rules are below.

For the Love o' Lil!

By LESLIE THRASHER

CHAPTER VI OF THE FAMOUS COVER CONTINUITY

AFTER Lil's rescue of Sandy and the lifeguard, some of the more prominent of the younger set foregathered on the front porch of the Morse home and lifted their voices in song.

Inside, R. E. ("Pop") Morse arose abruptly from his desk, where he had been attempting to balance the accounts of his coal business, and began to pace the floor. His hair was rumpled; his face was twisted in a pained expression. His fingers convulsively opened and closed.

The vocal chorus came abruptly to a pause. Through the open window floated the voice of Lil:

"Let's sing I'll Climb the Highest Mountain! That's got some good harmony in it."

"Right!" said Fat Sells, beginning to sock his uke.

"I'll carry the tenor," Sandy offered.

It was late in the afternoon when they began but after midnight when they quit. Poor Pop!

(To be continued next week)

Study the picture on the cover. (You know now what it's all about.) The mailman's waiting! Send your titles in!

$1,000 More *Next Week!* But It's Better to Begin NOW!

RULES

1 On the front cover of LIBERTY this week is a picture without a title. This picture is a part of LIBERTY's new cover serial—For the Love o' Lil—telling the picture-story of an American family. The public is invited to suggest a title for this picture.

2 LIBERTY will pay one prize of $1,000 in cash for the best answer submitted.

3 This contest is open to every man, woman, boy, and girl, except employees of LIBERTY and their families.

4 Each entry must contain the following:
a. A title suggestion in ten words or less.
b. A letter of not more than 50 words telling whether or not you like the cover—and why.

5 Contestants may submit as many answers as they wish. The accompanying coupon may be used or separate sheets of paper. If separate sheets are used, the coupon number should be written on each one.

6 All entries for this week's contest must be sent to "Covers," care of LIBERTY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City, and must be in this office by midnight, July 31, 1926. No entries will be returned. The winners will be announced in LIBERTY as soon thereafter as possible.

7 Each entry should be sent by first-class mail, postage prepaid. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department.

8 Originality of thought, cleverness of idea, clearness of expression, neatness and form will count. Entries will be judged first by the title suggestion submitted, and second by the reason for liking or disliking the cover picture.

9 The judges will be a committee appointed by the publishers of LIBERTY and their decision will be final. If two or more contestants submit the same prize-winning title suggestion and reasons for liking or disliking the cover, and if such entries are submitted in an equally clear, concise, and neat form, a duplicate award will be paid to each such tying contestant.

"Covers"—LIBERTY

247 Park Avenue, New York City

No. 6

My title for the LIBERTY cover for July 24 is:

.....

Write title here and send with it a letter of not more than 50 words telling whether or not you like the cover—and why.

Name .....

Street Address .....

City ..... State .....

Vox Pop

Are Parents Really to Blame?

EDITOR, LIBERTY: Your article in the May 29 issue of LIBERTY MAGAZINE entitled, The Whittemore Mob, made me boil.

Mr. Sutherland marvels that this Dick Whittemore, with his good blood and his good home, should be a criminal. He says that as soon as Whittemore learned to talk he was a liar. Now, anybody who has made even an elementary study of psychology knows that all imaginative children tell stories, and until they are perhaps four or five are unable to differentiate between imagination and fact. He says that Whittemore stole toys even before he could talk; at an age, in other words, before any child knows the difference between "mine" and "thine." And at *seven* this *baby* was branded as a small criminal: a blot on the unfolding mind of a child which would inevitably develop some kind of a mental and moral kink. Any psychologist knows the power of suggestion, especially on children.

LIBERTY MAGAZINE, you are a new and progressive publication. Can't you launch some kind of a campaign for the *education of parents?* It is the parents who are too ignorant or too selfish or too careless who are throwing out into the world our hordes of flappers and jelly-bean bandits.—*Mrs. Marjory Kirkland, Dallas, Tex.*

Here's Where Our Fur Flies

EDITOR, LIBERTY: No, your editorial is quite right—Sinclair Lewis is not necessary for our civilization. BUT please name me five Babbitts whose names are recorded in the history of civilization.

You PATHETIC OAF! The Babbitts support your advertising pages and of course that is all that matters to you! But when you try to ram that sort of doctrine down the throats of a few million intelligent readers, then I doubt their intelligence!

Or, better yet, YOURS!—*Merle Mayfield, New York City.*

But Here's a Different Story

EDITOR, LIBERTY: Congratulations! We are constrained to believe that the Sinclair Lewises compare with the shrill whistle of the peanut stand.

This slapstick comedian, bursting his wind bags of ridicule over the heads of the creators of the wealth that makes it possible for his ilk to enjoy the boundless privileges of our glorious country, bids fair to be a precursor of a class of snobs and prigs.—*H. W. Biehl, Peoria, Ill.*

Everybody's Wrong

EDITOR, LIBERTY: I am a business man. I have belonged to Rotary Clubs, too, for eight years. I don't need anybody to point out the shortcomings Mr. Lewis perceives. His viewpoint is extreme and untempered—it lacks delicacy, and he is often all wrong. But so are you!—*C. F. Mattice, Jacksonville, Fla.*

However—Listen to This!

EDITOR, LIBERTY: Your editorial in LIBERTY of June 19—Sinclair Lewis and Babbitt—is the BEST thing I've seen in print for a long time. You have the right opinion of the slurring and sneering at our modern American civilization, which has become too much the fashion lately. — *Roger Sprague, Imola, Calif.*

And This!

EDITOR, LIBERTY: Well, glory be to God!

At last some publication has the courage or the decency or is driven by disgust to take a slap at Sinclair Lewis.

When I read in the day's news his defi to the Almighty, I wished that I owned some sort of a publication and had a sufficient command of English to give him a printers'-ink horsewhipping. And bless Pat if the little old LIBERTY hasn't gone and done it with an editorial in its issue of June 19.

Did Sinclair Lewis really think that God would dignify him by any attention whatsoever? A bolt of light converted Saul, but God does not use cannon-balls on flies. The Bible tells us that not even a sparrow falls to the ground without His knowledge. Sinclair Lewis must be smaller even than this.

It is really too bad that a live publication like LIBERTY feels it incumbent to waste space on a literary pervert, but even a king gets tired of a mosquito's buzzing and will take a slap at it.—*H. N. Simmons, Clinton, Ind.*

Anyway, It Started Something!

EDITOR, LIBERTY: I am a regular reader of your magazine, but feel that I must take exception to your editorial in the June 19 issue of LIBERTY. As Sinclair Lewis is one of my favorite authors, I strenuously object to such a brazen criticism.

I fail to understand your coming out with a completely empty ridicule. Although an editorial is the opinion of one man, it implies that the entire publication is behind that opinion.

As you say, Lewis is a writer about ordinary or dull people, but, as his books are amongst the best sellers, he must be anything and everything but boring.

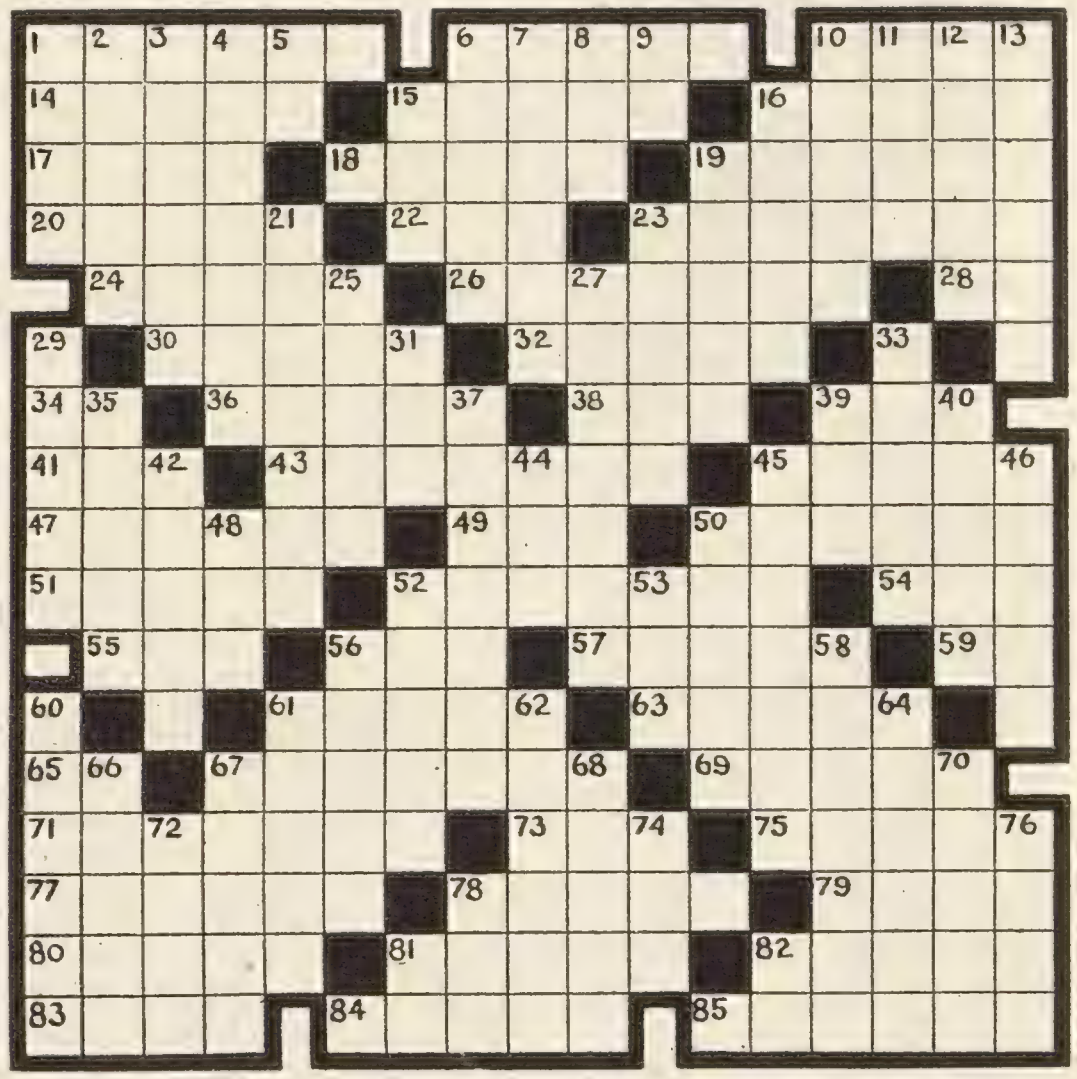
All I can say is that it is too bad we have not got more Lewises. The American is not perfect, and he should step outside himself now and again and have a look at himself.—*G. A. W. Wilson, Calgary, Alberta, Canada.*

Liberty's Cross-Word Puzzle No. 77

By JAMES W. WHITE

LIBERTY would very much like to know just what proportion of your family works out its cross-word puzzles. And which member gets the most—of pleasure or profit—out of them. Do the puzzles help sister Irene in her school spelling lessons? And has grandfather added some newer and snappier expressions to his vocabulary? Is father getting away, in the office dictation, from that old stand-by, "Yours at hand, and would say—"?

Let us have some expressions of opinion of the value of cross-word puzzles from our Whole Family.

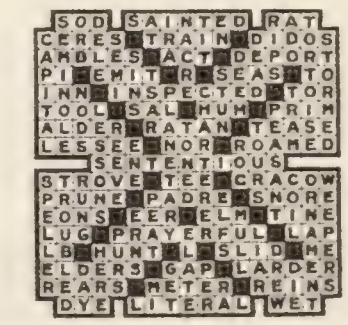


HORIZONTAL

1 Struck lightly
6 Roman god of festive joy and mirth
10 A public conveyance
14 A nymph of mountains and hills
15 Proceeds by an easy gait resembling a canter
16 Chief of a Scottish clan
17 The back of anything
18 A tree gum
19 To bleach
20 Kind of pastry (plural)
22 Letter of the Greek alphabet
23 Rushing stream
24 Long cut (plural)
26 Marked with an asterisk
28 Toward
30 Parts asunder suddenly
32 To wear away
34 By
36 Eager desire or longing
38 An inclosure
39 A melody
41 Babylonian god of war and pestilence
43 The combination of the best and third best cards of a suit (plural)
45 A fish
47 Expressed by the use of simple, childlike language
49 Humanity in general
50 Rapid
51 Possessing savor or flavor
52 An entertainment held in the daytime
54 Observe
55 A squalid place of resort
56 To drag along laboriously
57 Resinous substance used as an ingredient of varnish
59 Else
61 Weeds
63 Seizes
65 Printer's measure
67 A bullfighter
69 Either of the branches of a horse's bit
71 A kind of candy
73 Rim or margin
75 To restore to freshness
77 Part of a horse's harness (plural)
78 Pointed
79 To bathe
80 Gave publicity to, as a report
81 Not as much as
82 Apportioned
83 A bamboolike grass
84 Crude
85 Pattern (plural)

VERTICAL

1 A civil wrong
2 Regions
3 Precious gem (plural)
4 Separating
5 A man's name shortened
6 Rate of expense (plural)
7 Narcotic
8 Mortals
9 You and me
10 Indicating one of the cardinal numbers
11 Proportion
12 Concerning
13 Wise counselor
15 Shelter
16 A cardinal number
19 Verbose
21 Initiated
23 Jogs
25 Dispatch
27 A mineral poison
29 Salutes
31 A Japanese coin
33 Inflames
35 A trinity
37 Impaired
39 A distinguished aviator
40 A round-up
42 A species of poplar
44 Species of animal that includes the lion, tiger, etc.
45 Orator
46 Colorer (plural)
48 Fastening device
50 Leaf of a calyx
52 Pertaining to a wall
53 No
56 Intertwines
58 Made smooth or even
60 Chief source of the honey of bees
61 Recorded the duration or rate of something
62 Magnitudes that have three dimensions
64 A legislative body
66 A feminine proper name
67 Stepped
68 Certain compositions in verse
70 A carousal
72 Of infrequent occurrence
74 By
76 Espouses
78 Of each an equal quantity
81 City of ancient Chaldea
82 The Iron Mountain State (abbreviation)



Answer to Puzzle No. 76

Chic Models Direct *from* Paris *to* You

By

Mary Brush Williams

SPECIAL PATTERNS

by May Manton

PERMIT me to introduce you to the new silhouette as it is showing itself in Paris: Square-shouldered—non-flaring—bloused. Plaits—in the popularity of which there is no curtailment—are often sewed down tight to the skirt foundation to keep them from spreading.

How ever are square shoulders going to "take" on us who have the lovely shoulders that slope? Even when they don't, for how many centuries have we been trying to trick observers into believing that our shoulders had a high-born, patrician slant to them?

Well, one can only report thus far that it is fun to see the sassy little flappers with that exaggerated high line trying to shrug themselves by gestures into lines even squarer, while the silhouette beneath that broad shoulder line gets all the benefits of contrast by falling exaggeratedly thin. The mannikins of our sketches are wearing their clothing much more normally and with more restraint than the young visitors are doing in Paris.

As for other features of the accepted silhouette, there are still tiers. And do you remember our letter of several weeks ago telling about the long wing falling from one shoulder? This was sponsored by a French beauty whose taste goes far toward making the styles. It is more popular than ever.

The tiered evening dress shown on this page has been raging with a popularity fast and furious. Tiers are indeed the thing. You see them also in the skirt of the second model on the left.

One of the tricks of the day would appear to be for the big designers to see how many of the old details they can assemble on one dress, thus making it into a brand-new model. This dress has the tiers, the long, tight sleeves, the jaboted revers, the wrap-around skirt, and the highest of all waistlines that have been sanctioned thus far.

The tiers here indicated are sometimes nothing but wide tucks, and at other times they are bands of the material sewed on.

As the French say, nothing is changed, but everything is different. The styles seem refreshingly pretty, while at the same time sensible. The wide, low belt of the second model on the right ought to endear it to us. The silhouette it carries is most becoming to our general type.

The bolero effect over the low belt puts the outline in the most up-to-date of fashions.

IT is quite the thing now to keep clothes interesting though simple. (We are to have them much more complex shortly, so all the signs and rumors have it.) Still, for the moment, one must resort to details and fantasies. These the French seem able to keep flowing in an endless stream. A conceit of several Parisian houses is to slit the material of the dress in unexpected places, notably across the chest, and thread ribbon through these openings.

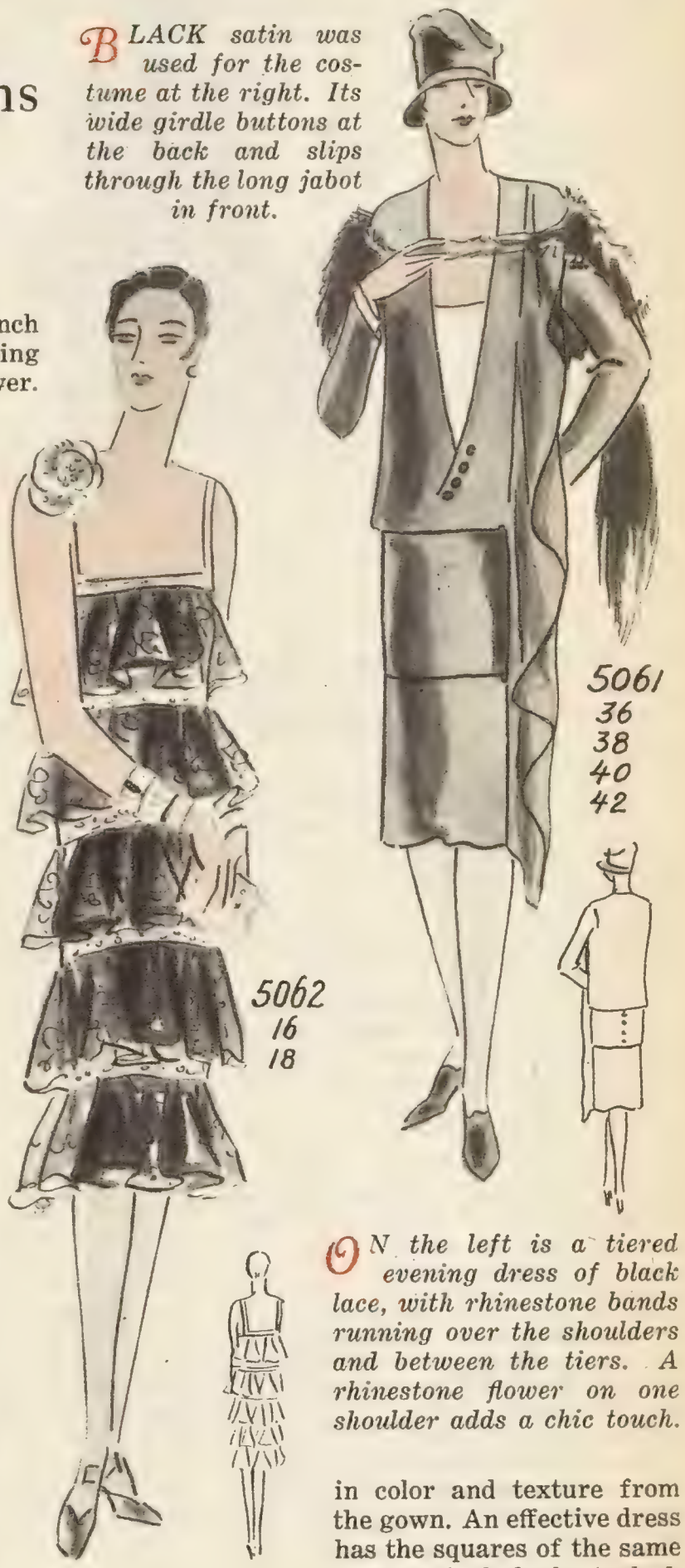
The first model on the left is decorated in ribbons which are padded and then run high up around the skirt in a yoke effect. The collar and the cuffs are also made of the padded ribbon.

In the second model on the right, the long wing is slit below the waistline for the wide belt to run through.

One detail that is finding high favor is a trimming of set-in squares of something different in color and texture from the gown. An effective dress has the squares of the same material finely tucked. These run in tiers round the skirt, the design making a block of plain material alternate with a block of the material in the tiny pleats.

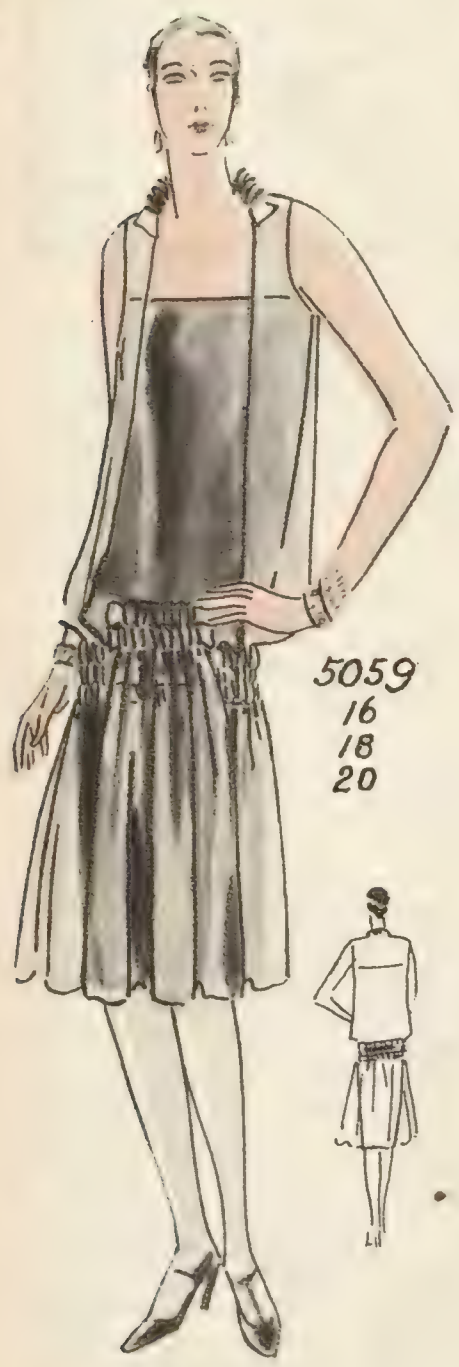
No costume could more effectually illustrate the present rage for sparkling jewels, especially diamonds and imitations of them, than the evening gown here illustrated, with its blaze of rhinestone trimmings.

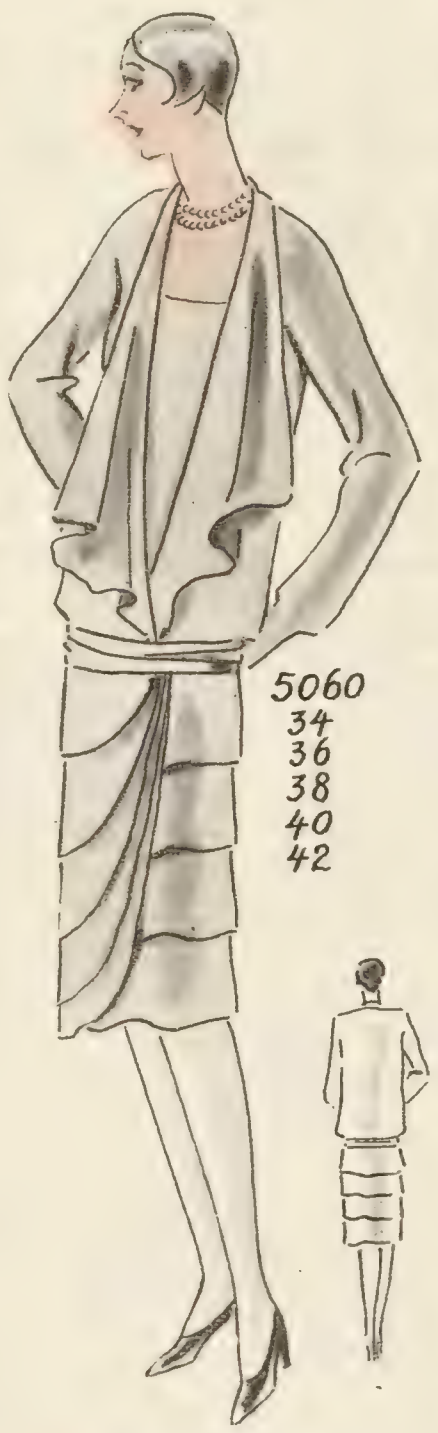
BLACK satin was used for the costume at the right. Its wide girdle buttons at the back and slips through the long jabot in front.



ON the left is a tiered evening dress of black lace, with rhinestone bands running over the shoulders and between the tiers. A rhinestone flower on one shoulder adds a chic touch.

THE gown on the right was developed in Burgundy red—the so-called Dregs of Wine, an important shade of the recent Paris openings. It shows very clearly the popular tiered effect.





AT the left is shown a charmingly simple frock of black chiffon having cherry-colored ribbons padded and drawn through casings of chiffon.

Order Special Patterns

by marking a circle, on picture, around the number, and another circle around the size, of each pattern wanted.

Tear out and inclose entire picture with 25 cents for each number.

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"He Said My Teeth Were Diamonds in the Moonlight"

WE had just danced together for the last time. Dick's vacation ended the next day, so we went to the beach to talk a little . . . and to say good-bye.

"Helen," he said, after we'd found a seat on a fisherman's up-turned boat, "your smile is the most joyful thing there is . . . your teeth are diamonds in the moonlight. . ."

I could have added "Thanks to Colgate's," but why give away one's beauty secret?

* * *

Do you possess the charm of beautiful teeth? Do yours flash white and lovely when you talk and smile?

Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream will make your teeth glisten gloriously. It will whiten them and bring out all their natural beauty.

But more important . . . it will help to keep your teeth and gums healthy, for Colgate's foams into every hard-to-get-at place between the teeth and around the edges of the gums.

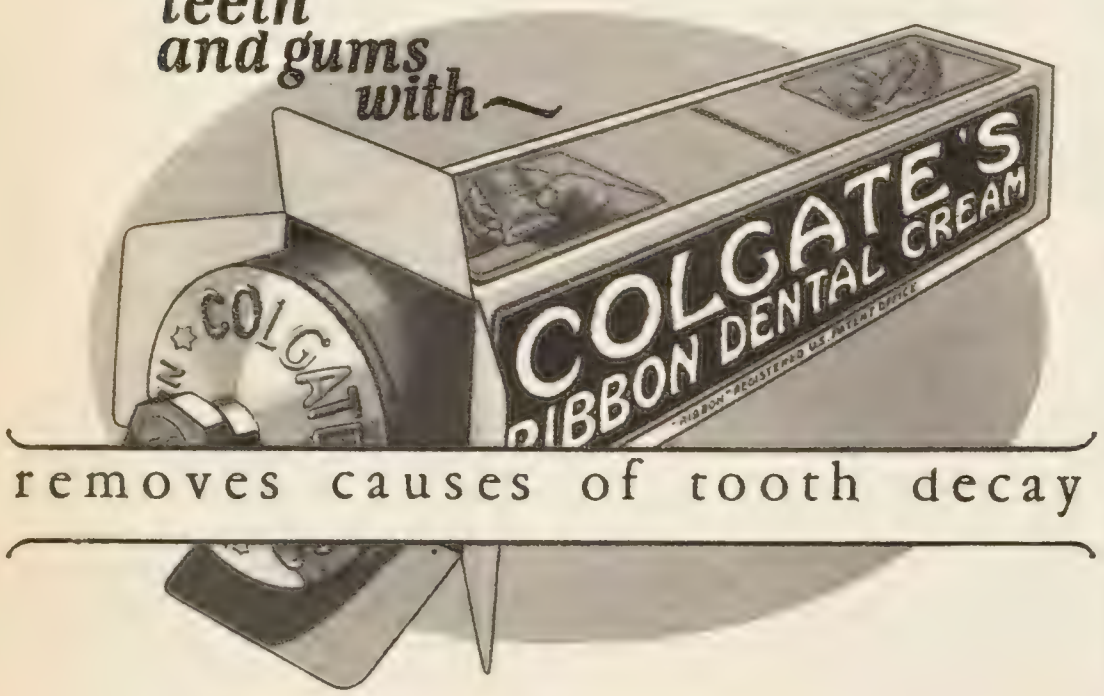
Colgate's penetrates every place where it is possible for germs and food particles to collect. It loosens these impurities at once. Then it washes them away, leaving your teeth and gums absolutely clean. The warm, dark interior of your mouth is an ideal breeding place for germs. But they can't lurk there and multiply, when you use Colgate's regularly. Colgate's literally goes right into their hiding places and *removes those causes of tooth decay.*

Colgate's contains no grit. It can't scratch or "ridge" the thin enamel of your teeth. It contains none of those chemicals that burn or harm the delicate mouth tissues.

Your mouth feels clean after using Colgate's . . . and it is clean. You'll like the taste of Colgate's . . . even children love to use it regularly.

Priced right, too! Large tube 25c.

protect your teeth and gums with—



removes causes of tooth decay

Eileen Bourne's QUESTION BOX

Have you a question on beauty and personal hygiene upon which you need the advice of an expert? Miss Bourne will be glad to help you. Questions of general interest will be answered in LIBERTY at two-week intervals. Other questions will be answered by mail. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address your question to Miss Eileen Bourne, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Reducing Large Pores

My skin is not what you would call bad. Have quite a lot of natural color, but have been troubled with enlarged pores on the nose for at least eight years. Have tried a number of things, perhaps not persistently enough, but the pores remain.

Mrs. E. F., Texas.

Reducing enlarged pores calls for the most persistent treatment. If the pores on the entire face are large it indicates a coarse texture of skin naturally, and a condition often as difficult to change as coarse hair or coarse features. Where they form only depressions on the wings of the nose, they should respond to an astringent wash. A good lotion is made of boric acid, one dram; distilled witch-hazel, four ounces. Use several times a day.

To Make the Hair Glossy

My hair is dry and coarse. I brush it every night for a few minutes, but I cannot get a gloss on it. It is a good color, but doesn't look as nice as it should. What would help to make it soft and glossy?

DISCOURAGED, Louisiana.

It undoubtedly needs oil. The best application for supplying the necessary amount of oil to the scalp is a mixture of alcohol and castor oil, about four teaspoonfuls of castor oil to a pint of alcohol. The amount of oil may be varied to suit the requirements of the individual case. Rub the mixture on the scalp and through the hair until it is evenly distributed. The alcohol will evaporate, but the hair will be oiled. Then, with the brushings, the gloss will appear.

To Reduce the Bust

Can I reduce my arms and bust without reducing any other part of me, and how?

Mrs. SARAH E., Spokane.

One accomplishes results more quickly if a regime is adopted that will reduce all over. Local fat deposits, however, may be corrected by massage and exercise of the muscles involved. Swimming is excellent. Swinging the arms, in circles extended full length from shoulders, is a good arm- and bust-reducing movement.

Choose Your Shade of Powder

Is white powder the best for a woman to use whose skin is inclined to be dark? Or what other color would you advise?

EMMA C., New York.

White powder on a dark skin is not a good choice. The face is too obviously powdered. In fact, it looks plastered, and the nose is seemingly enlarged in appearance. Not to present a startling mask, the dark-skinned woman should use a deep shade of powder.

Futile Fight on Fat

I have tried several different ways of reducing, even to a starvation diet for two weeks. I've counted my calories, gone on liquid diets, but cannot lose a pound. I am disgustingly healthy—but horribly fat. If you can suggest something I'll try it.

Mrs. LETA NESS, California.

I'd suggest that you consult a physician before trying any other reducing system. You are probably one of those uncommon cases where a thyroid disturbance of one kind or another is the cause of your overweight, in which event a physician is the one into whose hands to put yourself.

Thin, Nervous Persons

Do you believe that people who are naturally underweight or have reduced to below normal weight are more susceptible to nervous troubles than those who eat normally?

F. A. M., New York.

It is not a coincidence that so many so-called nervous people—those who react quickly to irritations, mental or physical—are underweight. There is no surplus energy with which to meet the irritations of life. They become tired more readily also.

No Perils in Powder

Do you think the daily use of face powder will eventually ruin the skin? I have a fine complexion now and do not want to do anything to harm it. The texture is fine and the coloring good, but my nose is shiny at times and I have to use powder.

ANXIOUS, Illinois.

If the daily use of powder were perilous to skin, I fear that with its present wholesale application we'd be a motley-looking sex all round. But we aren't. Complexions were never better tended in any other generation, nor were so many lovely ones seen abroad. There was a time when dreary pictures were drawn of the nameless sufferings of those who had contracted "lead poisoning" from the too free use of powder. Those were the days when lead and arsenic were used in face powder.

For the last twenty years or more oxide or stearate of zinc has been substituted for lead and arsenic. One hears objections made to zinc in face powder, but it is used in zinc ointment, a popular and authorized skin-healing preparation. If cosmetics are removed nightly in the face-cleansing process, no normal, healthy skin suffers from their use.

Fighting Off Gray Hair

My hair is beginning to gray, and for business reasons I simply cannot afford to let the silver threads increase or show. Is there anything that will help stay the hand that registers time, outside of dyes?

WORRIED, Texas.

There is no constitutional treatment that will restore color to the hairs that have already turned. But, happily, the graying may be retarded in many instances. There are diseases that injure the glands so that the oil dries up or is unable to enter the cells, which will cause the hair to change its color.

When the first gray hairs appear, the general condition of the body should be examined. The diet may need correction. If constipation, acidosis, and autointoxication are present, correction should begin. Longer periods of rest should be taken by the nervous type of individual. The scalp should be kept meticulously clean with frequent shampooing, and daily massage, which has a tonic effect on the scalp, should be administered.

FOR ANY PATTERN ON THIS PAGE SEND TEN CENTS

Women *and* Children Cling *to* Straight Lines

By PATRICIA

THERE is a great deal of white worn this season for both sports and formal wear. The flaming shades of red are also very fashionable. The new Paris designs adhere to youthful simplicity, as shown in the models above. Design No. 2731 is of almond-green georgette crepe, with French hemstitching at the front of the waist and on the sleeves and pockets. The pattern is perforated for hemstitching. It may be had in sizes 16 and 18 years, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. The 36-inch size requires 2¾ yards of 40-inch material.

An adorable style for a junior is expressed in design No. 2650. This little girl is wearing it fashioned of tub silk, which wears and launders beautifully. The pattern may be had in sizes 6, 8, 10, 12, and 14 years. In the 8-year size, 2⅛ yards of 36-inch material, with ⅛ yard of 18-inch contrasting and 3¾ yards of binding, are required.

Women who travel or motor will be delighted with the little sports frock, design No. 2570, in Copenhagen-blue rajah silk. Its tailored collar, cuffs, and sides are in striped silk to match its boyish tie. For tennis or golf, linen, tub silk, or jersey would be appropriate. The pattern is furnished in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 yards of 40-inch material, with ⅜ yard of 32-inch contrasting.

The cape dress for grown-ups is adapted for the younger girl in design No. 2408, made of natural-colored pongee overplaided in bright green. The little cape is removable. The pattern is furnished in sizes 6, 8, 10, 12, and 14 years. In the 8-year size, 2 yards of 32-inch material, with ⅝ yard of 36-inch contrasting and 3½ yards of braid, are required.

A striking dress with soft molded line of georgette crepe in a rose-and-blue dot pattern on a white ground is expressed in design No. 2746. It uses plain white crepe for its front shirred panel, soft girdle, lower sleeves, and collar. It is stunning made of beige lace. In size 36 this model requires 3⅛ yards of 40-inch material, with 1⅜ yards of 40-inch contrasting. The pattern may be had in sizes 16 and 18 years, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure.

Graceful movement is given to the straight silhouette of No. 2687 by insets at each side of the front, which flare open from a little below the waistline to the edge of the skirt. Stone-pink flat crepe with a large scarf tie of silk georgette crepe is used. The pattern comes in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, and 46 inches bust measure. In the 36-inch size only 2⅞ yards of 40-inch material is required.

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Fair Women and their Adventures

Reviews of the Latest Movies by ALVA TAYLOR

HER BIG NIGHT

Directed by Melville W. Brown A Universal Picture

THE CAST:

Frances Norcross.....*Laura La Plante*
Johnny Young.....*Einar Hansen*
Tom Barrett.....*Lee Moran*
J. G. Adams.....*Tully Marshall*
Gladys Smith.....*Zazu Pitts*
Allen Dix.....*John Roche*

LET this picture be a lesson to you, girls. If you think you're a dead ringer for Laura La Plante, or some other screen star, don't let any press agent rope you into doubling for her at a personal appearance, because if you do you're apt to let yourself in for a big night, full of mistaken identities, misunderstandings, and enough general excitement to last several months.

Zazu Pitts

At least that's what happened to Frances (Laura La Plante). Frances was a shopgirl, who was leading a perfectly uneventful existence at bargain counters and in a boarding house, unconscious of the fact that she was the double of Daphne Dix, screen star. All of a sudden, and out of the blue, or what you will, along comes a press agent into the corset department and discovers that Frances is made in the same mold as the great Daphne. He gives her two tickets for that night's show, at which Miss Dix was scheduled to make a personal appearance.

Frances has a boy friend who needs a thousand dollars to buy a business that would make it possible for him to pop the question. Frances tells her roommate, Gladys (Zazu Pitts), that she would do anything for Johnny (Einar Hansen). The chance came that night. For along came the press agent again with a check for a thousand dollars, to be hers if she would appear at the theater as Miss Daphne Dix, the original not having returned from a yachting party. If the personal appearance didn't go through, the scandal would be a burden to the film company they did not care to bear.

Frances appears, dolled up in Miss Dix's tiara and furs, such a perfect likeness that even the president of the film company is taken in. And he wasn't alone. During the course of events that evening Miss Dix's husband also thinks he has a husbandly right to clasp the shopgirl in his arms. There are complications galore after the appearance at the theater. There is a scandal-loving newspaper reporter to be fooled. And the reporter suspects that Frances is not Daphne. Then there is the boy friend to appease, and a few little things like that.

Lee Moran

The picture is really highly amusing in many of the situations, and entertaining throughout. Whenever Zazu Pitts is in a picture one wishes that she had more to do.

I don't think you'll be sorry if you go to this picture.

SAY IT AGAIN

Directed by Gregory La Cava A Paramount Picture

THE CAST:

Bob Howard.....*Richard Dix*
Princess Elena.....*Alyce Mills*
Prince Otto V.....*Chester Conklin*
Gunner Jones.....*"Gunboat" Smith*
Marguerite.....*Ida Waterman*
Prime Minister Stemmler..*William Ricciardi*

YOU know how it is. Every so often some bright scenarist gets a funny idea and sells it, and the outcome is that some movie favorite is put to a severe test. This time Richard Dix is the victim. He has to wear the darnedest uniform you ever saw. But he gets away with it, and so does his buddy in the picture, who is none other than "Gunboat" Smith, who, when he isn't under the Klieg lights, is performing as a prize-fight referee.

Say It Again takes place in one of those mythical kingdoms ending in "onia"—Speezonia in this particular instance. You can take it from this reviewer that just the best thing in Speezonia is Chester Conklin with his walrus mustache as Prince Otto V. That is, next to that gorgeous creature, Alyce Mills, who is the Princess Elena, who must marry that dreadful Prince Otto for the usual political reasons. But when the royal wedding came off it turned out that the princess married Bob Howard instead of Prince Otto.

Richard Dix says it again to Alyce Mills

Richard Dix plays an American who has fallen in love with his beautiful nurse during the war, and is on his way to Speezonia to find her, but doesn't know that she is the princess. Prince Otto, returning from Detroit, makes the young American and his buddy his bodyguard. The members of the court mistake Dix for the prince.

But the princess, remembering only a young American whose face she had never seen, since she was taken away from the hospital before his bandages had been removed, marries this pseudo prince only for political reasons.

You are apt to enjoy the picture, and just as apt not to.

ELLA CINDERS

Directed by Alfred E. Green A First National Picture

THE CAST:

Ella Cinders.....*Colleen Moore*
Waite Lifter.....*Lloyd Hughes*
"Ma" Cinders.....*Vera Lewis*
Lotta Pill.....*Doris Baker*
Prissy Pill.....*Emily Gerdes*
Al Green, Director.....*By Himself*

WELL, at last! Now that's over. Colleen Moore has put the finishing touch to her Cinderella pictures by playing a part in which she does everything but ride to the ball in a coach that was made out of a pumpkin, and lose a glass slipper. As a matter of fact, she does leave a slipper behind her at the Beauty Contest ball, but it is of kid, or satin, or something like that.

Colleen Moore

The wicked stepmother, and the cinders (furnished by a modern furnace instead of the hearth of the fairy tale), the two ugly stepsisters, and a Prince Charming are all there.

Some day Colleen Moore is going to play the part of a rich spoiled little girl, instead of a downtrodden, hard-working girl, and then the millennium will have arrived. And Lloyd Hughes will play opposite her as a poor man whose father in the last reel doesn't turn out to be a railroad president or something. And that will mean another millennium.

Now, after Ella Cinders, a picture inspired by the comic strip of that name, there is nothing left in the Cinderella line except a costume picture taken word for word from the fairy tale. And that wouldn't do, because I don't think the young lady of the story-book was a comedian, and what would Colleen Moore do if she weren't allowed to screw up her nose, and make faces, and indulge in the little antics that characterize her cinema style?

However, that's a point for Miss Moore's scenarist to decide. At present we are concerned with Ella Cinders, which struck me as being somewhat funny in spots and somewhat more stupid in others. It all depends upon how much you like the vivacious little comedian who cinderellas her way through this bit of foolishness, in which the hero's name is Waite Lifter, because he's an iceman.

Lloyd Hughes

The story's all about a modern Cinderella who wins the small-town Beauty Movie Contest because the movie public wanted newer and funnier faces. As the photograph of Ella that was entered in the contest showed her looking cross-eyed at a fly on her nose, there was little competition. But when Ella got to Hollywood, she had to find herself a job, because the men conducting the contest had been fakers.

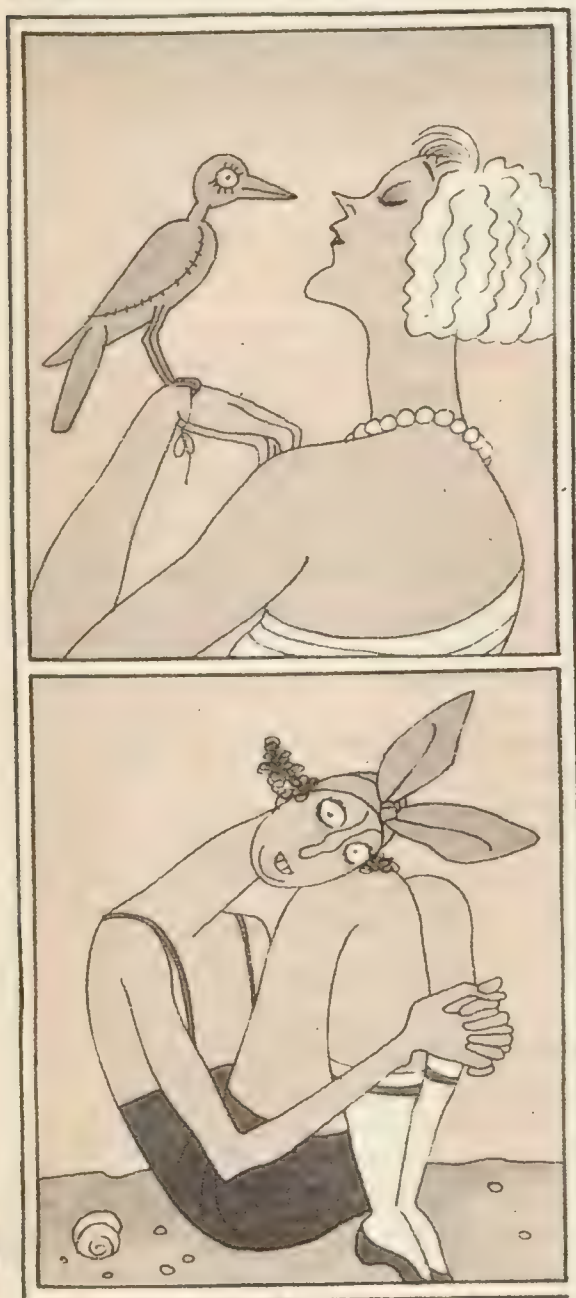
However, Ella soon rose to stardom. And the young iceman who had been her champion at home turned out to be the usual rich man's son.

To be frank, I wasn't crazy about this picture.

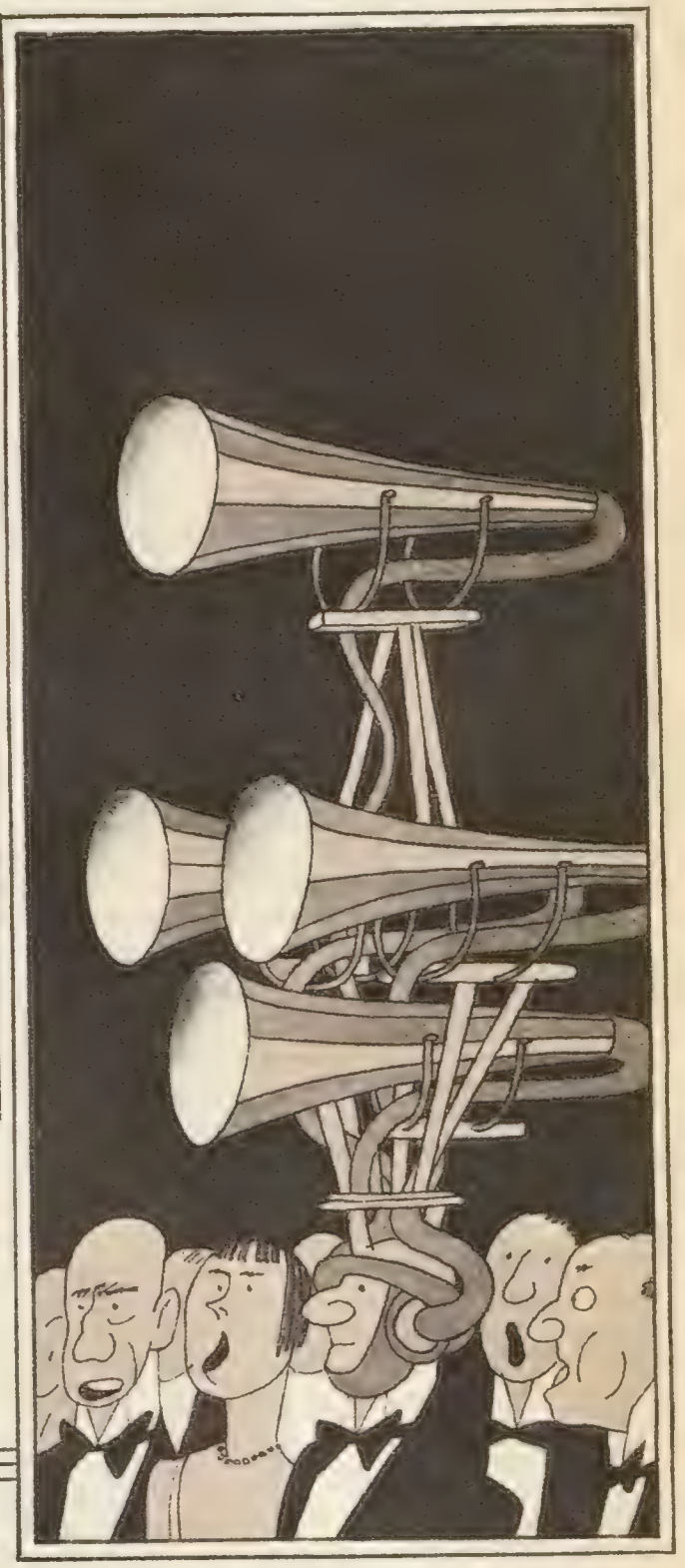
GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

By RALPH BARTON



ENCOURAGED BY THE SUCCESS OF THE NORGE, A New York millionaire sends an expedition to the blank spots on the map of the world in search of a site for a bedroom which will not have someone hammering something outside its window at six in the morning.



NAVY MAN ADAPTS AIRPLANE SOUND DETECTOR for use in theater. When directed at the stage the coughing of the audience is said to be barely audible, whereas the actors can be heard quite distinctly.

FOUR MORE LOVELY ENTRANTS FOR THE GRAPHIC SECTION BEAUTY PRIZE

Photos pour in to the Graphic Section from all parts of world. Top to bottom: Hattie Bant, knife-thrower's assistant, Oakland, Calif.; Lou Nazomere, mother's helper, Bronx, N. Y.; Nadine Fontabile, electrician, Salem, Mass.; Hedwig Kowm, town crier, Chicago, Ill. Above at right: Emile Coue, one of the judges who will select the MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN IN THE WORLD. M. Coue will be remembered as the French general who stopped the Huns at the Marne and who originated the phrase, "An apple a day keeps the doctor away."

A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH OF SENATOR BORAH, showing clearly the deep lines of worry and overwork caused by the Senator's attempt to run the State of New York as well as his native Idaho.

Corn *in a* Variety *of* Palatable Dishes

By ETHEL SOMERS

CORN, the Indians' greatest gift to civilization, has proved itself a medium for many a palatable, wholesome dish cheaply bought and easily prepared from the time of the early colonists to the present day. The perfect ear of corn boiled on the cob, entirely stripped or with the fresh green inner husks curled back, is always welcome. For the less perfect ears and the older corn the wise cook varies the recipes. The following recipes will help this variety.

Corn Griddle-Cakes

2 cups scraped corn pulp
2 egg whites
2 egg yolks
1½ tablespoons flour
1 teaspoon salt
1/16 teaspoon pepper
1 tablespoon melted butter

SCRAPED corn is prepared without the tough outer shell by cutting the kernels down the center of each row with the sharp point of a knife, and then scraping out the corn with the back of a knife or by using the patent scraper pictured. Mix the well beaten egg yolks and melted, cooled butter into the freshly scraped, uncooked corn pulp. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites alternately with the mixed dry ingredients. Mix lightly and test the batter for baking on a hot griddle. Flour may be added if necessary, but the more delicate the cakes are made the better the product. Bake on a hot griddle and turn carefully when browned on one side.

Corn Fritters

1 cup scraped corn pulp
2 egg whites
2 egg yolks
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
1 teaspoon sugar
1 cup pastry flour
1½ teaspoons baking powder
1 tablespoon oil or melted butter

SCORE the rows of kernels and scrape the corn pulp from the cob, as for griddle-cakes. Add the well beaten egg yolks to the corn, then add the melted butter and seasonings. Add the flour sifted with the baking powder, folding this in alternately with the stiffly beaten egg whites. Drop by tablespoonfuls into deep hot fat (360° F.), turning frequently. Drain on unglazed paper. Serve hot.

Corn Waffles may be made by adding one-half cup of scraped green corn pulp to a standard waffle recipe (see Liberty's 100 Standard Recipes, page 9), adding the corn to the liquid ingredients.

Scalloped Corn

1 sweet green pepper, small
1 small onion
3½ tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons flour
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon paprika
1/16 teaspoon pepper
½ cup milk
1½ cups scraped corn pulp
1 egg yolk
½ cup tiny stale bread cubes
¾ cup cracker crumbs, buttered with two tablespoons butter

CHOP the cleaned pepper and peeled onion very fine, and cook in two tablespoons butter until savory, but not browned. Add the sifted flour and seasonings and mix well. Gradually add the milk. Stir and heat to boiling. Add the corn and slightly beaten egg yolk, stirring to prevent lumping. Remove from the fire. Brown the bread cubes in the remaining butter, add these to the mixture, turn into a buttered casserole, cover with the buttered cracker crumbs. Bake in a moderate oven (375° F.) until browned, or from fifteen to twenty-five minutes.

Corn Succotash

2 cups corn cut from cob
Corncobs
1 cup green Lima beans
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
2 tablespoons butter

PUT the corncobs and green Lima beans in a kettle, add water enough to cover, bring to the boiling-point, cover, and cook slowly over a low flame for one hour. Remove cobs. Add the corn, salt, and pepper. Simmer gently for thirty minutes over a low flame. Add the butter (this quantity may be doubled if desired) and serve hot.

Above—Dressing up the simple boiled-corn service.

Below—Cut through the kernels with a sharp-pointed knife, and scrape from the cob with back of knife. The patent scraper in the foreground performs both operations in one.

Delicate (or Southern) Scalloped Corn

3 tablespoons cornmeal
1½ cups hot milk
2 cups corn pulp
1 sweet green pepper
1 egg
2 tablespoons butter
1 teaspoon salt

POUR the hot milk over the cornmeal and let stand until cooled. Add the corn pulp, finely minced green pepper, well beaten egg, melted butter, and salt. Mix well, pour into a buttered baking-dish, bake uncovered in a slow oven (300 F.) for one hour, stirring well after the first thirty minutes of baking.

Fried Corn

3 cups corn cut from cob
2 tablespoons butter
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper

CUT the raw corn from the cob in whole kernels. Pan-fry it with the seasonings in the hot butter, stirring constantly until browned, about five to ten minutes. Serve hot.

Oven-Roasted Corn may be prepared by buttering the ears of corn, replacing them in the husks, and baking in a moderate oven (375° F.) from twenty to twenty-five minutes, or until tender.

Corn Croquettes

1⅓ cups bread crumbs (stale)
½ cup milk
1 egg
1 cup scraped corn pulp
1 tablespoon flour
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon baking powder

HEAT the milk to scalding and pour it over the bread crumbs. Let stand until the milk is almost all absorbed (a few minutes). Add the well beaten egg and corn. Mix well, and stir in the mixed dry ingredients. Fry by dropping spoonfuls of the mixture into a fry pan with hot fat, or chill and shape into balls and fry in deep hot fat (375° F.) until browned, or about three minutes.

Creole Corn

2 tablespoons butter or olive oil
1 sweet green pepper or pimento
1 teaspoon finely chopped onion
¾ teaspoon salt
6 tomatoes
2 cups hot green corn, freshly boiled
1 tablespoon cream or butter

MELT the butter or oil, add the finely minced pepper or pimento and onion, and cook until savory but not browned (about five minutes) over a low flame. Cut the tomatoes in quarters and scrape out the seedy portions. Add the tomatoes and salt to the savory mixture. Then add the cooked corn cut from the cob, add the butter or cream, and serve hot.

Corn Muffins may be made by adding one cup of scraped corn pulp to the plain muffin recipe (see Liberty's 100 Standard Recipes, page 9, recipe 7).

Boiled Corn Husks. Use only perfectly fresh garden corn. Remove the outer layers of the husk, pull the inner layers down carefully, remove the silk, pull husks back into position, and tie the end with a bit of thread. Cook as for boiled or steamed corn. Serve in the husks, or peel the husks back and curl them under, fastening them with the corn-holders, as pictured.

Boiled Corn on the Cob. Place the husked, silked corn in a large quantity of boiling water (do not salt the water, as this toughens the outer shell of the corn kernels). Keep the water boiling continuously for five minutes for corn fresh from the garden, or from ten to fifteen minutes for market corn. Overcooking toughens the most tender corn. Old corn may be improved by rubbing the corn kernels with sugar, letting them stand one hour, then cooking in water made acid by one teaspoon of vinegar to each quart.

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"Own Your Home" A Series that tells How, When, and Why

Colorful brick veneer used in the Davis home—Rear view.

The EXTRAS in House Building

The Davis home in Milwaukee when completed.

By Arthur A. Tiller

"DICK" DAVIS, the noted Milwaukee home-builder and dramatic critic, is offering LIBERTY readers an object lesson in what it costs to get the extra touches on a home. Fortunately he has an expert engineer on the job to hold down costs, or his "modest home" would grow into a palatial mansion. The second report shows his progress and his problems.

MILWAUKEE HOUSE

(Second Report)

THE home of Mr. and Mrs. Richard S. Davis and the two little Davises of Milwaukee is now well along in its second month of building. After a delay of two weeks, excavation work was completed on May 15, and foundation blocks, bricks, lumber, cement, and what not were seen to litter up exclusive Lake Drive.

The skeleton of the house, comprising the rough carpentry, is fairly well advanced and the bricklayers are just about through with the built-in garage. All the rooms have taken form and each has been surveyed a score of times to aid the individual imaginations in picturing the new home as it will look when completed.

The Davises have followed that modern tendency of centering their interest in the one room that the family will use most—the living-room. Here the architect has achieved a studio effect by designing the room a story and a half in height, with the result that something really artistic and different is had and an impression that the size has been increased.

The living-room is twenty-four by fourteen feet, with an additional two feet in length for the windows at the far end. The bay thus created will be eight feet wide, allowing for a cozy window seat or a place in which Mrs. Davis can pamper her plants.

No excavation was made under the living-room, it having been decided that with a small, modern furnace there would be plenty of room in the basement for the laundry and its equipment.

The floor of the living-room will be laid on a thick bed of sand and cinders. The larger part of the floor will be of colored cement, six inches thick, with a three-foot border of tile around the center space of cement.

The cost of this floor will be slightly more than oak, but the beauty and decorative effect, added to the fact that it is in harmony with the English-cottage style of house, seemed to warrant the extra expense. A large rug

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SIXTY-NINE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-SEVEN]

will cover the cement part, and the tile for the border will be selected to obtain an effect as warm as possible.

The feature of the living-room will be its high ceiling. The walls will go straight up to the second-story level, then follow the lines of the steep roof, thus giving a ceiling considerably narrower than the floor. Exposed timbers will cross the ceiling and the walls down to the first-story level, adding that distinctive touch which was sought from the beginning.

The architect warned his clients before the plans were drawn that the story - and - a - half living-room would be hard to heat. Obviously it would require more heat than a single-story room. But the novel arrangement had already made its appeal and the hearts of the builders were set upon having it so, heat or no heat.

A HOT-AIR heating system was rejected on the advice of John Picken, a realtor, who has been building houses in this climate for the last two decades, on the grounds that hot-air heat is not best adapted to a house of this type in as severe a climate as that of Milwaukee. The Davis house, with two rooms built without excavation under them, was deemed not suited to hot air.

Now the Davises are weighing the advantages of hot water and vapor, with hot water, at the moment, slightly in the lead.

To return to the living-room. It will be two steps down from the hall, a descent of ten inches. At the entrance end the room will be only one story in height, because of the floor space required by the upstairs rooms. These steps will be of tile.

It was Mrs. Davis who insisted upon the slight descent to the living-room because she wanted the effect of separation from the rest of the house. Her home, also, is along the English plan and in this type of house the idea, she thought, would be especially attractive.

"Another thing I like about our plan," Mrs. Davis explains, "is that the living-room will be far enough away from the dining-room so that guests won't be bothered by the bustling attendant upon preparing a dinner. The dining-room will be out of sight of the living-room."

Both Mr. and Mrs. Davis are enthusiastic about another feature made possible by their high living-room. This is to be a little balcony overlooking the room, located at the first-floor level. They think they will enjoy this, not because of its Romeo and Juliet atmosphere or possibilities, but because they picture their youngsters being bundled off to bed and stopping for a moment on the balcony to say another good night to the parent who happens to be off duty.

The fireplace will be visible from the hall, to add its effect of welcome. It will be on the far side of the room from the entrance and a few feet from the corner. Symmetry demanded that it go there and it could be placed nowhere else, unless the house were to have two separate chimneys, which would be decidedly impracticable.

The hall will be eighteen feet long and eight feet wide, with a tile floor like that of the living-room. The entrance into the living-room will be arched, six feet six inches wide.

Now let's go back to the starting point of this chapter and see how the house looks at present. The studding, with the exception of the bedroom over the garage, has been placed, as have nearly all the rafters. The insulating material that is being used in the side walls and the roof has been nailed to the studding.

Insulation is an important factor in house building in Milwaukee, and the Davises were advised to have an adequate amount of this added protection. The walls of the house will have a half-inch layer of this insulating material, with a full inch on the roof.

Building restrictions in Milwaukee demand that a garage attached to a home, with communication to one room of the house, be of solid construction, so this part of the building will be of solid brick instead of brick veneer, as used on the main building.

WITH the outer brick of the garage laid, the Davises can see how the entire veneer of their home will look, and the prospect is pleasing. Restrictions placed on the lot they purchased demanded that the house be built with at least a veneer of solid material. Stone being too expensive, they decided on brick.

Milwaukee long has been known as a rather solid city and its buildings have helped to create the impression. Brick has been a popular material in the city for years, especially the cream-colored variety. For the English-cottage type of house they are building, the Davises decided that old brick, or reclaimed brick—that is, brick that has already been used—would be most effective.

The merit of this brick is that it is more colorful than new material, and building experts say it is equally sound and strong. A good deal of variety in colors in the wall is made possible by the use of this material. The general tone is gray, with now and then a yellow, blue, or reddish tinted brick. This does away with that raw newness so painful to home-builders.

Concrete blocks, which have come to be used almost exclusively for basement walls in Milwaukee homes, are used on the Davis home.

The men who are now at work with the bricks maintain they have yet to see another house with so many corners. As viewed from above, the walls do have a rather labyrinthian perspective, a condition brought about by the odd shape of the lot.

The Davises are building on a triangular plot, at the converging point of Oakland Avenue and Lake Drive. The peculiar form of the lot made it necessary for the architect to use ingenuity in placing the house so that it would not be at odds with the lot lines. The base of the triangular lot is not straight, but is formed of two lines, one coming in at a right angle to one street and the other at a right angle to the other street. The intersection of the two streets forms the peak of the triangle.

A house misplaced on such a lot as this would look awkward, no matter how carefully planned, and the architect was alert to prevent such a catastrophe.

The Davis home will be screened from automobile lights by trees.

FROM the day excavating was begun, the Davises have been fearful that some cherished trees of the multitude now on the lot might be injured. They had searched Milwaukee from end to end with one object in view—a lot with trees on it—and having discovered one that resembles a plot of virgin timberland transplanted from the northern forests, they are desirous of maintaining it intact. So far, the damage has been kept down to a minimum.

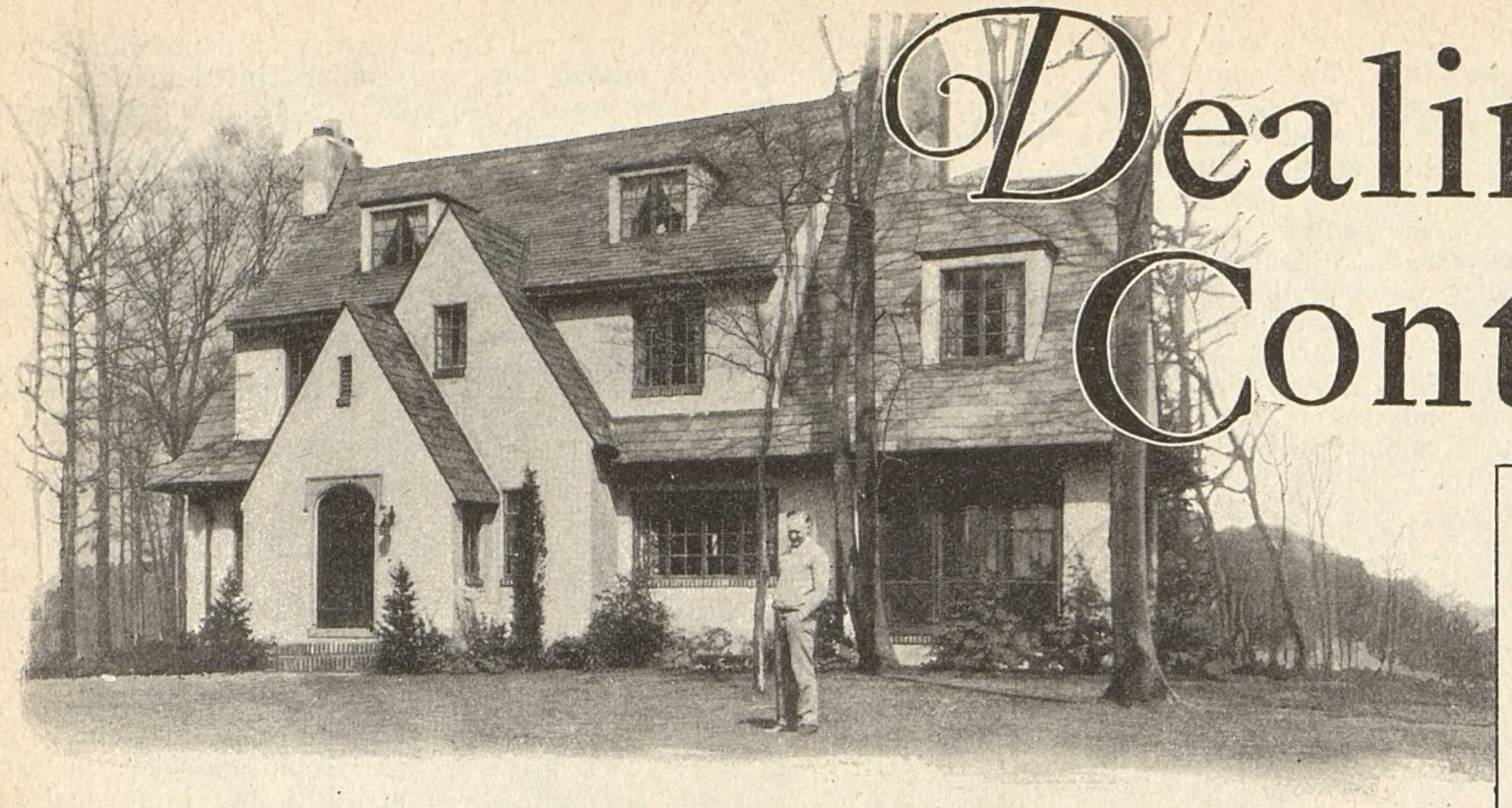
There was a double reason for preserving the trees and bushes and for the architectural arrangement of windows at the north end of the big living-room: That end of the house faces directly on Lake Drive, which divides at the point of the Davis lot. Thousands of automobiles come down that drive each night, and the screen of trees will shield the house from glaring headlights, while the living-room windows are so placed that the rays of the auto lights will not flash through the room.

From now until the roof is on and the walls are up, progress will be rapid, everybody says, but after that, the Davises have been warned, trying times will begin.

Weather conditions so far have been fairly favorable, considering the vagaries of Wisconsin weather. It has failed to snow or blizzard since May 15, albeit many days have been lost because of rain. Everybody but the weather man, however, has been helping the new home to grow rapidly. The architect, being honest, makes no promises, but the Davises are counting on moving in about the first of September.

Next week LIBERTY will describe progress on the home of George M. Visk in Spokane. The week after we shall print the third report of the Bronxville home; a week later the third story of the Kansas City house; and four weeks from today the third story of the Davis home.

[SEE NEXT PAGE]



Dealing *with* Contractors

Tips and Queries by Home Builders With Advice by Experts

LIBERTY wants its readers to aid each other in home building. The story of your experience may help others who want to build homes. To encourage this LIBERTY invites you to tell the story of your home and how it was planned and built. For each story and helpful inquiry printed LIBERTY will pay $25. Answers to questions will be made by the Home Builders' Service Institute, Inc. Address, Liberty Home Owners' Bureau, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Watch Your Payments

EDITOR, Home Page: Here are some hints for home-builders gleaned from my own experiences.

When having several contractors bid on a house, if one is far below the others in price, always figure there is something wrong with him. The material costs everyone about the same, and the labor charges do not vary much. If one bid is much lower than others, the contractor either has made a bad blunder somewhere or intends to cheat. Always check up such bids before signing a contract and, unless the contractor can show you how he can do the work much more cheaply, avoid him.

If you pay such a contractor the whole amount agreed upon and move into the house, you may expect trouble. After a time various dealers and workers will appear, declaring the contractor has not paid their wages or their bills, and that, in order to protect themselves, they will have to levy liens on the property. You may sue the contractor; but the chances are you cannot find him, as he will have moved to some other scene of activity.

Select a contractor who has a reputation for honesty, examine the work he has done for others, and pay him a fair price for what he does.

Never advance money to your contractor until you receive a mechanics' release stating that the workers have been paid for the work already completed. Before making the final payment to your contractor, have him give you a signed statement that all bills have been paid, and demand a complete release from mechanics' liens. To play doubly safe, have the contractor bonded to the amount of his bid.

If you do these things you will get your house completed on time and not have to pay for it twice.

K. I. ROBEY, Cleveland.

Saved Architect's Fee

EDITOR, Home Page: Our experience in building our home and in saving money on the work may help other LIBERTY readers. We had studied several books of published plans and discovered one nearly to our liking. We wanted several changes in the interior arrangements; so we took the original plan and our rough drawings, showing the changes desired, to a reputable building firm and asked them to prepare the complete plans and specifications to comply with our ideas. These were to be submitted to a number of contractors who were asked to bid, the understanding being that if the firm that drew the plans received the contract the plans and specifications were to be thrown in free, if not, we were to pay for their work.

They received the contract, and appeared to take pride in keeping everything up to a high standard. The house was completed to our entire satisfaction, and we saved the architect's fee of 5 or more per cent of the contract price.

Allowance was made for decoration, and the contractor agreed to cut that off the contract, and, since I liked to paint, I did the decoration myself and saved several hundred dollars.

A. A. POTTER, Summit, N. J.

Choosing a Neighborhood

EDITOR, Home Page: In your interesting studies of home-building, you neglect to warn home-builders of the first and most important thing: the neighborhood.

Before anyone buys a lot or plans to build a home, he should make a careful study of the neighborhood. Find out what kind of neighbors you have, whether they already have built, and what kind you are likely to have if the district is not yet settled.

Hundreds of thousands of perfectly good houses are torn down each year because business or manufacturing has hurt the districts as residence centers. Before you plan to build, make a close study of the zoning laws of your town or city. In no other way can a home-builder protect his investment.

I built one home in a neighborhood which, at that time, was quiet and decent. Two years later a railroad was granted a right of way through the edge of the district. At once a colony of foreigners settled near the tracks and, gradually pushing into the district, drove out our old neighbors until we too were forced to sacrifice the home and move farther away.

The zoning laws of our city were lax. A factory was built not far from our new home. Another came in, and then a rendering plant was put in the valley. We sold for half price and moved farther out into the suburbs. In self-defense we of our new neighborhood brought all our influence to bear to strengthen the zoning laws. The result is, we have restricted districts, and our property values are protected.

E. L. HEISTAND, Michigan.

Waterproof Basement

EDITOR, Home Page: My problem is not to build, but to repair. I own a house, built a year ago with cement-block foundation. When it rains the wall in the cellar is very damp. This condition is on only one side, because on the other side there is a cement walk on the outside which keeps the water from penetrating.

I cannot put such a walk on the other side, because the house is built very near the lot line. I have been advised to excavate along the damp wall, coat the wall with tar, and replace the soil.

JOSEPH RICCOBONO, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The advice you have received for waterproofing the basement wall of your home is about the best that could be offered, in the circumstances. It will be necessary for you to excavate along the exterior of the wall to the depth of the cement-block foundation, with a trench about two feet in width. Regular roofing pitch (tar) mopped on to the surface, roughed up with a stiff wire brush, should be applied to the exposed surface of the block.

Look first to your downspouts carrying off rain water, and make certain that this water is properly draining off into the sewer or into dry wells prepared for that purpose. If you have no gutter along the edge of the roof at the side of the house where the cellar-wall dampness occurs, it may be that this is causing much of the trouble. The placing of a metal gutter and downspout might solve the problem at much less cost than tarring the wall.

Getting Estimates

EDITOR, Home Page: We have just bought a lot in a neighborhood where houses are selling for around $8,500. This leaves us about $6,000 to put in the house. The lot is 60 by 133, facing east. Restrictions say house must be 30 feet from street and 5 feet from lot line. Almost all the houses here are of frame construction with front porches. We should like six rooms and bath; a plain, two-story house with front porch.

J. D. HAYDEN, Akron, Ohio.

The best way for you to estimate the probable cost of construction of your little home would be to obtain locally from a friend who has recently built, or from a reliable realtor or builder, the average current cost per cubic foot for building about the type of frame house you are planning.

It is our opinion that you could have this house built of good material without difficulty for around $6,000, with dimensions about 22 by 24 feet. With the house dimensions about 24 by 26 feet, as you plan, we are inclined to believe that it may cost you nearer $7,000.

Avoid pain and expense by seeing your dentist in time

Don't let negligence keep you away from your dentist until pain drives you to him. At least twice a year go to your dentist for thorough mouth inspection. He will help you avoid needless pain and trouble by keeping your teeth and gums healthy.

Pyorrhea seizes 4 out of 5

Remember that four out of five who pass the age of forty, and thousands even younger, contract pyorrhea through carelessness. These are dental statistics.

That's the black side of the picture. The bright side is that you can be the lucky one out of five if you will. Just exercise ordinary precaution. Let your dentist inspect your mouth at least twice a year and brush teeth and gums twice a day with Forhan's.

Pyorrhea creeps upon you like a thief in the night. First you have tender bleeding gums. Then the gums recede and the teeth loosen in their sockets. Poison seeps through the system, often bringing on neuritis, rheumatism and worse.

If you have pyorrhea see your dentist for treatment and start using Forhan's. If you still are free from this scourge, brush your teeth and gums regularly with Forhan's as a wise precaution.

If used regularly and in time Forhan's checks or prevents pyorrhea. It contains Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid which dentists use in their treatment of this infection.

Forhan's firms the gums and keeps them pink and healthy. It gives the teeth a thorough cleansing and so wards off decay. This pleasant tasting dentifrice is ideal for the entire family. To be on the safe side, you should begin using Forhan's at once. All druggists, 35c and 60c in tubes.

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Your husband's shirts cost at least $2.00 apiece, his pajamas $3.00, underwear $2.00, every pillow slip and bath towel about $1.00, table-cloths, sheets, your own and the children's dresses, each much more. Take five minutes and complete the list yourself next wash day. You will be amazed as the total mounts to well over $100!

For only 4¢ more than you are spending now for ordinary laundry soap you can use Lux—protect *all* your clothes and household linens from the old-fashioned wash-day strain that wears them out more surely than the use you give them—*save dollars in wear and tear!*

So kind to hands, too!

How much pleasanter the creamy, bubbling Lux suds are to wash in, too! So rich, every bit of dirt comes tumbling out; so pure, so mild, your hands are smooth and white when wash day is done. Lux is such a relief to your hands after the old harsh soaps that burn and sting so painfully. Lux is as easy on your hands as the finest toilet soap.

Use Lux next wash day for the whole week's wash. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

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